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PART I.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

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# THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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JANUARY 1, 1830.

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## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

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### REMARKS ON THE PRESENT ADMINISTRATION.

“Am I not to avail myself of whatever good is to be found in the world?”

BURKE.

WE think that in reviewing all former administrations, the especial fault will be found this:—whatever power they have possessed, it has not been of that nature which secures the ends of right government; they have possessed the power to corrupt, but not to amend. Before we unfold this proposition, we shall briefly state what seem the obvious ends of right government. First, to preserve what is good in a state; secondly, to rectify what is evil.

Now we hold the second duty of government—(to rectify what is evil)—to be more arduous, and more incumbent on it, than the first; for the value of that which is good is felt by all people, and clung to with a strength which nobody thinks of combating. No man proposes to abolish for ever the law of *habeas corpus*; and there would be very little danger in the arguments of any mal-schemer who should declare the mischiefs of a law against housebreaking. Public opinion alone, then, might suffice to preserve what is good, but it is far from having an equal power to rectify what is evil; for it proverbially happens that nothing is so bad in a state but what some persons have an interest in its continuance: and with an equal infelicity it happens, that while selfishness keeps vigilant the designing few, custom dulls the opposition of the indolent though injured many; for men bear easily such evils as have been borne long, and borne in companionship. Thus, while those deeply interested in abuses make vehement enemies, those equally interested in their removal make but languid friends. An administration, therefore, finds it difficult and perilous to attempt a reform; and it is well known that those administrations have lasted the longest which have been the most inflexible in opposing all amendment. Hence the end of government, so far from being promoted, has been perverted, and it has existed by countenancing the very abuses which it is obviously created to remove. We do not think it will be denied, that, whatever be the causes of this perversion of the end of government, they cannot be sufficiently deprecated. Among those causes, we think, a principal one is this:—all administrations have hitherto been composed of one faction or the other—the Whigs or the Tories,—and the ministers have been necessitated to govern by the tenets of the predominant faction, rather than to lean for support upon the people. Let us pause to examine. In the first place, we do not think that there



is one honest Tory in the country, however exclusively he may admire the existing constitution, who will not confess that it has some faults. Let a Tory once go to law, and if he be not very rich, or very iniquitous, he will allow that it were better if justice might be had with greater ease, and at a cheaper rate: let him but be blessed with a teeming spouse, and touched by the admonitory girdle of a moderate competence, and he will confess that indirect taxes operate in no charming direction, and that it might be as well to be governed without being impoverished. To become, however partially, a reformer, the man who feels for others need only enter a labourer's cottage, or walk through the streets of a manufacturing city; he who feels solely for himself, need only visit the gaols, whither little rogues are sent to become great ones, and where petty larcenies are grafted on the stock of felony and murder. Every one who has a shilling to lose or a throat to be cut, has an interest in the prevention of crime; every one who does not wrong another has an interest against the existence of abuses. Now, the misfortune of our Tory is, that in his love for his party he has made all amendment a party measure. His friends, when in power, dare not reform, even if they were inclined, because their very existence as a faction obliges them to insist that all reform is pernicious—if they are beneficial, they are inconsistent; if they relieve the country, they quarrel with their friends. Points of reform have been the very points of dispute between the Whigs and themselves; and to destroy an abuse is to abandon a principle. Thus, if the Tories have the desire to rectify evils, they are forced to abandon it; and we only accuse them of a fact which they glory in themselves, when we state that *they have not the wish to reform*. Next, let us imagine that the Whigs are in power. By a misfortune similar in effect to that of the Tories, they have been pledged to their party, and to the country, not only on the subject of reform in general, but to reform on particular points. Now, as the Whigs are the weaker portion of the aristocracy, so, in order to support them against their more powerful foes, they require a preponderating share of public confidence. Suppose, even, that they had never lost their claim to this confidence by any charge of manœuvring or insincerity, but that they possessed it at the moment of their elevation, we shall see that it would be next to a miracle were they able to preserve it. It is the necessary consequence of party, that certain questions become to it of more importance than the principle from which the questions spring. A Whig does not say, "Make me a minister, and I will look into all abuses;" but "Make me a minister, and I will obviate this or that abuse in particular." Suppose now, that when the Whigs are in power, this abuse in particular is one that *cannot* be immediately removed; though nine hundred and ninety-nine others might be stricken from the list, yet this, the hundredth abuse, they must remove first; for this, and not the nine hundred and ninety-nine, has been made the pledge of their sincerity. We need not say that the Tories are aware of so awkward a position. The measure so inconvenient to treat, so impossible to shun, is thrust on the new ministers, while they yet tremble in the first footing of power; and hurried between the horns of a most implacable dilemma, experience proves that they must either preserve their principles and lose their places, or forfeit their principles by preserving their places. If



they attempt sincerely to remove the abuse, and fail of a majority, they must resign; if they dally with it (to oppose it openly would be too *ahenean*,) the public accuse them of "trimming," and infidelity; they lose their only support, the popular confidence, and confess that there is one difficulty greater than that of getting into place,—viz. the difficulty of staying there. Thus, as the Tories have not the wish to reform, so the Whigs have not the power; and the Public, like the drowning Jew in the story, remains sinking in its pool of disasters, because those who are willing to save are unable to swim, and those who can swim think it impious to interfere with the current of events, but declare, in the Tory spirit of optimism, that it will be best for the wretch hereafter, to be drowned for the present.

If these unfortunate consequences of party have been a cause of the want of correspondence that has hitherto subsisted between the Government and the ends for which government should exist, it is desirable, obviously to all candid men, that an administration should, if possible, be formed neither from one party nor the other; that it should not be vowed against amendment, nor absolutely pledged to especial points fought with a vehement struggle, and on which the alternative to an arduous conquest is resignation. As efficiency is no less requisite for an Administration than honesty; we wish for an Administration not only *desirous* to reform abuses, but *able to carry the desire into effect*; and instead of hollow and fruitless promises on peculiar topics, it would be better could we obtain a pledge for general conduct, founded on something more valuable and less precarious. Such is the Administration unprejudiced men would desire at least to try, and such, for the first time in this country, appear the Ministry we at present possess:—

For, in the first place, every one allows that the Administration does not stand on either party. Wherever we look, we see strange transformations in the old world of politics: Whigs and Tories meet on the same Treasury-benches—Whigs and Tories unite in the same seats of Opposition. So far this is good; the dread necessity of ruling by one of these factions is done away with. A principal cause which made former Administrations inefficient *is no more*. We have a Ministry that is not sworn to blindness, nor fettered to impotence. So far, we repeat, this is good: let us inquire farther. A new effect must succeed to the removal of the old cause, or we shall not be contented with the removal. Are the Ministry sufficiently powerful to stand their ground without falling back so entirely on one of these parties, as to govern through their principles or their infirmities? if so, from what source arises the power, and to what use will it be put? In a word, as they exist upon grounds no other Ministers have done yet, so do they unite what no other Ministers have yet done—the desire to do good, and the ability to execute it? Before we proceed, we must observe that, when we speak of the Ministry, it is of the Prime Minister we chiefly speak. To nearly all cabinets the Premier gives the peculiar character; this is especially the case in the present. The rank of the Duke of Wellington, and the pre-eminent nature of his renown, without recurring to the commanding and lofty temperament of his mind, might alone suffice to stamp the Administration with a strong impression of its chief. The temperament we allude to, has been, we know, a great cause of invective to his adversaries, and some have termed it the token of the despot, even while they found, in the opinions that



accompanied it, the inclinations of the democrat. We honour the knowledge of character exhibited in the charge, and we remind the complainants that the same, or rather a haughtier and more unbending, temperament was the especial characteristic not only of Mr. Pitt, their own idol, but of his great father,—a man than whom no other ever more dignified a country by opinions attached to freedom, and conduct tending to ensure its triumph. Honesty, we may add, is not always humble; and the intellect that is framed for command (however modest in ordinary life the possessor) is, in elevated stations, little fitted to obey. However this be, the enemies of the Premier make his ascendancy in the Cabinet their favourite accusation; and as his friends are not anxious to deny the charge, so we shall consider it granted, and in speaking of the Cabinet refer to the Premier. First, then, “Is the power of the Duke of Wellington sufficiently great to make us hope that he will not fall so entirely back on either party as to govern through their principles or their infirmities?” This is an important question; for, as we have said, a useful minister must be efficient as well as honest: fortunately, the reply comes from our antagonists. “So powerful is he,” cry they, “that we tremble for our freedoms. George the Fourth will be dethroned by King Arthur; and his Majesty will make a round table the second out of the benches of the House of Commons.”—“We shall all be slaves!” groans the *Standard*—“Slaves!” echoes a voice from the *Morning Journal*. Well, then, if his power be thus great, whence does it come?—“His military influence, his rank, his warlike renown, his connexions.” And no other source? Will any man say that three years ago, with the opinion then popularly entertained of the Duke of Wellington as a statesman, his military influence, his rank, his warlike renown, his connexions, would have enabled him to do what he has lately done, or borne him up against the clamour of the interested, when free men stated their expectations of what he would yet perform? Will any man say that the Minister does not with every day gain a higher ground, and command a wider field of public confidence? yet, while his enemies allow this, while they exclaim—“Where is our Opposition?—all England will be the Duke’s!”—his rank, warlike renown, connexions, and military influence, are just what they were when he declared, in the diffidence of an untried genius, “That he should be mad to think of the place of Premier;” and the world answered, “It is true.” No; the power of the Duke of Wellington has increased from another source than these, swelled as they are by the philosophical truth that *all* new administrations tend to increase their power as they mature. And if you inquire the main reason why he hourly augments that influence, which you acknowledge while you denounce—why he stands at this moment separated from the whole herd of living politicians by an eminence of general trust and public hope,—we will answer you with pride. As his power has not leaned either on the Tory or the Whig, so neither has it been propped by an ultra devotion to *those bodies* on which ministers have hitherto relied for *an additional* support. He has not fawned for the favour of the aristocracy; he has not ministered to the jealousies of the priesthood; he has not spread the blandishment of a courtier’s influence over his inferiors, nor breathed it in harlot whispers through the private chambers of the palace; BUT he has been



the first Minister in our times who has preferred Principles to Persons ; who has seen what was expedient, and strode at once to the end ; who has not paltered for the interests of this man, nor amused the time with the prejudices of that man ; who has not suffered Reform to stand still, that no anile prorepist or crawler might be incommoded by her advance ; who saw at once that the only method to obtain a popular good is to consult the popular reason—not the popular prejudice or the popular fear. In a word, if he has not ruled by any faction, neither has he done so by any sect, or any individual, or any art. Common-sense has been the oracle he has consulted—the energy of a man, resolute and convinced, has been the tool he has employed. It is thus that his influence reflects credit on his honesty, and from one source of his power to benefit us we augur his general desire to do so.

“What then,” we hear from those who, long cheated in their confidence, have grown incredulous—“what then—even if we cannot deny that the Minister has the power adequate to fulfil the ends of Government, and that a chief source of his power is the trust in his honesty, derived from an apparent disregard to the interests that oppose expediency—even if we grant this, is it from a single measure, or a single session, that you speak thus of the Administration? and from successful zeal in the Catholic Question, do you derive the hope of zeal and success in a general redress of grievances?”

We might answer, that this alone *would* suffice for such a hope. If one great concession to a just and clear-sighted policy is not enough to satisfy us, it is enough, at least, to inspire us with confidence. It is better to be even disappointed in a confidence, than to allow no pledge to induce us to confide. But it is not only from the thing done, but from the genius by which it has been done—not from the occasion alone, but from the properties of mind which the occasion drew forth, that we derive our hope. We look with confidence on the practical and keen sense, on the moral and unwavering energy that characterized the conduct of the Minister. We rejoice to see him yielding to Truth, and unsinuous to Faction. And if you say we have assumed those properties of mind, we will answer you on another ground. We will allow that one sacrifice to Justice would give us little hope, were it made by the adherent of a party ; for the genius of party is essentially capricious ; that which it grants in one point it denies in another ; but in common sense there is always consistency, it is not open to conviction to-day and blind to it to-morrow ; it is on *that consistency* that we ground our reliance.

There are yet other reasons for hope. When people once know a man's character, they are able to give a value to his words as well as his actions ; and when we look through the whole history of the last session, and find in almost every motion on which the Prime Minister spoke an avowed tendency towards the removal of abuses—rather than, as in old times, an absolute assertion, either that abuses did not exist, or were desirable necessities—and when we remember that this allowance comes from one plain in speech and decisive in conduct, we confess that we do not attribute it to an idle flourish of words, nor conceive that it will be unseconded by actions.

We have said that it would be well could we secure in an Adminis-

tration safer and more valuable pledges than we have hitherto received. We believe that we have obtained these from the Duke of Wellington, and we believe that they exceed all which could be bestowed by any other individual. The one is the recent memory of a great and salutary measure, not talked about, but carried; the other is the pledge of a name which no one who bore could be mad enough to sully by any species of falsehood, or truckling, or equivocation. We do not wish to dwell upon the Duke of Wellington's fame, because a word is sufficient to recall it, and because we think it has, on both sides, been the subject of much wearisome and superfluous declamation. We do not agree with one politician, that great captains must necessarily be bad statesmen; but we dissent with a greater repugnance from the doctrine of another, that soldiers are the persons best fitted for the administration of public affairs. All we would say upon the high name of the Duke of Wellington is this: it must be acknowledged that the temptations which assail most powerfully other men in office, are to him but nugatory decoys. Place, and emolument, and patronage, weighed by a worldly wisdom, may be worth the forfeit of honesty, and an honest name to the ordinary herd of politicians; but what are these to one whose name, if it be brighter than the names of all living men, is therefore far more easily sullied; to whom negative praise would almost be reproach, and on whom even common circumspection, and the decent and customary regard for character, impose, of necessity, the desire of benefiting the State beyond all other possible considerations. The Duke of Wellington is exactly in that condition in which we should realize the ideal of government, could we place all men; when to be dishonest is to be foolish, and to disregard the interests of the community is to be a traitor to one's own.

There is yet another reason why we support the Duke of Wellington, and to the earnest consideration of this reason we invite all whose ears the soft hope of office for themselves has not lulled into unheeding languor. Grant that you oppose him—that you break up his Administration—that he resigns—who is to succeed him? Allowed, that you differ from him in some points—that one of you dissented from him on the Catholic Question—that another would have carried the measure on different grounds, and in a different shape—that one of you, “pleased with a rattle,” would rather be robbed under the nocturnal guardianship of ancient men, than protected by young men with a piece of silver lace on their collars; that another (we are of this sort) look with distaste on the impolicy that would defend a character by prosecutions, which could find at once a more eloquent counsel, and a more triumphant verdict in public opinion;—Granted all this: wise men do not quarrel with isolated imperfections till they have found what is perfect.

So tenacious are mankind of change, that the greatest and most universal evils in a constitution are not removed till the longest and most scrutinizing attention has been given to the remedy. Warned by the bitter experience of past Administrations, would you remove the present Minister till you have weighed well all future chances, and calculated on the minister with whom you would replace him? “Yes!” shout the Tories, “we would replace him with a Tory minister; one who



would compromise nothing, who would yield nothing. We would search for another Sidmouth, and establish another Castlereagh!"—"Yes," murmur such of the Whigs as do not oppose, but insinuate; "we would have one of *our* body, a man *pledged* to moderate reform."—"Yes," say the more vehement advocates for the people, who agree neither with the one nor the other; "we would have a minister who is not an aristocrat; we would have one who would seek to humble those set in high places, and assert, in no measured terms, the real and unvarnished interests of the subordinate classes: and the first step we ask is a full and fair parliamentary representation of the people!" Softly, gentlemen; we will hear you all!

We will suppose, then, an Administration composed of the out-and-outers of the Tory faction; men who, under the pretence of supporting "Order," "Government," "Church," "King," &c. only support "taxes," sinecures," non-inquiries into abuses, and laws, which, as the whole criminal and civil code do now, weigh more heavily on the poor than the rich." Is this too vivid a colouring?—well, then, who support to the utmost the power of the Aristocracy. What is the main-spring of the power of the Aristocracy?—Ye all acknowledge it—"corruption." If you still demur at this proposition, a simpler form of words awaits you—"who desire things to remain as they are." Among things as they are is corruption—who desire then corruption to remain as it is! Such are the principles on which the Ultra Tory would form a Cabinet to replace the present: It may be doubted whether the people of England would be grateful for the change. But, gentlemen Ultras, supposing we had such a Ministry—would it stand? Let us look to the force of your adherents, and see. Are there any among you, with even a tolerable reputation for ability, or experience in public affairs, save only the Earl of Eldon—a man of whom we will not speak disrespectfully, but whose age alone is sufficient to make you, when you calculate probable chances, allow that he is not likely to give a permanent strength to an Administration? Suppose that an Ultra Administration could at this moment, by the aid of great talent, stand its ground,—the great talent is—where? Fashion in this country pervades every thing—even politics—it is not the fashion of the day to be Ultra. A more solid reason, too, would perhaps tear from such a Ministry as we have described, the support of their aristocratic order; for men have two political interests, one belonging to the sect, one to the community. In the greater proportion of public abuses, the greater proportion of the Aristocracy have no interest: here, then, they cease to join their order, and throw their influence in the same scale with that of the popular party. It may be reasonably doubted, then, by the Ultras, whether an Administration, composed of Lord Eldon, the Duke of Newcastle, and their intimate coadjutors, could long stand against the popular division of the country—joined by the Whigs, and by those Tories whom Mr. Peel and the Duke of Wellington, with all his novel glory as a statesman fresh upon him, could command. It is the public who must decide on the expediency of substituting such a Cabinet for the present. But we may ask even the partizans of the proposed substitutes whether it would not be better for them to hesitate yet a little before they raise an opposition so violent that they cannot afterwards soothe it into



compromise, for the sake of leaders, whom, even if they forced into power, they would find it so arduous to retain there. As for you, who with equal enthusiasm on the opposite side of the question, hope for a Ministry that shall consult, without reference to the humours of the time, and the divided opinions of men, the immediate and sole advantages of the people—who shall thrust out *all* abuses—who shall reduce *all* grievances—who shall let every man have a vote impregnable to purchase, and suffer Justice, that wilful impostor, to be blind no more—alas! what hope have you that such a Cabinet can replace the one you would oppose? Can you point out, in the whole field of public affairs, one man whom you would entrust with such a charge? Can you find, out of your own circle, even so full a ripeness in the minds of others, that they would warm to such a change? No! you must still recur to your great instrument, the Press. If Truth be your object and your discovery, you must suffer her test, Time—the chains that you cannot break now, you must suffer the rust to canker before you resist. Meanwhile, do not refuse all alleviation, and sullenly reject such benefits as you can secure; *rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis*—the clown makes but a sorry example. If you cannot replace the present Ministry with one to your own hearts, look round and see if you can replace it with one combining an equal power, and an equal desire to benefit you. If not, support this; and believe that a certainty of something is better than a doubt of all. “But,” sighs the querulous voice of those Whigs who stand aloof from the Government, they do not engross, “Why not have an Administration formed exclusively of Whigs—moderate Whigs?—They—that is, *we*—would soften—we would compromise—we would delicately reform!” Gentlemen, you enchant us with your offer—but we are provided—another has forestalled you! Exactly for the causes for which you murmur for our support, do we support the present Administration.—Moreover, the Duke of Wellington has not disappointed us; we believe that he has your virtue—the wish to serve us;—we believe him free from your misfortune—the want of power! This weighs, with us, as a part of the public—it may weigh also with you. Where will you find a better ally than you find now, and already at the helm of office? you desire to do all you can for us, so does the Minister; join him, watch him! if he be sincere, assist him; if he be dishonest, expose.” While we write, this policy has already been resorted to by many—we honour them for the policy, it is good on all accounts; it is virtuous if they remain out of office, and adhere to those who are in it; it is wise if they have the hope that, by coalition with men who unite the same opinions with greater power, they may be able at last to do good; the honest to others; the interested, who mingle with all parties, to themselves.

It seems, then, that were we to oust the Administration, we could find none so good with which to replace it. Nothing is so silly as to hurry from petty discontents into great evils. A certain sage was so enraged at breaking his finger that he ran home and strangled himself. We avow that we do not admire his philosophy.

We must add an admonition to those Ultras who are honest,—who desire, from pure conviction, that the people should not advance a step, nor the aristocracy lose. The power of a government always falls into disre-



pute by rapid and unexpected changes. In the respect men have for an existing constitution, there is mingled a confused idea of solidity and permanence which attaches itself not only to the constitution, but the government that presides over it. It seems easy to wrest a treasure from those whose strength exists only by gasps ; and men, like greedy heirs, look alike with an impatient contempt of its authority, and an aroused covetousness of its possessions, on a government which evinces its infirmity by the quick succession of physicians who endeavour ineffectually to sustain it.

One word more and we have done. Behind the varnished surfaces of party we descry two solid and mighty divisions into which the public are formed ; one leaning towards not the monarchical but the aristocratic privileges, the other towards the popular advantage. We think the time is drawing near, either when a compromise between these two divisions should be begun, or when the prudent may foresee, in a concussion of rival interests, and a jar between opposing orders, a very different death to the constitution of this country than the euthanasia prophesied by Hume. It may be worth while, then, seriously and early to inquire, first, whether such differences as produce the most soreness and animosity between the two divisions cannot be removed ; the seemingly hostile interests united, and both taught to co-operate in the general welfare and common ends of Government ? and, secondly, [if this be practicable,] to what quarter we should best look for mediation and adjustment ?

We see no earthly reason, in considering the first of these questions, why, by a skilful and timely treatment, the now growing jealousies between the two orders of men may not be healed. There is nothing in past history to make the resentment of the multitude unappeasable. The people bear to the aristocrats no deadly arrears of hatred : unlike the terrible separation of ranks under the old French regime—they have not been divided from their rulers by a deep river of ever-increasing wrongs. Our peasants have not been lightened of their load, but they have not been ground into the dust. When the priest, or the noble, or the soldier, or the tax-gatherer, passes by, no ransacked citizen mutters the curses of despair, or the hopes of retribution ; the same light which dawns on the poor man's reason, and indicates what he should desire, flings no lurid and vindictive blaze on the privileged classes, as the culprits he should punish, or the obstacles he should remove. Happy for us that this is *yet* the case. Woe to those who would create a disposition, the present absence of which should be matter of gratitude and exultation to all ! On the other hand, what are the Aristocracy invited to surrender ?—abuses ! What to remodel ?—unjust laws ! Are abuses so essentially their province, that this is an unbearable sacrifice ? or injustice so dear to them, that they will consider its cause inseparably their own ? We will suppose that some of the demands of the public *do* incroach on the authority of the few, but that the satisfaction of these demands comprehends no diminutive good. What the surrenderers might forfeit as individuals, they would amply regain from the increase of the public stock. No man can swell the common freedom or welfare without finding himself, in a thousand latent channels, eventually repaid. The labouring classes have set the



upper a memorable example—Co-operation. Some among them discovered, that so long as they competed, they were poor; they co-operated, and they became rich. This is the secret of all legislation:—a common stock of advantage, and a common effort to advance it! May the two great divisions of men learn this before it be too late.

If then, as we hope, by prudent conciliation, and a mutual desire to benefit the commonwealth, it be possible to unite the interests, hitherto divided, where shall we look for an Administration better fitted than the present to make the first step towards this union? From the real and ardent favourers of the people, it is obvious that, at this day, no Administration can be formed. All that can be hoped for is, to obtain one from such members of the Aristocracy as are willing that, more or less intimately, the union should exist. Perhaps, too, this necessity is for the best; the more peaceable be concession, the more likely to be of value are its fruits; and jealousy, irritation, and their more baleful offspring, which would arise from a benefit extorted, are little likely to envenom a benefit which is given. It would be obviously well that all conciliations to the growing opinions of the people should be granted by one who could bestow them, not only with the greatest security, but with the least excitement of soreness or suspicion in those who have been taught to believe they should oppose the people, and whom we wish to believe they should assist it. We think, of all Ministers, the one who can most concede to the public, without being suspected for a moment to design the downfall of the Aristocracy, is the Duke of Wellington. A patrician less elevated, less essentially at the very height of his order, might incur this suspicion, and be crushed by it; but where is the ermined hypochondriac who could accuse the Duke of Wellington—not only one of the most powerful noblemen in England, but a man who has never cherished any popularity-wooing art, and whose alleged crimes are a lordly haughtiness, and a military bias to command—of a Jacobinical design against the supremacy of ranks, or a levelling tendency to revolution? This rare fortune of situation we hold to be a benefit to both parties. The one receives with more security, the other yields with more dignified generosity.

In reviewing what we have said, it will be found that we support the Minister on the following grounds:—

First, Because we believe his Administration, resting on neither party, is free from the radical vice of both; that not being solely Whig, it may be able to redress grievances; not being purely Tory, it may desire it; and if desirous, be pledged to no party against the redress. So that it may be more efficient than former administrations to attain the right ends of government:—“*preserve what is good, and rectify what is evil.*”

Secondly, Because, regarding the actual and existing power of the Administration, and looking to what it has already done, we believe it not only *may be* more efficient to the right ends of government, but already *is*.

Thirdly, Because, *having the power* to benefit the state, we believe the Minister *has the desire*; we believe this, first, from one main source of his power itself; secondly, from a review during the last session, not only of acts, but words, which coming from one who has not yet disappointed us, we incline to believe: thirdly, from the

station which the Minister holds in the civilized world, and which renders it pre-eminently his interest to desire only the public good, and the reputation consequent on effecting it.

Fourthly, we support the Duke of Wellington, not only from our hope in his administration, but from our dread of the administration of others.

Fifthly, we support him, because in the two great and real divisions which we conceive to exist in this country, we deem him likely to prove the best mediator, and to obtain the most for the people, at the least expense to the inclinations of the aristocracy; and (by a more than common ability, to conciliate the one without irritating the other,) to pave the way to the establishment of that great legislative truth, that that country is not rightly governed where the different classes have rival interests: and that the end of government, and the correction of all abuses, are obtained, not by the maxim "divide," but "combine."

Such, briefly and unably stated, make the causes of that sanguine support which we pledge to the Wellington Administration. It comes from no quarter in which the temper that flatters greatness or adulates power is a common infirmity;—with the same freedom with which it is given in hope should it be withdrawn in disappointment.

Having sketched the grounds of our general support, we shall, from time to time, examine the individual measures of Government. We have given to the Minister the trust of independent men; as we believe the trust of value, we shall watch over it with vigilance. At the present moment, it is a matter of congratulation to us, that we have not denounced a policy which has built its power upon neither of the parties which have so often deceived the State, nor attacked a Minister who is not desirous on the one hand, nor compelled on the other, to frustrate the true end of that Government over which he presides. L.

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STANZAS.

Oh! would that I could think and feel  
As I have thought and felt before;  
But that sweet season's pass'd away,  
And life's delusions charm no more!

Oh! would that I could now renew  
The sunny dreams of former years,  
When Hope forbade the heart to grieve,  
And kiss'd away the falling tears:

When Inspiration sketch'd the scene,  
And Fancy with cold Reason strove,  
When the young soul, with pulse unquench'd,  
Could burn to fame, or throb to love.

But now, alas! those visions fled,  
Bleak Nature has no joys for me,  
For me the rose no fragrance yields,  
The wild bird has no minstrelsie.

This sullen reckless bosom can  
By nought to Pleasure's bower be woo'd,  
Man's mirth to me is discord—nay,  
E'en Woman's gentle voice sounds rude.



## RECOLLECTIONS OF A GÖTTINGEN STUDENT, NO. II.\*

PERHAPS no better plan could be adopted of describing a good part of a Göttingen student's life, than that of giving a short summary of the laws he promises to obey, with a running comment on them, to show how far his academical career is in accordance with, or in opposition to them. But before doing this, I will give a brief statistical account of the University and its institutions, the number of its students, and so forth. The University was founded by George the Second, in 1735, under the auspices and at the instigation of his minister Münchhausen: from the time of its foundation to the present it has been increasing in reputation and celebrity, and ranks now, undoubtedly, as the highest of the German universities. What has led to bestow on it this enviable distinction, this is not the place to inquire; but it may be casually mentioned, that the liberality which it has always met with from the Government, especially with regard to its literary and scientific institutions, as a natural consequence drawing to it the most eminent professors and teachers, has considerably conduced to its prosperity and renown. The town is situated in a valley, through which the river Leine runs on its way northward to Hanover: the river, or rather an artificial branch of it, passes through the town; the old river, *die alte Leine*, runs round to the west of it. The hills in the vicinity are not very lofty, though towards the north-east they gradually rise into the more mountainous region of the Harz; nor is the country round very varied, but yet sufficiently so not to be monotonous. Göttingen has been a fortified place, and the walls still remain; but deprived of their battlements and embrasures, and to a certain degree lowered, they are converted into a very pleasant promenade, belting the town, and planted

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\* By the omission of a piece of the copy of this article, page 522, vol. xxvi. part of these verses was not inserted. The whole should stand as follows:—

## ALFIERI TO THE GÖTTINGEN ASS.

Brother! for though thou art of Germany,  
 And I rank as a son of Italy,  
 Still this is but a difference of mothers;  
 For, pretty ass, we are so much the same  
 In thoughts and deeds, so stupid and so tame,  
 'Tis quite beyond a doubt we must be brothers.  
 Hail then, my brother! with love's laughing tears,  
 And wishes for thy health and length of years,  
 And blessings on thy solemn phiz, I greet thee;  
 So long I've wander'd, a poor lonely elf,  
 Nor found one single creature like myself,  
 Thou canst not think how I rejoice to meet thee!  
 Yet it is singular, that such a pair  
 Of arrant asses, as we doubtless are—  
 It might be hard to say which were the greater—  
 Should meet, like foundlings in a hospital,  
 In this, the most unlikely place of all,  
 Even in the very lap of Alma Mater.  
 'Tis plain that we are look'd on slightly;  
 Deadly grave doctors give us the go-by;  
 Each long-hair'd student without notice passes;  
 Yet, brother, mid this very learned squad  
 That circles us on every side, 'twere odd  
 If thou and I should be the only asses!



on both sides with lime-trees : without the walls, at some little distance from thence, a similar avenue, but of Lombardy poplars, runs westward half way round the town. These poplar avenues are great favourites in Germany, most of the roads to principal towns being planted with them ; their effect, however, is altogether bad, for the absurdly trifling shade they give can never compensate for their total want of beauty. Göttingen is not a very large place ; in fact, exclusive of the teachers and students, there were no residents, except the tradespeople, and the number and wealth of these latter depended therefore materially on the state of the University : good part, too, of the ground within the walls was occupied by gardens when I was there ; but if the number of students has been since increasing, as it had been doing of late years, it will have been necessary by this time to have built many more houses for their reception ; as all the students were obliged to reside within the walls, except those who, for health's sake, were allowed to lodge in some of the garden-houses without them. Almost every house in the town was let out in lodgings, which was one principal source of profit to the townsfolk ; some of the professors too admitted students into their houses ; but always upon the footing of lodgers only. There are four gates to the town, each named after the village nearest to it—namely, the Weender gate, to the north ; the Groner gate, west ; the Geismar, south ; and the Albaner, east. There are seven churches, of which the Johannis and the Jacobi are the largest ; among the seven, there is a Catholic one. The burial places are outside the walls ; one by the Albaner gate, the other some little distance on the Weender road ; in the latter, the students, who might die during their stay at the University, were, I believe, usually buried : it had a neat and simple appearance, and some of the monuments were rather handsome.

One of the principal features of Göttingen is its library, allowedly one of the most extensive and useful in Germany. It is well-arranged, and its treasures are easily accessible to the students. It was open daily (excepting Sundays and some holidays) ; on Wednesdays and Saturdays, from two till four ; on other days, from one to two ; and during these hours, any respectable person might enter ; but no one was allowed to take down any work himself, but he must ask for it of one of the sub-librarians, of whom there were always one or two present in each room : the books, also, were not to be returned to their places by the person who had been using them, but to be left on a table. Any person wishing to make extracts from a work within the walls of the library, or to take notes while reading it, must use pencil for that purpose, and not ink. Certain books of reference, such as compendiums, larger dictionaries, and so forth—and those of a very rare or costly kind—were not allowed to be taken from the library ; but, with these exceptions, all others were lent out, and might be used at home, under certain regulations. It was necessary, in the first place, for the student to write on a quarter of a sheet of paper his name at top, and the title of the book he wanted below ; and the regulation was very precise in stating this must be written on the paper *lengthwise*. This note of announcement (*Meldezettel*) was to be left, during the public hours, at an apartment appropriated to giving out and receiving books, where, during those hours, one of the head-librarians was always present ; or, in case a student should be personally at the library, he



might give the note to any of the sub-librarians. On the following day, he might either send, or himself call at the apartment above-mentioned, where another note—a ticket of reception (*Empfangschein*)—was to be handed in; this ticket was to be written with equal precision as the former note, lengthwise on an octavo page—i. e. the quarter of a sheet of writing-paper; but in this case, the *locale* of the MS. was somewhat varied; for the title of the book must be at top, and the name of the receiver at bottom; and to this latter must be added his dwelling. “Meanwhile,” says the regulation, “as neither the person nor the hand-writing of every student can be known to the librarians, in order to prevent all mistakes, every student, with the exception of those who belong to princely or noble rank, is enjoined to get his ticket, arranged according to the foregoing section, also undersigned by a professor, whose lectures he attends, or to whom he is otherwise personally known. The professor by this subscription guarantees the safety of the book for the current *semester*.” No person but a professor could give this guarantee; and every student during the same half year must get his tickets subscribed by the same professor. As it would be highly inconvenient though, for a student to have to make application to a professor for his signature each time he wanted a book, it was usual for the former to write his name on several quarter sheets of paper, which the latter then respectively subscribed; and the student filled up these tickets, from time to time, as he might want to use them. The ticket must uniformly be given in at the time and place appointed, on the day after the note of announcement was delivered, or, if it was not, the said note was destroyed; but on delivery of the ticket, the book required was given, or, in case of its being out of the library, the ticket was returned. No one, strictly, was allowed to take a book immediately from the library without this intervening period; but this rule was not always closely adhered to, as I have myself received books from the head librarians, with whom I was acquainted, and a ticket for them has been made out in the library, without previously sending in the customary note. Except under very particular circumstances, no more than three notes were to be sent in in one day; and students might not have more than six books away at a time. Lending books borrowed from the library to another person was expressly forbidden, and any damage done to them while in the possession of a student must be compensated for by him: if he made any marks in a book, he must either procure a new copy, or, if that could not be done, pay a sum to be fixed by the librarian. A book might be kept away for four weeks, and this time might be prolonged if the person having it was occupied in one of the prize writings. At the end of this term the book was to be returned, and the ticket was given back to the student; and if, by any mistake, it was not so given back, he was at once to signify as much to the librarian, as otherwise, at the end of the Semester, he would have to be responsible for the book, which might have got into some one else’s hands. Any person having books in his possession, about to travel for any length of time, as also at the end of each Semester, was bound to send them back to the library; any violation of these regulations was punishable by temporary, or absolute, loss of the use of the library. These regulations, efficacious as they may seem, and liberal as they certainly are, have not



always been sufficient to check the peculatory propensities of some individuals. While I was at Göttingen, a case occurred of a student's being detected in purloining several books; and one of the librarians informed me that, some years back, a case of a similar kind had happened, though in that instance the theft had been carried to an almost incredible extent. Two brothers, of poor parents, had from time to time carried away so many volumes from the library, that their rooms were overcrowded with them; the woman-servant of the house mentioned to some friends what a stock of books her "gentlemen" had in their possession: the circumstance got wind, and came to the ears of one of the *pedellen*, or beadles of the university, and then, of course, was transmitted to the higher authorities; and the two brothers were arrested. It seemed their conduct in this affair, though in this only, was the result of a species of insanity: they attempted no concealment of their actions or motives; at once avowed that they had taken the books from the shelves, and away from the library, without either note or ticket, and they had done so from an irresistible longing they felt to have a number of books in their possession; many they had taken were on sciences and subjects, and in languages, wherewith they were quite unacquainted. They disclaimed, however, all intention of selling; and this, indeed, they could not very easily have done, both from the improbability of finding a ready market for them, as from the fact of all their covers being stamped with the name of the Göttingen Library. The brothers were sentenced to imprisonment in a fortress, but, I think, were soon liberated, in regard to their infirmity, and sent back to their parents. Similar instances of this *cleptomania* are well known to have happened in this country, even among the rich and noble. What became of the other Göttingen delinquent I never inquired. Where a dishonest spirit of this kind prevailed with a student, it was easily gratified, for he had but to wait for the attendant sub-librarian's back to be turned in order to take down any book for which he might have a fancy, and having it once under his arm, he might march off, without any danger of being stopped or questioned. I observed to Professor Bunsen, one of the head-librarians, that I thought a plan might easily be arranged of preventing such thefts; but he shrugged up his shoulders, and answered it was impossible: 'how could it be known, whether a student had not just received the book from the proper authorities, or had brought it with him? it would never do to stop a student, as if he were a suspicious character, and inquire where he got a book;' "that would be an insult to German honour." (!) So there was nothing more to be said, if the safety of the public property was to be postponed to a regard for the "German honour" of the students.

During those days when the library was open only one hour, especially at the beginning of a *semester*, when every one intended to be very industrious, the door of the apartment whence the books were given out was crowded with women-servants from the different dwelling-houses, who carried on their backs the large baskets (before spoken of), strapped over the shoulders with cord or leather; in such the peasants used to bring vegetables and so forth to the market, and these of the women-servants were employed also for the same purposes, though now they were made the depositories of a literary load—and sometimes the load was really a respectable one of folios and quartos,



as the servant might be the representative of half-a-dozen more or less hard-reading students.—The outside of the library had nothing very particular to recommend it: it was a large, plain, almost ugly building,—of two stories high (garrets not included)—its front standing out from the body, with a flight of steps up to the principal door; and all the expense that had been bestowed on the inside had been given to the books; there were, indeed, some plaster of Paris casts of the great statues of antiquity, and some heads of the Emperors; nor, in the book department, had the object been to collect curious or costly volumes; utility had been the great aim of the collectors; the greatest rarity, that I remember to have seen there, was an old Wittemberg Bible, printed in 1541, with the autographs of Luther and Melancthon in it. There was a lying-in hospital near the Geismar-gate, of the inside of which I can say nothing; outwardly, it was one of the best-looking buildings in Göttingen. The botanical garden should have been mentioned next to the library, for it was the second largest of the Göttingen lions. It was situated partly within the walls, and partly without, the two parts being joined together by a subterranean: the whole was arranged with as much taste as could be expected in an institution of this kind, solely for scientific purposes; the large glazed hot-house was really a splendid structure; the garden boasted of at least one specimen of every species of tree or plant that could grow, either naturally or artificially, in the climate; it was open daily, except Sundays and Holidays, from five to seven in the evening, for any one to walk therein; and every extra assistance was given to the absolute teachers or students of botany; such as a delivery to the former of those plants which might be wanted at their lectures and demonstrations. Among other regulations for the conduct of the students in the garden, they were forbidden to smoke tobacco there, or to jump over the beds! The economical garden was on a much smaller scale, and devoted, I believe, wholly to medical purposes. The observatory was a neat, modern building, with a cupola, outside the Geismar-gate, under the superintendence of Professors Gauss and Harding, names well known in the scientific world. There was also an anatomical museum, the dissecting-room of which was but scantily furnished with subjects; when I visited it the only specimens being a hand and breast in a state of loathsome, and even living putridity; two hospitals, one medicinal, the other surgical; and a chemical laboratory. The riding-school was another institution of celebrity, which it owed in a great measure to the then Stallmeister Ayrrer, a perfect proficient, nay, a very pedant in his art. His style of riding I have, however, heard condemned by other equestrian professors, as too stiff, and certainly, to an Englishman, whose notions were at all formed in the jockey-school, it did partake of that character: no rising in the stirrups was tolerated, even on the highest trotting horse; no looseness or flexibility of carriage; but a thoroughly upright demeanour was insisted on; a perpendicular was to be ideally drawn from the tip of one's ear to the heel of one's boot, the legs not being the least bent; the feet were to be parallel with the ground, and only the tips of the toes were to touch (just for form's sake) in the stirrups, for one's seat was to depend solely on one's balance; the thumbs were to come in contact just one inch and a half from the body, (no easy situation to hold them in, when one's horse happened to



have a hard mouth,) and the very long riding rod was to be held as erect and perpendicular as the nature of things would admit of. I was myself rather an awkward pupil on these points, but I believe the worthy Stallmeister liked me not a whit the less therefore, as the worse I rode, the better opportunities he had of bellowing at me in English, of his knowledge of which language he was very proud; and perhaps I was not always guiltless of some supererogatory awkwardness, in order to chuckle over such delicious euphuisms as these:—"Sighs back, Mr. —, yet back—backer yet!"—"Keep your eyes between the ears from your horse."—"You never will ride behind the rule."—"Hold your head in the high, and keep your *shin* in your neck-closs," and so on. Yet, with all his peculiarities and pomposity, Stallmeister Ayrer was, as I said before, a real artist,—perhaps the most scientific horseman in Europe; and most young men who aimed at holding the situation of Stallmeister in any princely or royal household came to study under him; indeed, many of the students were at the University for no other purpose; and Reit kunst, "the art of riding," was by no means the most unfrequent of studies affixed to a name in the list published half yearly. It was really a treat to see first some awkward, stubborn-limbed fellow—myself as an instance—astride on a fine towering horse, that he could not in any way manage; spurring, pulling, and puffing, in vain attempts to produce the most simple evolution; and now Ayrer, in high wrath, would order him to dismount, and, maybe muttering some indistinct German curse in his throat, would himself slowly and systematically ascend the saddle: no sooner seated there, but all traces of human anger fled from his countenance, which now beamed with the happy consciousness of superior power; aloft he sat, no movement of his was perceptible, save the glance of his triumphant eye, and yet the before reluctant animal would now capriole and piraffe at the mere will, as it were, of his rider; he would curve his neck and champ his bit, bending on his haunches till he swept the dust with his tail, as though he were conscious and proud of the superhuman burden on his back; for so, I am confident, Ayrer, at such moments, esteemed himself. He was a gentleman, both by birth and education; not a mere gentlemanly jockey, nor a jockified gentleman: he had the rank of a colonel, and was a proficient in veterinary knowledge, in which he gave lectures; a branch of science that is somewhat neglected in this country of fine cattle, being often the province of ignorant blacksmiths, or as ignorant, but more impudent quacks. Colonel Quentin learned riding of Ayrer's father, (for the talent seems to be hereditary,) and, as the Göttingen story went, first attracted the King's notice by his horsemanship. The family of Quentins were, at the time I was there, mostly bakers in the town. Behind the riding-school there was an enclosed space, planted with trees, where the pupils, in fine weather, exercised. It has also been the scene, upon one or two solemn occasions, of regular *carousels*; and under the auspices of Stallmeister Ayrer, there can be no doubt that they would have been just what such a thing ought to be. The Council-house was a small, insignificant building, opposite the library, where the University court sat from time to time; it would hardly be worth mentioning, were it not that the upper part of it was devoted to a purpose that rendered the whole building, if not formidable, at least truly detestable in the eyes of a Göttingen student; it was the *Carcer*,



or prison, wherein the students were confined for certain infringements of the laws. Were I talking now to a regular, or rather an irregular student—one who held himself to be a thorough *deutscher Bursche*, I do not know that I should like to own I had lived twelve months at Göttingen, and never been inside the Carcer—at any rate it would be a piece of gratuitous self-degradation in his eyes—for he would set me down not only as a very mean-spirited churl never to have broken the laws enough to merit such an honour, but as a pitifully unsociable wretch never to have had even a friend so situated, whom I might have visited in his honourable troubles. Such, however, is the case, and all I know of the Carcer is from a bad print I have seen of it, and the more lively representations of those who have been luckier than myself. By such it was pictured as a small hole with wooden benches, and a horrible smell; and here the immured student generally lay on his bed all day, smoking his pipe, and “writing up” such notes of his lectures as might happen to have “fallen behind.” The laws inflicted this punishment pretty frequently, and the majority of the students were not behindhand in deserving it. As soon as sentence was pronounced on the delinquent, he was, on leaving the judgment-room below, to walk upstairs into the Carcer above, or at least he must enter it the same day, and stay there the uninterrupted period of his punishment, unless that should extend over a week, in which case, that his studies might not be too much broken in on, he was allowed to sit out the rest of his punishment in the following holidays. The incarcerated student was not permitted any extraordinary luxuries of any kind: his jailer was answerable that he had only his usual food and drink, (which latter article, if it were allowed in all cases in the quantum the student was used to, would sometimes be more than enough for the purposes of ordinary intoxication;) he was also forbidden to allow his prisoners to have any mutual communication, or visits from other students; but, at least, these two latter regulations were not quite strictly adhered to in common cases. In the case of illness the severer rules were relaxed; and under “the most pressing circumstances” (what they might be I know not) the punishment of imprisonment might be commuted for a fine.

The town was well supplied with water, (not much troubled as a beverage by most students, save to mix with spirits,) both by springs, and the Leine, which, as before stated, was made to run through it, and turned a mill both at its entrance and near its exit. The remains of the old moat were visible only in two places, one to the north-west, where there was a largish piece of water, called, *par excellence*, the Ditch; and the other, exactly opposite, to the south-east, called, I suppose, by way of distinction, the Fire Ditch. Fire-tanks were established numerously throughout the town, as they were in all the Hanoverian towns, but however well they might answer the purpose for which they were intended, they were certainly in other respects clumsy and inconvenient; they consisted of large square reservoirs, usually in the middle of the street, and covered with flat, wooden, iron-ringed trap-doors: these, independent of their perishable liability from the continuous passage of horses and carriages, were really quite dangerous in winter, as they presented a smooth and often frozen surface to the horses’ hoofs: the gutters, too, were objectionable in the same point



of view, for they were likewise covered with long planks of wood, which, especially those that ran transversely across the street, were continually getting loose and out of repair, and thereby causing at least the chance of infinite accidents. The stench of these drains and gutters of stagnating filth, in summer time, was quite unbearable.

There were cold and warm baths outside the Albaner gate, and an open bathing-place, made for the purpose, southward on the Leine, a short distance from the town; this was under the care of a bathing-master and assistant, who were placed there by the University in case of accidents, and who undertook to teach swimming at a very trifling expense. Every student while bathing there wore a pair of small linen drawers, and this was a voluntary tribute to delicacy, for there was no regulation to that effect; were there one, it is more than likely they would have broken it. Bathing here was not permitted after sunset, and in any other place in the Leine it was forbidden, under a penalty of five rix dollars, (one rix dollar = 3s. 6d.,) in case of repetition of ten.

The principal streets were paved, badly to be sure, and irregularly; but their great recommendation was, that they had a sort of paved footpath, though infinitely inferior to the worst specimen of the kind I ever met with in England; it consisted of a line of broad flagstones, laid down between the gutter and the houses, but by no means filling up the intermediate space, so that, after all, most part of the footpath remained of the natural soil; these flagstones were so placed as to present, gutterward, a pretty even outside, but inwardly they jagged out into all imaginable angles. This paved part, such as it was, was naturally the chosen pathway, especially in wet weather, lying between the Scylla of mud on the one side, and the Charybdis of foul water on the other; but, as it could not be enjoyed by all walkers, there necessarily existed a rule of walking, such as obtains by habit in London streets; only theirs was exactly the contrary to ours, that is, you were to pass to the right hand of the person you met. "You are strange fellows, you English," once said to me a student from a little Prussian village,—*"you do every thing by contraries."* The gutter at Göttingen held the same relative place of honour that the wall does here, and when it was not your right, you were bound to make way for one whose right it was; the violation of this rule was attended with rather more serious consequences than with us. I shall, by and by, have something to say of this *Gossenrecht*, or Right of Gutter.

Among other charitable institutions there was an Orphan Asylum, and a fund for the widows and families of deceased professors of the University; and this latter admirable establishment is, I think, only to be met with at Göttingen. Adjoining the Marien-Kirche, near the Groner-gate, was an old farm-house, once the property of the Knights of St. John of Malta; the house remained very nearly as they left it—it was a large, roomy, and massive building, with numberless passages that led to nothing; there was a communication with the church, which was formerly a chapel of the order.

The number of students of late years had been greatly on the increase; in the winter semester, ending Easter 1821, there were 1255; from Michaelmas 1822, to Easter 1823, there were 1419; of these, up to the 24th of May, 348 left the University, and 476 came thither, so



that there was an increase of 128, making the whole number 1547 at the beginning of the summer semester of 1823. Of these there were 844 studying jurisprudence ; 268, theology ; 231, medicine ; and 204, philosophy, which embraces every thing but the three above-mentioned sciences ; so that out of the whole number the jurists alone exceeded the other students, philosophers and all, by 141. Of this sum total there were forty-seven inhabitants of the town and district of Göttingen ; 664 *Landschildren*, i. e. Hanoverians ; and 836 foreigners—of these latter there were, besides myself, only eight British, three of them Scotch, law-students ; one a German Count, though born and bred in London, and most anxious to keep up the character of a London swell ; also a law student ; one a student of the *riding art*, who, though English by birth, could hardly speak his mother tongue, having been educated in France, the language of which country he spoke as imperfectly as his own ; of the three remaining, two were philosophers ; and the last, a very eccentric and dirty man from Bristol, was a student of theology ! There were four princes—of Brunswick, Leinigen, (the uncle of our young princess, with a foreign name,) and two brothers of the House of Hohen Solms, and twenty-three Counts : by far the greater number of these were law-students. In the following semester the princes dwindled to two, and the counts to eighteen ; and the whole stock of students was lessened by fifteen ; in all probability a mere casualty. Our British *coterie* too lost four of its number ; but they were quickly supplied : in the course of this semester, too, there were two Americans joined us, both, I believe, to study medicine. Of the professors I shall speak in my next paper.

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#### NEWS OF THE NEW YEAR.

DEAD Eighteen Twenty-nine, farewell !  
 Go ! with the buried Past to dwell,  
   'Mid records dull and dirty ;  
 But hail ! thou youngest-born of Time,  
 The Future's undeveloped prime,  
   Dear, hopeful Eighteen Thirty.

Some in this inter-annual space,  
 Now this, now that way, turn their face,  
   Like double-visaged Janus.  
 The last year's knell let others ring,  
 Our prying eyes we forward fling,  
   Nor let the past detain us.

What oracle shall I evoke,  
 From cave or Dodonæan oak,  
   What Pythoness or Poet ?  
 What astrologic wizard fee,  
 To cast the year's nativity,  
   And to the public show it ?

These jugglers now are dumb. Alack !  
 Moore's vaticinal almanack  
   Lives but to shame its seller ;  
 The Bard, however, still may act  
 The prophet's part, so I'll enact  
   Myself the fortune-teller.

First shall you gather from my muse,  
What the New Year will *not* produce,  
For, like a sage magician,  
I know that negatives may be  
Foretold with less sagacity,  
And ten times more precision.

The bulls of Basan on the shore  
Of Erin shall no longer roar,  
Mad for Emancipation ;  
Nor shall they cease to batter, thrust,  
Burn, murder, maim each other, just  
By way of recreation.

Her dividends will Spain remit?  
Will she be honest? Deuce a bit!  
She'll shrug her knavish shoulders;  
While Pedro in their deep distress,  
Both dolorous and dollarless,  
Will leave the bilk'd bond-holders.

So much for negatives;—we sing  
Now of affirmatives, to spring  
From Time's unopen'd chalice.  
Stinging itself with scorpion ire,  
The Morning Journal shall expire,  
Madden'd with baffled malice.

Eldon shall weep—Winchelsea rave,—  
The royal Duke will yearn to save  
The Brunswicker's last anchor;  
While orthodox Newcastle shall  
On his own tenants pour the gall  
Of true fanatic rancour.

Other newspapers, in the dearth  
Of news—shall ransack heaven and earth,  
Steal nothings from each other,  
And then, like bone-contending curs,  
The hungry, snarling editors  
Shall each assault his brother.

Forth from the press will novels pour,  
Though this year they'll restrict the store,  
And publish them more gently;  
Nor need I add that all the best  
Will have upon their fronts imprest,  
“H. COLBURN AND R. BENTLEY.”

An Opera warfare will there be  
'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee;  
Garcia and Pisaroni  
With Caradori will fall out,  
Donzelli will at Pasta flout,  
Begrez at Curioni.

The Parliament will make a stir,  
And then adjourn—at Manchester  
Starved weavers will assemble;  
Lower will sink our sinking stage,  
Though sometimes Kean may be the rage,  
And sometimes Fanny Kemble.



Some of creation's lords will grieve,  
 Starve, hang, drown, swindle, murder, thief,  
 While some for pleasure cater,  
 Laugh, riot, revel, dance, and dine,  
 Just as they did in 'Twenty-nine,  
 Only a twelvemonth later.

Reader! be this our happier doom!  
 And if from the devouring tomb  
 We win a twelvemonth's tether,  
 Next new-year's day may claim my muse,  
 And you and I again may choose  
 To rhyme and joke together.

#### THE LAND OF CAKES.

##### *St. Andrew's, or The Aged City.*

BIDDING adieu to Edinburgh, or rather escaping from it without any adieu, I committed myself to the waves of the Forth, over which we scudded merrily in a trim pinnace, though the windward surges were ever and anon subjecting us to most copious ablutions, and the eddy on the lee was as constantly "speaking Dutch" and bubbling over the gunwale. Still the crossing even of a ferry is nothing, unless one gets a little flapping from the tail of a gale; and if, which with trim craft and skilful boatmen is very unlikely, you should go down, there is an end both to your annoying and to your being annoyed, besides a paragraph in the newspaper, which is more than nine-tenths have any reason to expect, even though their executors have to pay the physician and the undertaker, with all the dues and taxes to boot, which the inhabitants of this country pay for the privilege of dying, or rather for going to the grave, instead of Guy's. By the way, though parliamentary and other wisdom has been hammering at the objections that are made to the furnishing of subjects for dissection, I am somewhat vain that I alone have hit upon the real cause—the diminution of dues that would thence arise; and it shows the great advantage that there is in long trains of philosophical concatenation, that I should have made this important discovery when upon my pilgrimage to the most sepulchral city of St. Andrew's, vernacularly styled, THE AGED CITY.

Hurrying as fast as I could through the provoking length of Kircaldy, which, with Dysart, and all the other *et ceteras*, hangs round the margin of the bay, like a string of ill-sorted teeth round the neck of a Cherokee, I got me upon that bleak ridge which divides the Fife border on the south from the valley (not the garden) of Eden on the north.

When I gained the summit of the first cold, dull, and unpoetic hill, the morning sun (for I had been on the water at the grey dawn of summer's longest day) gleamed down upon the ruins of the old royal palace at Falkland, once the habitation of the once gay and afterwards gloomy James the Fifth, whose nightly excursions in gipsy attire are, by the learned, supposed to have had some share in the production of that cranial levity for which Fife is renowned above all Scottish lands, though some, it is said, are treading closely on its heels. It was upon the soft green sward within the precinct of that palace too, that the infant feet

of the lovely and luckless Mary first bent the daisy and the primrose. But, alas for the mutability of human greatness! Falkland is a royal palace no more. For a century, its ruins have been the common quarry of the parish, and it has now been sold and converted into a pig-sty!

The same old herdsman who communicated this information to me, and at the same time told me that his mistress was a much greater adept in making cheese than in making matches, inasmuch as the former was bespoke at half-a-crown a pound before it was made, and the latter had not been made at all, or even bespoke at a penny, although the lady had been drudging for it, in willing condition, for three-and-twenty long years,—told me an anecdote of the proprietor of this remnant of royalty. He was a “modern Athenian,” and a man of prudence; and when he came to sojourn for a week on his new purchase, he brought with him his changes of apparel, and other necessities, in a box, the lock of which was so curiously constructed, that he supposed all the wits of Fife could not pick it. He brought the box, but not the key; and after three or four days, unchanged and unshaven—as neither tailor nor barber in Falkland would work for nothing—at last, he applied to the blacksmith, who happened to be rather an ingenious man, and got a key that fitted the lock to admiration. Half-a-crown was demanded for the implement, which the other party described as extravagant, and refused to give more than sixpence, upon the plea that he could purchase fifty keys at that rate in Sheffield. “But that key,” said the blacksmith, “opens and shuts the lock so easily;” and after opening and shutting the box several times, slipped the key in his own pocket, bowed and took his leave, saying, “Gude mornin’, Ser; ye’ll better send to Sheffield and save your twa shillins:” nor would the subsequent tender of a pound procure him possession of the key.

Pursuing my journey eastward, the memorials of the deeds of which the “aged city” had aforetime been the origin and the grand theatre, began to thicken around me. The rushing cataract and the romantic dell of Blebo, with the wild cave in which Balfour of Burley hid himself after the death of Archbishop Sharp, on Magus Moor, and that dreary desert itself—all so cold and comfortless that one more appropriate could hardly have been chosen for the bloody deed—naturally called up some of the phantoms of the times gone by. My dealings are with the present, and therefore I enter not into the condemnation or the justifying of that catastrophe. I cannot even agree with the response given to the troopers by the shepherd boy. After the death of the Archbishop, troopers rode over the country, and took sharp inquisition of the peasantry by putting the simple question, “Was the death of Archbishop Sharp murder?” and if the answer was in the negative, the party questioned sealed his testimony with his blood without farther ceremony. The shepherd boy questioned, while tending his flock on the very spot, replied, “I dinna ken what you mean by murder, but we have aye had better weather since then;” which, not being contained in the list of answers with which the troopers were furnished, saved the boy. Judging not only from the disagreeable weather that I had there, but from the hard and stunted heath, the wretched crops, and the few leafless sticks, meant possibly as an apology for trees, having every knob bearded like a goat with lichen, I should suppose that the weather had originally out-icelanded Iceland, or that it has got bad again; and though I would not



recommend the sacrifice of another archbishop, or even of a St. Andrewian doctor of the lowest grade, to propitiate the "prince of the power of the air," I would warn all who are not absolutely weather-proof to make their escape from Magus Moor as soon as they can: there is an ugly big hill on the south, and another on the north, which catch the damp air from the ocean as in a trap, and tumble it down in pailfulls. I escaped from this dismal and dreary place, rendered still more gloomy by the memory of the Archbishop and the memorials of the martyred Covenanters, which, though they were buried here *in terrorem* to the Fife peasantry, have had the effect of confirming their belief in that faith for which the blood of so many of their ancestors was shed; nor had I travelled long till the scenery improved, the sun shone out, and in a vista formed by two coppices, the ancient towers of St. Andrew's, and all its time-worn memorials, with its old abodes of former and present learning, stood full in view. The sun was upon the city, as well as upon the ground where we stood; but over the sea behind, dense volumes of thunder-clouds spread the blackness of darkness, in which a hoarse murmuring surf upon the fatal sand-bank, where so many keels have been fixed, and so many mariners entombed, together with the circling wings of sea-fowl, as they rode exultingly on the storm, and sported their plumage with the tempest, were the only light-coloured specks.

A city of so hoary antiquity, viewed for the first time with such a back-ground, had something in it which required no effort to remember; and I naturally sat down to examine the *coup-d'œil* for a little, before I descended to scrutinize the details.

To every man, and more especially to every Scotsman, the name of St. Andrew's is a holy sound. According to that glimmering light which comes down through the traditions of the country, it is a city of sacred origin; was often the seat of the Scotch kings; habitually that of archiepiscopal pomp, and the grand source of that learning for which Scotland, through all its vicissitudes, has been celebrated. Nor is it less when one thinks of the achievements that have been there effected in the grand cause of mental deliverance. It is something to look upon the place where Knox preached and Buchanan lectured, and from which Melville, the man of insignificant body and giant mind, issued to discomfit, by one short sentence, a pedant king, and the whole array of his court. James, in his love of wavering and disputation, had called a council at Perth, for the express purpose of pulling down for ever that Presbyterianism, the spirit of which he felt not to be so favourable as he could have wished to the arbitrary power which he quaintly designated under the name of "Free Monarchy;" and Andrew Melville had been prohibited, under pain of death, to approach within a hundred miles of the councils of Majesty, lest the eloquence of one man should overcome the power of the reigning king of Scotland, the heir-apparent of England, backed by all his courtiers and nobles. The hall of meeting had been watched and guarded; the fatal decrees were drawn up; the King demanded whether any one dared to object; there was a momentary silence, except when broken by the stifled sighs of one or two, who felt that they were strangling the recently-gotten liberty, but were spell-bound and afraid to speak. A little man, in plain apparel, issuing no one knew from where, marched boldly up the passage, seeming



to rise a cubit higher at every step, drew from his bosom the little Hebrew Bible he was in the habit of carrying, then struck it against the table with the sound of thunder—"I object, in the name of Almighty God, and his Word is my witness!" He said not a word more. Notwithstanding the Royal mandate, nobody offered to seize him; nobody said a syllable in reply; the King and the courtiers slunk off, and the obnoxious decrees were never again mentioned.

St. Andrew's is, indeed, a hoary-headed chronicle, upon whose brows are furrowed the tale of full fifteen hundred years; and which is singular, while the tide of power and greatness has alternately ebbed and flowed—while it has been alternately a gorgeous city and a green desolation—while its streets have alternately rung to the feet of caparisoned steeds in kingly processions, and been buried in the dust, and ploughed-up again as relics of remote antiquity—the very first page of its long chronicle is nearly as unimpaired as at the hour of its erection. The Cathedral is no more, or what remains of it is so honeycombed by the rain, and so battered by the wind, that not a stone retains an inscription, or even a bit of fretwork. Other ruins have their sculptures, their foliage, and sometimes the fragments of their saints, and around their bases the stones that are strewed consist of crockets and cornices, and capitals, all mutilated, no doubt, but still giving some indication of what once they were like; but those of the Cathedral of St. Andrew's are shapeless; they tell no tale, unless that the extent of the foundations, and the height of the remaining towers indicate that glory once abode there, but that now it is clean gone. Yes, this once majestic structure, the remaining scraps of which show a length of 350 feet, and a breadth of 160 across the transepts, and the erection of which cost the accumulated toils, and the accumulated revenues of one hundred and sixty years, seems to have been not merely cast down by the angry multitude by whom it was assailed, (not at the instigation of Knox, as is vulgarly but incorrectly said, but because he had preached a furiously-eloquent sermon against idolatry, and there were many idols within the structure, some of them rich, and therefore calculated to arouse, on the part of at least some of the assailants, a principle far more powerful than even that of momentary religious frenzy—they hated the idols as religious machinery, but loved and coveted them for carnal uses,)—but to have been blighted by some incomprehensible curse, even to the very stone and the cement—the latter, contrary to the case of most ancient buildings, being soft and powdery, and the former so rotten as to be unfit for any purpose. The Priory, too, which was about the same date as the Cathedral, and which enjoyed a larger revenue than could probably be boasted of by the then Royal Treasury of Scotland, is gone, and has left hardly a vestige. The Castle, also, which was the theatre of many dark and singular deeds, as well as of much ostentatious display, has suffered greatly by the corrosion of the atmosphere; while in the long seas that roll unbroken from the Norwegian shores every winter, Old Neptune assails its foundations with resistless fury—rending off masses of the rock, and hurling them against the remainder, till they are battered to pieces, and themselves bruised to fragments. In this way the liquid power comes on and on, till, after the lapse of a few more years, the Castle of St. Andrew's, where the luxurious and cruel Beaton (the



Wolsey of Scotland in every thing save the magnificence of that haughty priest) gratified his appetite, glutted his vengeance, and ultimately perished by the steel of Leslie and his daring associates. The windows still remain from which the Cardinal looked with joy upon the martyrdom of Wishart, saw the suffering man raise his hands over the flames in supplication to his God, and sing his hymn of praise while his lower extremities were in a state of ignition ; and slight fancy is requisite to imagine the broad and bloated face of the voluptuary, looking secure from his casement, gloating upon the spectacle, and thinking that it was grateful to a Being who is all mercy : and one can think of the placidity of the martyr--of that strong hold upon Heaven which can despise the bitterness of mockery, and the consuming of fire ; and fancy his ear can yet catch the yells of the executioners, drugged up to the purpose by inebriating liquors ; and the secret supplications of the followers of the martyr, who, driven to concealment, or, declaring themselves, would only have shared his fate without saving him, were in the secret places of their dwellings on bended knees, with uplifted hands and streaming eyes, imploring that He in whose hands are the issues of life and death, would set wide for their benevolent and beloved instructor the gates of eternal rest. Nor is it difficult to conjure up the dark corner of the wall behind which young Rothes and his fifteen devoted followers took their stand, until the first opening of the Castle gate in the morning should enable them to rush in and inflict upon the haughty and cruel lord, that death which has ranked them with the heroes or the assassins of their country, according to the feelings of those by whom they have been viewed.

All these are, however, events as if but of yesterday ; they come within the limits of written history, and though their architectural ornaments be gone, their last traces going, and every surge rocking their foundations, their evidence is upon record, and men may satisfy themselves with them as matters of plain every-day reading. But there is one structure which, though its origin lies dim and distant in the mist of time, is sacred from the winds and the sea, and seems a thing of eternity. The Tower of St. Regulus, or St. Rule, standing in the midst of the place of graves, and overlooking the dust of full fifty generations, is as perfect in its surface, as defined in its angles and its chisel marks, as when its builders removed the scaffolding. It is singular why, amid general ruin, some one building should often be spared ; and in this case it is not a little singular that while, apparently, all taken from the same rock, the ruins of the pomp of St. Andrew's, of the days of its pride and luxury, of the times when royalty did obeisance to its priests, and the proudest dames in the land considered themselves honoured if allowed to kiss the footstool of its priors--it is singular that they should be all crumbling into powder, as if they were "crushed before the moth," while this little structure, with whose origin memory dares not grapple, and whose simplicity repels all ostentation, should stand entire as if it were a work of nature and not of art, possessing in itself a power for the renewal of its substance and stability.

The tower of that structure, which is 180 feet in height, is perfectly perpendicular, and contains not a flaw or a fissure except the markings of a succession of roofs, of different pitches, whose memorials only are



traced ; and yet it stands upon the very bourne of present things, and leaves one in doubt whether it was at first raised in honour of Odin, or of that mightier power, before whom the worship of Odin, all save a lingering rite or two, has been dissipated, and the intellectual character of the nations of the north changed from darkness to light.

Thus the distant view of the "Aged City" conjures up the tales, the dreams, and the conjectures of times long gone by ; and in this manner the lesson which a place teaches increases in proportion to the number of years of which it can tell, or benefit one to guess, the story, at least such was the effect upon me ; and as I have no pretensions either to the love or the lore of antiquity, I suppose the effect would be greater upon most other people.

I could not help musing on the forms which the sacerdotal history of this singular city must have taken from the time that the waves threw ashore its founder, the Greek Regulus, with an Apostle's bones. The simplicity of the Culdee, his humble cell, his little church, his plain apparel, and his labours in the instruction of a people who were without books or a written language ; then the priestly fingers, gradually letting go the pastoral crook, taking hold of the shears, and making one snatch after another at the fleece, till the greater part of it was in their possession. In no country was that more the case than in the Land of Cakes ; and probably there were few places where, in the scramble after temporal wealth and power, the intellectual part of the matter was more completely accelerated. When St. Andrew's was one collection of lordly bishops, mitred abbots, and jolly monks ; when the surrounding countries were spotted with those comfortable retreats, in which they put off the external semblance of the divine to enjoy themselves ; when those arched halls and embattled towers which are now crumbling into shapeless heaps, were full of fashion and festivity ; when those spacious areas which now baffle both the senses and the faith of antiquarians, had walls rising arch over arch, and buttress over buttress ; when the clustering columns, and the gracefully-formed ribs put one in mind of a sacred banyan-tree on the bank of an Indian river ; when images, and chalices, and maces, and candelabra, glittered in massive silver, or overlaid with beaten gold, from every nook and niche ; when with the glare of a thousand torches, reflected from colours, and gilding, and precious stones, amid the odour of smoking censers and the harmony of pealing organs and melodious voices ; when kings knelt at the altars, and queens sought benedictions at the holy shrine ;—these were the days of glory to the "Aged City ;" but that glory is now gone, and the only things that remain to feast the eyes withal, are an old broken mace and an Egyptian mummy, which latter is said to have been born within the college.

Thus trifling, and trying in vain to adjust to each other the few remaining fragments of St. Andrean history, I came near to the great and gloomy gateway which keeps sentinel at the western extremity of the south street ; and as the sun was hot, without a breath of wind, I paused under the shade of the arch in order to take a view of the street. And well was it for me that I paused there ; for a flash of lightning came so brilliant and piercing, that I had to cover my eyes with my hand before they would recover their vision ; and a peal of thunder



instantly followed, so loud and so reverberated from tower to tower, that it seemed as if the whole had been rattling down, and the final catastrophe of the Aged City had been alone left for my contemplation and description. Flash redoubled upon flash, and peal upon peal, in a manner that was fearfully grand ; and, as the whole long and lofty desolation of the place did not contain one human being, one carriage, or living, or indeed one moving thing, while the huge, black, and time-worn buildings, sounded hollow like vaults ; the gloom of the city of the dead could not easily be repressed. The pitchy darkness of the cloud which had now crept westward, till there was but a little line of light on the extreme verge of that part of the horizon, broken as it was by the incessant dancing of the forky lightning amid the ruins, gave such a deadly aspect to the air that one was afraid to breathe it.

Down came the rain, not slanting as during a wind, or slowly as in a shower, but perpendicularly, and the drops were so large, and their motion, from the height from which they had fallen, so rapid, that each seemed a rod of water darted down from the heavens. There are channels in abundance between the round stones that form the street basement of the place, and cesspools enough in the holes from which many of them have been displaced, for the concealment of any reasonable shower ; but the one in question instantly filled each gaping fissure and mantling trap-hole, till the street was quite a sea, from which, as the drops dashed down, the water leaped up again in columns, to the height of a foot or two. Then the angles and gutters of the roofs spouted their parabolas into all parts of the street, till—the lightning not being in the least abated—the whole place was one exhibition of fire-works and water-works blended together.

This exhibition continued for three quarters of an hour, and left my impression of the tenantless desolation of the place not a little strengthened ; but I was constrained to linger under the gate until the elements should permit me to measure by weary steps the distance to the ruined cathedral opposite me. The termination of the storm was as sudden as the commencement ; and the returning sunbeams won the race to the street with the last drops of rain. But the spouting cascades from the houses kept me a little, and I got a glimpse at another scene. The surface of the street had been much heated before the rain began to fall, and that, with the clear sun after the rain, made the evaporation very rapid ; so much so, that the street was filled with palpable vapours, in which the prismatic colours of innumerable portions of rainbows were distinctly seen.

Amid these playful but transient glances, I advanced onward to see if there was any life in the city ; and the decay of the place, with the total absence of sound, made me suppose for a time that there actually was none, or that the people of the “Aged City,” some of whom I had been told looked upon themselves as a sort of *grandees* in their way, were taking a *siesta* after the manner of the Spaniards.

But upon looking up at the second and third floor windows, I could discern that there were inhabitants ; and that though I am not an object calculated to attract very much attention, they were watching my erratic movements, as I twined along trying to escape the deeper holes, with as much earnestness as if they had been so many *Sydrophels*



drudging at the trajectory of a comet, or a paper kite. They were rather formidable ; and, as Burns says,—

“ Had I statue been o' stane,  
Their darin' looks had daunted me.”

They were females, at that time of life when the presumed lapse of one of the rules of arithmetic is politely, and as I have no doubt properly, supposed to take them and their ages out of the category of calculation altogether. From the lines of thought, it must have been thought, with which their visages were seamed and furrowed,—from the extreme longitude of all their parts as compared with the latitude,—and from the stretching of long and hungry looks, which had given the neck something the appearance of “a mast with cordage all bedight,” I might, without much violence of probability, have concluded that they were the ghosts of the learned doctors who had once tenanted those habitations, and trimmed the lamp of learning in the adjoining halls and holes, still hovering amid the scenes of their concentrated renown. They were not, however, the ghosts of the doctors, but the living and embodied divinities of the place—Minervas that had sprung out of the heads of those philosophic Jupiters, who, in single blessedness, had outlived their own charms, and their fathers' importance, and who had now no regular pleasure or occupation, save the morning walk, the mid-day rubber at penny whist, and the evening criticism on times and seasons—unless when the movements of the stars brought together one of those singular collections of human bodies, which, under the very appropriate name of “Tea-and-turn-out,” are at once the characteristic and the comfort of the “Aged City.”

“Dead or alive, is it all ghosts?” said I to myself, as I entered the door of the inn, and ordered a beefsteak, to recruit me after so much marching and meditation. When one is hungry, and not quite in humour, a spinning plate is bad enough. I had that, and the knife was a spinster too ; for when I brought it to the proper angle for cutting tender—three points from the perpendicular, it “broached-to,” set the plate a whirling, and the gravy, flying off by the centripetal force, bespattered the cloth. The wine which I ordered, was excellent ; and along with it came, unordered, some fish, which was equally so, and plates that did not spin. The steak was sent to the right-about :—a very fine chicken followed the fish ; gooseberries and strawberries of no common flavour. The “Aged City” rose in my estimation, and I resolved to delay my survey till another day ; and so, throwing myself upon a couch in the room, asked if there was a book in the house. The “Picture,” or “Memorabilia, of St. Andrew's,” I forget which, by Dr. Cook.—Quite a chapter of the “Gazetteer.” Write of St. Andrew's that way ! Psha ! The “other one” sends Cooks.—I threw the book to the other end of the room, and went to read the brass inscription-plate on a little box on the side-table :

#### THE FLISTIE-FLASTIE CLUB.

The “flistie-flastie” club,—what could that mean ? The waiter shook his head, the landlord shook his more solemnly—“They meet to-morrow ; and at this dull season they are proud of a stranger.” That was one point gained. I took a siesta ; from which when I awoke, there



were two of the natives in the room,—one of them tall and thin, and evidently come to report what a summer stranger in the “Aged City” was like, and the other as anxious to enter into conversation.

Slender worked round and round, with few but feeling words; but as I had been cautioned that these were scouts that would defeat my purpose, I was on my guard, and he took his departure without knowing either whence I came, or what I was after. The other did not seem to care much for either. He was a short man, with a laughing grey eye, evidently a little out of his element in the “Aged City;” and though he soon gave evidence that he was skilled in literature, he was evidently fonder of life; and had his lines been cast by the rivers of “the Babylon,” he would not have “hung his harp upon the willow-trees,”—at least not upon the “weeping” ones. I asked him to sup with me, and he in return asked me to breakfast with him, and volunteered to be my Cicerone, not only to what was then and there to be seen, but to all that might require to be added from oral testimony. I asked him if he was of the “Aged City.” “In it, and to remain, but not of it,” was the reply.

The labours of the evening gave additional glee to the man of the “Aged City.” The conversation turned upon the multitude of imaginary ghosts, and he recounted a number of the ghost-stories, one of which, as it has reference to one who did for the “modern Athens,” in his way, what I have attempted to do for it in mine, it may not be wholly irrelevant to repeat.

The late Hugo Arnott, Esq. advocate and historian of Edinburgh, was through life fond of that practical wit which was once so prevalent in the land of cakes, and which has not yet given place to any thing more valuable; for the wit of the men of the north must always be localized, and loses point when it becomes general.

Hugo was a student at the Aged City, and, with a number of other young men, boarded and lodged in the house of one of the doctors of the day. The mansion which they inhabited was of large dimensions, and it was wainscoted in a very antique manner, in the great room which the young aspirants at doctorship used as a dormitory. One day, as Hugo was examining the room, he found a secret door in the wainscot, and upon opening that, he found it to lead to a small secret chamber in the roof. Having made that discovery, he began to collect a little magazine in the secret chamber; and when that was as large as he thought he would require, he informed the professor that his mother was taken suddenly and dangerously ill, and that he should not feel at ease if he did not get leave of absence. The leave was instantly granted, and he bade farewell to his fellow-students and the doctor, in order to visit his mother at the family seat in the south of Fife—Balcormo, if I rightly remember.

But instead of wending his way to the seat of his father, where his presence was not wanted, Hugo took up his habitation in the secret apartment, where he remained in silence till all his fellow-students were in bed. Then he issued from his retreat in a state of nudity, and, the night being a clear moonlight one, he paraded the room with groans and gesticulations which awakened the sleepers, and filled them with horror; and when he thought he had worked that up to the proper

pitch, he retreated into his concealment, and left them to enjoy the rest of the night with what satisfaction they might.

When the morning came, the terrified boys mentioned to the professor the fearful visitation that had been made to them, adding to the real apparition all the attributes of the dangerous and the terrible with which young fancy could embellish such a subject; but instead of meeting with sympathy, they were mocked and threatened, and driven back to the haunted chamber, there to meet the dreaded return of the supernatural visitor. Night came, and so did the spectre, but a little bolder than it had been on the previous night. After it had performed one peal of groaning, it pulled the clothes off all their beds, piled them in a heap in the centre of the room, seated itself on the top, groaned more dismally than ever, and then vanished, leaving them much more terrified than before. The complaint was again made to the doctor, but it met with a more severe reprimand than on the former day; and those who were most positive in the stating of it, were threatened with the law of the *Senatus Academicus*, the fear of which, and of their parents, if they should be expelled the university for story-telling, drove them reluctant to the dreaded apartment for another night.

They lay in terror, apprehending that their mysterious visitant would again make its appearance. Nor were they mistaken; for just as the last knell of twelve sounded hollow and dismal, the spectre came, in aspect much more alarming than before. Its colour had changed to a deep black, and in its hand it held a rod, which, by being rubbed over with phosphorus, seemed a wand of fire, fit for the most infernal purposes, and, with the hue of him who wielded it, typical of no very pleasant place. Hugo locked the door and secreted the key; and having done so, he proceeded to unclothe his victims, as on the former night; but instead of sitting down to lament on the pile of clothes, he approached the beds, one by one, and driving all the occupants on to the floor, began to belabour them without mercy with the burning rod, and continued till the Doctor's family were roused by the shrieks of the boarders. There was no admission, however; and when he had satisfied himself with the horror he had occasioned, he vanished, dropping the key as he went in a place where it could be seen. To the affrighted youths the night was sleepless; and the noise that had been heard, together with the emaciated forms, and marks of the blows, made the Doctor begin to credit the boys. The room was to be shut up; but while that was under debate, Hugo arrived, all over mud, with tidings that his mother had recovered; and every one was pressed forward to tell him the horrid tale. He treated the information with ridicule; volunteered to sleep in the room; reported that there were no apparitions; and the testimony of his fellows was again discredited.

After a number of anecdotes of the same kind, my facetious companion took his leave, and I retired to my chamber, in full hopes of knowing all about the "Aged City" on the following day.

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## TO THE PARTED YEAR.

COME strew the bier of Time,  
 The funeral of a year!—  
 The bells ring out a merry chime  
 To please the giddy ear;  
 More meet to me the tear  
 O'er perish'd hours and dreams that were—  
 Ay, over all their joy and care!

Come strew the dead time's bier,  
 The year that's pass'd away!  
 Whither is sped its wild career,  
 Its unknown destiny?  
 Perhaps to the realms of day,  
 To make report how vain and drear  
 The scenes which it has quitted are.

Go, year, as mortals go,  
 Haply to some bright scene,  
 Where thou at length mayst know  
 The state of blissful sheen,  
 That eye hath never seen;  
 Where happiness is no dull mean  
 Between excess of joy and pain.

Thy grave is dark and deep,  
 The threatening gloom I see,  
 That wraps thee in thy last long sleep—  
 Vast its abyss to me,  
 Deep as eternity—  
 Mysterious as the veil that's spread  
 Between the living and the dead.

Go where Forgetfulness  
 Holds her drugg'd cup to thee;  
 Go where fame, nothingness,  
 Want, riches, pride, all flee  
 And find equality—  
 Go to the phantom-land, which none  
 Have ever yet to mortals shown.

Go, thou hast ta'en thy rest  
 Before I take up mine;  
 'Tis well—thou art the sooner blest  
 With that repose divine,  
 For which the weary pine,  
 Upon the undiscover'd shore  
 Where time and years shall count no more.

## THE LAST DAYS OF MENZIKOFF.

At the death of Peter the Great, the power of Menzikoff increased. Catherine I. who owed her elevation to the throne to the intrigues of that minister, retained him in that high situation to the day of her death. In her last will, she desired that Peter II. might be united to Menzikoff's daughter—a proof of the ascendancy of the favourite over Catherine, and of the gratitude of the Empress. The intrigues, the despotism, the arrogance, and the disrespectful character of Menzikoff towards the young Emperor, changed the fortune of himself and daughter, and hurled him from his envied greatness to the depth of misery.\*

Prince Dolgorouki and Count Ostermann were the implacable enemies of the minister. The former united to excessive dissimulation a power to please and to be admired. Ostermann had differed with the minister in the Senate, and apparently lived a retired life from public business. Menzikoff had taken the Emperor to Peterhoff to hunt—an amusement to which he was attached. Although this was the ostensible cause, yet there can be little doubt that keeping the Czar under his immediate observation was the actual reason. Count Ostermann seized the moment as favourable to his plot, which was made known to some of the Senate, and of the senior officers of the different regiments in the capital. All were agreed, and Dolgorouki and his son (the favourite and companion of the Emperor,) were fixed upon as the agents. Dolgorouki was promised that his daughter should be the Empress, to the exclusion of Menzikoff's; and was farther flattered, when they recalled to his memory his descent from the Wolodimers.

The Emperor had frequently complained to his young companion of the tyranny of his minister, and his wish, had he the power, to escape from his vigilance. One night, Ostermann contrived that the Senate should assemble on some trivial business. Menzikoff was in bed, and the Emperor and his retinue at Peterhoff, asleep. The young Dolgorouki seized the moment and awoke the Emperor, the plot was discovered to him, he dressed himself hastily, and, escaping from the window with his friend, and having traversed the dark avenues of the garden, he found at the gate Ostermann, and some of the nobility, with their equipages. The Emperor was conveyed first to the Senate, and afterwards to St. Petersburg.

At the usual hour, when the attendants were accustomed to awake the Czar, his escape was discovered, and Menzikoff at once saw the danger which awaited him: he remained some time in suspense, but, counting on the assistance of his numerous friends, hastily departed for the capital, meditating the most signal vengeance on his enemies; but precautions were too well taken, and his downfall certain. On presenting himself at the palace, he found the guard changed, and the garrison under arms. He was repulsed from the entrance with threats and insolence; and finding all attempts vain to gain an interview with the Emperor, he retired to his own dwelling. He now no longer found the crowd of courtiers anxious to be noticed, or grateful for the slightest recognition. He walked unattended to his palace, which was surrounded by troops the instant he entered. He was arrested by the officer in

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\* Mémoires de Manstein.



command, and desired to depart the next day for his residence at Rennebourg, a large estate, and fortified, belonging to Menzikoff, and distant about one thousand versts from St. Petersburg. This order extinguished the last ray of hope, and he saw instantly his future ruin; he is said to have remarked—"I have committed great crimes, but it is for the Emperor alone to punish me."\* These words excited some suspicion relative to the death of Catherine.

Menzikoff was allowed a considerable favour; he was permitted to carry with him his most valuable effects, and to be accompanied by as many servants as he thought proper to command. On the noon of the following day he departed: it is asserted he chose that hour in hopes the feelings of the people might be excited in his favour, and that the Emperor might still be induced to pardon him. He made a foolish and pompous display, more in the character of a minister in favour, than an exiled prince. His family, with himself, were seated in the most brilliant of his state carriages; his numerous other vehicles, the baggage, servants, horses, &c. formed a grand *cortège*. He even affected to notice the people as he passed; and if in the crowd he saw one with whom he had been personally acquainted, he called him by name, and wished him adieu. This pompous display was, by Menzikoff's enemies, painted to the Emperor as braving him to the last, and a proof that the exiled prince was the ambitious man whom nothing could humiliate: these remarks, added to the personal hatred of the Emperor, had the desired effect. A detachment of troops was instantly sent to deprive him of the honours which had been granted by his own and foreign sovereigns. On obeying this order, Menzikoff became a new man: he relinquished his vanity and ambition with his stars and ribbons. "Yes; take," said he to the officer, "take these witnesses of my foolish vanity, they are all in this box; I thought I should not have been allowed to retain them; but I ought to have borne them on my person, and then the humiliation would have been more complete." The disgrace ended not here. The exile and his family were made to alight from the splendid carriage, and enter into separate and more humble vehicles, sent for the purpose. "I am prepared for all," said Menzikoff; "execute your orders strictly; the more you deprive me of, the less uneasiness will remain." His new vehicle was a covered kabitka, and the same conveyances awaited his family. His own carriages were all sent back to St. Petersburg, and he continued his journey without having the solace of his wife, or the conversation of his son and daughters. Whenever chance gave him an instant's opportunity of conversing with them, he exhorted them to be firm of heart, and to bear the storm without shrinking. Religion and philosophy animated his words, and they were not spoken in vain.

He arrived, without any other molestation, at Rennebourg; but scarcely had he begun to make preparations for his new life, when an order arrived that he should repair to Yakowski, in Siberia, his residence at Rennebourg being considered too close to the capital. His future destination was about 8000 versts from St. Petersburg. Eight servants only were allowed to accompany him; and before he left his estate, he was made to relinquish the clothes he wore and to assume the garb of

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\* Chantreau, vol. ii.



a Russian peasant. His wife and children shared the same fate, their dress being a coarse woollen gown with a sheepskin cap.

The Princess Menzikoff being very delicate, and having been accustomed to all the luxury of the great and opulent, soon gave way to misery and fatigue, and died near Kasan. Her husband exhorted her to meet her fate with calmness and resignation, and she died in his arms. Menzikoff performed the last sad duties; he dug the grave himself, and with his own hands deposited the body. His guards did not allow him much time to bedew with tears the grave of one to whom he had been long sincerely and affectionately attached; he was hurried from the tomb, and forced to continue his journey to Tobolski. Here the news of his approach had been long known, and the streets were crowded to see the man who had exiled most of the inhabitants of the city, and before whom the destiny of Russia had so lately bowed.

On entering Tobolski, he saw two Russian noblemen whom he had sentenced to exile; they reproached and hooted him as he passed. To one he said, "Your reproaches are just, I have merited them; and now is your moment to satisfy your hatred; but you can wreak no other vengeance in the fallen state to which I am reduced. I sacrificed you to my political views because your honour and your character disturbed me." To the other he said, "I knew not that you were in Siberia; do not impute your present misfortune to me. I often asked why I no longer saw you, and received only vague and unsatisfactory answers: being too much occupied with public business, I neglected that of individuals; some secret enemy of yours must then have procured the order; if, however, the abuse of me will satisfy you, do it to the utmost of your wish." A man rushing through the crowd, covered Menzikoff and his daughters with mud, which he threw with his greatest strength. "On me, on me," said Menzikoff, "heap your dirt and your reproaches! on me alone—those poor creatures have never injured you!"

The Governor, by desire of the Emperor, sent Menzikoff five hundred rubles for the relief of his family—the last mark of Imperial remembrance he ever was destined to receive: he obtained permission to employ it in the purchase of those articles which might conduce to his ultimate comfort, or alleviate in some degree his future miserable exile. This precaution was prompted by the wants of his children; for himself he had few; he had resigned himself with perfect content into the hands of that Being whom, when in affluence, he had neglected or forgotten; his own misfortunes he bore with fortitude, but it drew tears of anguish and repentance from his heart, when he surveyed the misery his ambition and tyranny had entailed on his family.

Saws, hatchets, articles requisite to clear the ground, salted provisions, seeds, &c. were procured; the surplus money he desired might be distributed amongst the poor. The time destined for his stay at Tobolski being expired, he once more continued his journey. His vehicle was, by a refinement of cruelty, changed to an open car drawn by one horse, and sometimes by dogs. Five long months passed before he reached Yakowski, and during this period he was exposed to the inclemency of the weather, in a climate exceedingly cold, and where the ground is seldom free from snow. Those can best feel for the suffering of the exile, who have themselves passed days and nights in sledges, where the dull monotony of the scenery is never



changed, and where all that meets the eye is everlasting snow, or thick woods of deep-coloured pine, through which the wind howls as if in response to its wild inhabitants. Menzikoff's health was unimpaired by cold and fatigue, and his family bore the journey with apparent health and vigour.

A few days previous to his arrival, a circumstance occurred which recalled all his former power and grandeur, and caused the liveliest emotions of grief and distress. He had alighted with his family in the cottage of a Siberian peasant, one of those small and miserable log-huts which admit sufficient light to make darkness and wretchedness visible, when an officer, whom he instantly knew, entered the hut. This officer was returning from Kamskatcha, where he had been sent during the reign of Peter the Great with a commission relative to the discoveries which Captain Behring was to attempt. The officer had served under Menzikoff, who now called him by his name. Astonished to find himself known in so distant a country and so retired a spot, he asked who it was that addressed him and who knew him? "I am Alexander," said the exile; "I was not long ago the Prince Menzikoff." The officer could scarcely credit the assertion; he had left him in power and affluence, and the first subject of the state; it appeared more probably the raving of some insane peasant, than the actual person of the great Menzikoff. The prince led the officer to a small aperture which admitted the light, and holding his face for scrutiny, asked—"Are you now satisfied?" The officer recognized him, and said, "Ah, my prince! by what disaster has your excellency fallen into this deplorable state?"—"Suppress your titles," said the exile; "I have already told you I am Alexander." Still uncertain, the officer addressed a young peasant, who was mending his boot in a corner, and asked, in a low voice, "Who is that extraordinary man?"—"It is Alexander, my father!" replied the young prince aloud; "ought you not to know us—you who have received so many favours, and are under so many obligations to my father?" Menzikoff, displeased at the rudeness of his son, interrupted him, by saying, "Pardon this unfortunate young man the rudeness of his humour; he is my child, whom during his infancy, you condescended to caress and carry in your arms: here are his sisters—these are my daughters" (showing, at the same time, two apparently miserable peasant girls, who were soaking the crusts of black bread in a wooden bowl containing milk.) "This had the honour of being affianced to Peter II. our present Emperor, and was to have been the Empress of All the Russias!"

This conversation the more astonished the officer the longer it continued, and the name of Peter II. was a surprise; for he himself having left Russia more than four years, was ignorant of the changes which had occurred. Menzikoff related past circumstances, beginning with the death of Peter the Great and ending with his exile. "You will find," he concluded, "Dolgorouki and Ostermann leading the Government—tell them in what state you saw me, it may gratify their hatred and revenge; but assure them, that my heart experiences more tranquillity than their's, and more than it ever knew during the time of my greatest prosperity."

They parted. The officer long watched the departing cart of Menzikoff, doubting whether most to pity or admire him.



Menzikoff began to make the necessary arrangements and precautions to diminish the horror of his exile. He cleared sufficient ground to plant his seeds; and with the assistance of his eight servants, he began to cut wood in order to enlarge his hut and make it habitable. His example encouraged the others, and shortly was finished a house sufficiently large for his family; it consisted of a chapel and four rooms. He took one for his son and himself; the second was for his daughters; the third for his servants, and the last for the shelter of his provisions. The daughter who had been destined for the Empress had now the charge of the kitchen, the other sister repaired the clothes and washed the linen. Surely, if the downfall of any merited pity, the sight of these females, nursed in the lap of luxury and rocked in the cradle of affluence, condemned, through the misfortunes of their father, to the lowest drudgery of the lowest-born, must have excited it! Wherever women have devoted themselves with affection to their parents or their husbands, invariably have they shown a greatness of soul, equal, if not superior, to men. It is said, that whatever sickness, whatever remembrance of past time caused, these excellent and devoted daughters met their father with a cheerful countenance.

The officer above-mentioned sent them a present of sheep, rams, cows, bulls, and a sufficient stock of poultry to form a small farm-yard; and from that moment, as far as the necessaries of life were concerned, no want was experienced.

Every morning, noon, evening, and midnight, the family assembled in the chapel, and Menzikoff performed the service. Misfortune had humbled his mind, and he was now become extremely religious: his example was followed by the rest. The silence of solitude had banished the stormy passions of the heart. Tranquillity was established, and was only moved from his breast, when the sting of reproach for the misery he had entailed on his children troubled his imagination.

Six months had elapsed since his arrival, when his eldest daughter was attacked by the small-pox. Menzikoff became the physician; he had recourse to all the arts within his reach; he watched her with the eye of an anxious father; remedy after remedy was applied, but all in vain—day after day she made rapid strides to her grave. Perceiving how vain were his endeavours, Menzikoff shook off the doctor and assumed the priest. The day of her death arrived. Menzikoff, his family and servants stood round the bed of the dying princess; with unmoist eyes, a firm voice, and mild countenance, he told his daughter to yield up her spirit in a manner becoming a Christian and a princess; and while calling with a devout heart upon the Sovereign disposer of all things, his daughter died in his arms. His calm philosophy at once forsook him, and he became instantly the father. He threw himself upon the corpse, embraced it, and moistened it with his tears; when suddenly recollecting the duties he still had to perform, he pointed to the dead, and in a firm voice, said, “My children, learn of your sister how to die.” The prayers ordained by the Greek ritual were sung during the day; and when night approached, he buried her in the chapel. By her grave he marked out another, saying, “Here place me when I am no more.”

Both the surviving children were attacked with the same disorder; but in these cases, the care of the father met a better recompense, and in a short time both recovered.



The cares arising from his situation, grief for his wife and daughter, and the fatigues necessary to existence, began at last to undermine his health: this he cautiously concealed from his family, but a slow fever commenced, which wasted his strength and obliged him to remain in bed. Then burst forth all the horrors of the situation of his family. Alone, friendless, in an almost desert country, far from all assistance, unaccustomed to the practice of medicine, the son and daughter beheld their parent approaching his end. The lingering disorder assumed a worse appearance, and death was certain. This Menzikoff felt, and sending for his children, addressed them for the last time, and with his usual fortitude: "My children, my last moment is near at hand, and death, which is become familiar to me since my banishment, would have no terrors, if I had only to account for the time since my exile. To this moment, my children, your hearts are free from corruption, and here you will better retain them in innocence than in the follies and levities of a court: if you should ever return, remember me only in the example I have given you here."

The firm tone of voice with which he uttered these last words deceived his children, who believed his death as yet distant; but in bidding this last adieu, he had rallied his almost exhausted strength, which left him as he concluded. He extended a hand to each child, and a slight convulsion concluded his life.

He was buried by the side of his daughter, as he had desired.

Thus died Menzikoff! a man of great vigour of mind and sound judgment, who had done much good for his country, and who long enjoyed greater power than almost any sovereign in Europe. The house and chapel have long since fallen to decay, and no stone, no mark can be traced of the spot, where he who had lived in splendour had died in exile.

At the commencement of the reign of the Empress Anne, the children were recalled from exile. The daughter married Gustavus Birer, brother of the Duke of Courland, and the son rose to a high rank in the military profession.

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#### THE HARP-STRING.

THOU tell'st me, when entranced I stand,  
 To hear thy harp's sweet tones awake,  
 It little matters if thy hand  
 With hurried touch a string should break;  
 Since thou canst readily restore  
 With practised skill the severed tie,  
 And rouse the world of sound once more  
 To all its former harmony.  
 Oh! versed in Music's magic art,  
 Yet little versed in Feeling's thrill,  
 Say, didst thou deem the human heart  
 Could thus be play'd on at thy will?  
 Mine with thy harshness learn'd to bear,  
 But thou hast rent the chords in twain,  
 And now thy life's long toil can ne'er  
 Repair the shatter'd strings again!

M. A.

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## NEW YEAR'S DAY IN FRANCE.

“ Christmas comes but once a year,  
And therefore we'll be merry.” SHAKSPEARE.

NEW year's day is a terrible day in France for those who have many acquaintances. It is a day both of expense and fatigue; for it is kept up with all the good old ceremonies of new-year's-gifts and *bonbons*, which even the mania of the Revolution was not able to do away. For many days before, all the confectioners in France are engaged in fabricating sugar-plums of every kind and description: nor let it be supposed that this is a mere manual operation; it is one of the most trying exercises of the invention. A French confectioner's reputation, his honour, is at stake; and I should never be surprised to hear that some sugar artist, of nice feelings, had drowned himself in syrup, like a fly, if he were to fail in producing something for *le premier de l'an* such as had never been heard of before. It cannot be long, however, before their imagination must come to a stand-still, for they have literally exhausted worlds and then imagined new; and during the week which precedes the end of the year, their shop-windows are filled with imitations, in sugar, of every thing the mind of man can conceive. The most disgusting and the most tempting, filth and sentiment, refinement and indelicacy, are all jumbled together—a true picture of the nation.

On the last evening of 1824, in buying the *bonbons* necessary for our visits of the next day, we saw a multitude of choice specimens. The shop of Monsieur Pagés, at Bordeaux, was filled to suffocation. The younger part of the community was eager after what are called *cos-saques*; and perceiving that a body of young ladies, from the age of sixteen to eighteen were making prodigious devastation on a pile of *bonbons* wrapped in paper *couleur de rose*, we took some out of curiosity. They consisted of super-excellent sugar-plums, enveloped either in a copy of tender verses, or a romance with the music. The first I opened contained

## L'INCERTITUDE.—ROMANCE.

*Musique de Mde. Duvivier.*

“ Serait-il vrai? les entendrai-je encore  
Ces doux accens qui charmèrent mon cœur?  
Ou d'un bonheur détruit à son aurore,  
Le souvenir causeé-t'il mon erreur?”

Close by this sentimental heap was a pile of what appeared china-ware, consisting of certain utensils generally appropriated to bed-rooms; these we found to be made of sugar.

Besides the presents, of more or less value, you are obliged to buy for all the children that you may be acquainted with. As soon as the eventful morning arrives, your purse-strings must be undrawn to all those who can raise the least pretension to having served you during the last year; for every one comes for his *étrenne*, and there is no danger of forgetting any. Sterne, if I remember right, met with but one *pauvre honteux* in the course of his travels; since then, the breed is extinct. The next thing is to pay your visits; and, provided with five-hundred cards and a sack of *bonbons*, you set out to call upon every body you ever saw or heard of. The customs on this occasion



vary in different parts of France, but generally the ladies are at home. You enter, converse for two minutes, pay your tribute of *bonbons*, which varies from half a pound to a pound, according to rank, &c. and then proceed somewhere else to go through the same ceremony.

As all the male part of your acquaintance are actively engaged in performing the same duty, a card at their door is all that is required. Some families, whose acquaintance is large, and who do not receive in the morning, hang a box at their door for the cards. It has become rather *bon ton* now to send the visiting tickets; and in some small towns, the servants meet at a certain hour in the principal square and exchange the cards of their masters, to save themselves the trouble of carrying them.

A single hour of relaxation seems enough to intoxicate the French. Everywhere this is a day of bustle, confusion, and gaiety beyond all description. Cabriolets, carriages, and vehicles of every kind and sort, are rolling about the streets in all directions. Every one you meet asks you how many cards you have left; and proclaims his own feats. All the world seems mad, and the talismanic word is "*Cartes*."

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#### FUNERALS IN FRANCE.

It was on one of the first days of the year that I saw the body of poor Lartigue carried by my windows. I had dined with him a week before in high health, but a bilious attack and three French physicians soon brought him to the last gasp. The day he died, they ordered him to be put into a warm bath with two raw calves' feet, but he escaped the operation by giving up the ghost, and in four-and-twenty hours after they carried him to his long home; for the French are in as great a hurry to put the earth upon their dead as if they were afraid of their coming to life again.

Death, and all that appertains to death—that mysterious fate which we must all submit to—that horizon of life's sky, where all earthly objects terminate, is ever an object of strange interest to man. It is singular, too, to observe how fond we are of decking out death with pomp. We cling to these last ceremonies, we give all the show of pride to our grief. Every nation, from the savage of the Pacific to the cultivated European, (as if there were an innate consciousness in man that death's sleep was but for a time,) loads the inanimate clay with honours, and carries it to the grave as if in triumph. There seems more in it than common sorrow.

In France, the funerals are very various. In large towns there is generally a mixture of dustiness, and pomp, and indecorum, which leaves little solemnity. The choir go forth from the church to meet the body, and there would be something striking in the procession, with the symbols of our salvation carried before it, were it not for a man who plays upon the serpent to keep the others in time, and the evident inattention with which the whole party go through the routine.

The mourners, too, who consist of all, even the most remote acquaintances of the deceased, do not much tend to give solemnity to the scene; for, following two and two in a string, sometimes of several hundreds, they amuse themselves the best way they can by talking to their neighbour, and do not always keep up even the appearance of gravity.



The cemeteries are always beautiful. We must not examine into these things too closely. I have been told that there are people who pay the keepers of these gardens of the dead to do those little honours to the grave which they themselves are too negligent in doing; yet, if there be but one in a hundred, (and I am sure there are more,) who, in the simplicity of their sorrow, with their own hands raise flowers in the turf which covers the last object of their love, it is a beautiful tribute to departed affection, and an honour to a nation not too much famed for steadiness.

The only funeral I have seen which struck me much in France, was at a village not very far from Calais. It was that of a country girl. The cross was carried in front by a little boy, and after him came the priest, a venerable old man, with his head bare. Several village girls held the pall, which was strewed with flowers; and then came the mourners, who were few, but they seemed sincere ones, and amongst them were six nuns of a neighbouring convent. The girl had been a favourite, it seems, of the good sisters; and their peculiar dress, and long black veils floating in the air, gave it a curious and solemn effect; while a simple child, clad in white, who went before the whole and strewed the way with wild flowers, seemed picturing the former existence of her they carried to her long home. Her way through life had been over flowers, like her path to the grave.

I wished to hear something more of her history, and inquired amongst the peasantry in the neighbourhood. She had been one of those creatures that seem placed out of their sphere. They told me that she had always been brighter, and gentler, and more beautiful than any in the village, but, as she grew up, her health failed, they knew not why, and she passed away like a bud too delicate to expand in this cold world. They had all loved her, they said, and they all wept for her.

The manner of announcing the death of a friend in France is extraordinary. I copy one of these funeral letters, without any addition or alteration whatever, except in the names of the parties, which is evidently necessary.

“ A Monsieur M. Y——

“M.—Madame veuve Pontet, Monsieur et Madame Louis Pontet, Monsieur et Madame Augustin Brissac, Monsieur et Madame Girodin, Monsieur et Madame Felix Parny, Monsieur Leon et Mademoiselle Eliza Pontet, Monsieur Charles Brissac, Monsieur et Madame Claude Pontet, Madame Lanjay, Madame Pellon, Monsieur Charles et Mademoiselle Adele Girodin, Monsieur et Madame Jean Charles Pontet, Monsieur et Madame Jean François Pontet, Monsieur Eugène Pontet, Monsieur et Madame Pierre Pontet, Madame veuve Pontet Crillard, Madame veuve Girodin, Madame et Monsieur Crigny, Messieurs et Madame Rotrou, Messieurs et Mesdames Lanjay de Crouilly et Charny, Monsieur et Madame Flarton, Madame veuve Ledroux, Madame et Monsieur Leclerc, ont l'honneur de vous faire part de la perte qu'ils viennent de faire de Monsieur Joseph Pontet, ancien Maire du —me arrondissement, ancien négociant, ancien juge, consul, Chevalier de l'Ordre Royal de la Légion d'Honneur, leur mari, père, grand-père, beau-père, frère, oncle et grand oncle, décédé le 15 Juin, en sa maison Rue Neuve St. Pierre, No. 23, dans sa soixante-quatorzième année.”

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## CHILDHOOD.

“ Oh Life ! how pleasant is thy morning ! ” — ROGERS.

CHILDREN are but little people, yet they form a very important part of society, expend much of our capital, have considerable influence on the corn-laws, employ a great portion of our population in their service, and occupy half the literati of our day in labours for their instruction and amusement. They cause more trouble and anxiety than the national debt; the loveliest of women in her maturity of charms breaks not so many slumbers, nor occasions so many sighs as she did in her cradle; and the handsomest of men, with full-grown mustachios and Stultz for his tailor, must not flatter himself that he is half so much admired as he was when in petticoats. Without any reference to their being our future statesmen, philosophers, and magistrates in miniature disguise, children form, in their present state of pigmy existence, a most influential class of beings; and the arrival of a mewling infant who can scarcely open its eyes, and only opens its mouth, like an unfledged bird, for food, will effect the most extraordinary alteration in a whole household; substitute affection for coldness, duty for dissipation, cheerfulness for gravity, bustle for formality; unite hearts which time had divided, soften feelings which the world had hardened, teach women of fashion to criticise pap, and grave metaphysicians to crawl upon all fours.

Selfishness is so decidedly the most besetting and most prejudicial of the faults of mankind, that the mere circumstance of caring earnestly for another appears to effect a rapid and favourable improvement of character. That other, indeed, is more than half ourselves; pride, instinct, and custom, unite to enforce its claims, but still it is not the identical *ego* about which too many of us are so exclusively interested, and he must be incorrigibly unamiable who is not a little improved by becoming a father. Some there are, however, who know not how to appreciate the blessings with which Providence has filled their quiver; who receive with coldness a son's greeting or a daughter's kiss; who have principle enough properly to feed, and clothe, and educate their children, to labour for their support and provision, but possess not the affection which turns duty into delight; who are surrounded with blossoms; but know not the art of extracting their exquisite sweets. How different is the effect of true parental love, where nature, duty, habit, and feeling, combine to constitute an affection the purest, the deepest, and the strongest, the most enduring, the least exacting of any of which the human heart is capable! The selfish bachelor may shudder when he thinks of the consequences of a family; he may picture to himself littered rooms and injured furniture, imagine the noise and confusion, the expense and the cares, from which he is luckily free, hug himself in his solitude, and pity his unfortunate neighbour, who has half-a-dozen squalling children to torment and impoverish him. The unfortunate neighbour, however, returns the compliment with interest, sighs over the loneliness of the wealthy bachelor, and can never see without feelings of regret rooms where no stray plaything tells of the occasional presence of a child, gardens where no tiny foot-mark reminds him of his treasures at home. He has listened to his heart, and learned from it a precious secret; he knows how to convert noise into harmony,



expense into self-gratification, and trouble into amusement; and he reaps, in one day's intercourse with his family, a harvest of love and enjoyment rich enough to repay years of toil and care. He listens eagerly on his threshold for the boisterous greeting he is sure to receive, feels refreshed by the mere pattering sound of the darlings' feet as they hurry to receive his kiss, and cures by a noisy game at romps the weariness and head-ache which he gained in his intercourse with men.

But it is not only to their parents and near connexions that children are interesting and delightful; they are general favourites, and their caresses are slighted by none but the strange, the affected, or the morose. I have, indeed, heard a fine lady declare that she preferred a puppy or a kitten to a child, and I wondered she had not sense enough to conceal her want of womanly feeling; and I know another fair simpleton who considers it beneath her to notice those from whom no intellectual improvement can be derived, forgetting that we have hearts to cultivate as well as heads; but these are extraordinary exceptions to general rules, as uncommon and disgusting as a beard on a lady's chin, or a pipe in her mouth. Even men may condescend to sport with children without fear of contempt; and for those who like to shelter themselves under authority, and cannot venture to be wise and happy their own way, we have plenty of splendid examples, ancient and modern, living and dead, to adduce, which may sanction a love for these pigmy playthings. Statesmen have romped with them, orators told them stories, conquerors submitted to their blows, judges, divines, and philosophers listened to their prattle and joined in their sports.

Spoiled children are, however, excepted from this partiality; every one joins in visiting the faults of others upon their heads, and hating these unfortunate victims of their parents' folly. They must be bribed to good behaviour, like many of their elders; they insist upon fingering your watch, and spoiling what they do not understand; like numbers of the patrons of literature and the arts, they will sometimes cry for the moon as absurdly as Alexander for more worlds, and when they are angry, they have as little mercy for cups and saucers as Bonaparte for Cobentzel's china vase. They are as unreasonable, impatient, selfish, exacting, and whimsical as grown-up men and women, and only want the varnish of politeness and mask of hypocrisy to complete the likeness; in short, they display to all their acquaintance those faults of character which their wiser elders show only to their family and dependents.

Another description of children, deservedly unpopular, is the over-educated and super-excellent, who despise dolls and drums, read only for instruction, have no wish for a holiday, no fancy for a fairy tale. They are the representatives of the old-fashioned, extinct class, who used to blunder through Norval's speech or Satan's address to the Sun, but far more perseveringly tiresome, more unintermittingly dull than their predecessors. The latter excited your compassion by bearing the manner of victims, and when their task was over, were ready for a ride upon your foot, a noisy game at play, or a story about an ogress; but the modern class appear to have a natural taste for pedantry and precision; their wisdom never indulges in a nap, at least before company; they have learned the Pestalozzi system, and weary you with questions; they require you to prove every thing you assert, and are always on the watch



to detect you in a verbal inaccuracy, or a slight mistake in a date. Indeed, it is not a little annoying, when you are whiling away the time before dinner in that irritable state which precedes an Englishman's afternoon meal, tired perhaps by business or study, and wishing for a few minutes' relaxation preparatory to the important tasks of repletion and digestion, to find your attempts at playfulness and trifling baffled in all directions. Turning from the gentlemen, to avoid the Funds or the Catholic Question, free trade, or the balance of power; driven from your refuge among the ladies by phrenology, or the lectures at the Royal Institution, you fly to a group of children, in hopes of a game at play, or an interchange of nonsense, and find yourself beset by critics and examiners, required to attend to Lindley Murray's rules, to brush up your geographical and chronological knowledge; and, instead of a demand upon your imagination for a story, or your foot for a ride, you are called upon to give an account of the Copernican system or the Peloponnesian war.

But notwithstanding the infinite pains taken to spoil Nature's lovely works, there is a principle of resistance in the goddess which allows of only partial success, and numbers of sweet children exist to delight, and soothe, and divert us, when we are wearied or fretted by grown-up people, and to justify all that has been said or written of the charms of childhood. Perhaps only women, their natural nurses and faithful protectresses, can thoroughly appreciate the attractions of the first few months of human existence:—the recumbent position, the fragile limbs, the lethargic tastes, and ungrateful indifference to notice of a very young infant, render it uninteresting to most gentlemen, except its father, and he is generally afraid to touch it, for fear of breaking its neck. But even in this state, mothers, grandmothers, aunts, and nurses, assure you that strong indications of sense and genius may be discerned in the little animal; and I have known a clatter of surprise and joy excited through a whole family, matter afforded for twenty long letters, and innumerable animated conversations, by some marvellous demonstration of intellect in a creature in long-clothes, who cannot hold its head straight. But however this may be, for it is dangerous to pronounce judgment in a case I have not investigated, and in which all womankind would be my opponents, as soon as the baby has acquired firmness and liveliness, as soon as it smiles at a familiar face and stares at a strange one, as soon as it employs its hands and eyes in constant expeditions of discovery, and crows and leaps from the excess of animal contentment, it becomes an object of indefinable and powerful interest, to which all the sympathies of our nature attach us, an object at once of curiosity and tenderness, interesting as it is in its helplessness and innocence, doubly interesting from its prospects and destiny, interesting to a philosopher, doubly interesting to a Christian. Who has not occasionally, when fondling an infant, felt oppressed by the weight of mystery which hangs over its fate? When we send an inquiring glance into the destiny of men, we have certain data of character, principles, and tastes to guide us; we may venture to say, "let Fortune do her worst, she cannot render our friend vicious, or cruel, or dishonourable;" but no such assistance is given us when we gaze on the impervious curtain which hides the eternal as well as temporal lot of a child. Perhaps we hold in our arms an angel, kept but



for a few months from the heaven in which it is to spend the rest of an immortal existence ; perhaps we see the germ of all that is hideous and hateful in our nature. Thus looked and thus sported, thus calmly slumbered and sweetly smiled, the monsters of our race in their days of infancy. Where are the marks to distinguish a Nero from a Trajan, an Abel from a Cain ? But it is not in this spirit that it is either wise or happy to contemplate any thing ; better is it when we behold the energy and animation of young children, their warm affections, their ready, unsuspecting confidence, their wild, unwearied glee, their mirth so easily excited, their love so easily won, to enjoy unrestrained the pleasantness of life's morning ; that morning so bright and joyous, which seems to "justify the ways of God to men," and to teach us that Nature intended us to be happy, and usually gains her end till we are old enough to discover how we may defeat it.

I love a children's ball—that is, a ball for very young children ; for when they approach their teens, they begin gradually to throw off their angelic disguise preparatory to becoming men and women ; the germs of vanity, dissimulation, and pride, are visible ; the young eye roves for admiration, the head is held high on contact with vulgarity ; the lips speak a different language from the less deceitful brow. If the object of entertainments was really to entertain, we ought only to invite children ; because, if not quite sure of succeeding in our aim, we at least can discover whether or not we have attained it. In the uniform polite satisfaction and measured mirth of a grown-up party, the cold smiles, the joyless laughter, the languid dance, one tale only is told, satiety, contempt, anger, and mortification may lurk beneath, no clue is afforded to the poor host by which he may discover the quantity of pleasure his efforts and his money have produced ; a heart or two may be breaking beside him, but he knows nothing of the matter ; a duel or two arranging at his elbow, but he sees only bows and politeness ; and he may send away half his guests affronted by his neglect, and the other half ridiculing his hospitality, while he has fatigued and impoverished himself to please them. In these assemblies,

"There's sic parade, sic pomp an' art,  
The joy can scarcely reach the heart ;"

while, in a party for children, ninety-nine out of a hundred consider themselves at the summit of human felicity, and take no care to conceal their sentiments ; and if the unlucky hundredth happens to fall down, or to be affronted, a few tears and a little outcry show you where your assistance is required, and allow you to set matters right again by coaxing and sugar-plums. Those occasional eccentric movements in the quadrille, proceeding from the exuberance of spirits and of joy ; those shouts of merriment which sometimes defy the lessons of politeness and the frowns of a smiling mamma ; those peals of young laughter so thrilling and so infectious ; those animated voices and bright faces assure the donors of the feast that they have conferred a few hours of exquisite happiness on the dear little beings around them, afforded them food for chattering and mirth for many days, and perhaps planted in their grateful memories one of those sunny spots to which the man looks back with pleasure and wonder, when sated, wearied, and disappointed, he sees with surprise how easily and how keenly he was once delighted.



Little girls are my favourites; boys, though sufficiently interesting and amusing, are apt to be infected, as soon as they assume the manly garb, with a little of that masculine violence and obstinacy which, when they grow up, they will call spirit and firmness, and lose earlier in life that docility, tenderness, and ignorance of evil, which are their sisters' peculiar charms. In all the range of visible creation there is no object to me so attractive and delightful as a lovely, intelligent, gentle, little girl, of eight or nine years old. This is the point at which may be witnessed the greatest improvement of intellect compatible with that lily-like purity of mind, to which taint is incomprehensible, danger unsuspected, which wants not only the vocabulary, but the very idea of sin. It is true, that

“ Evil into the mind of God or man  
May come and go, so unapproved, and leave  
No spot or blame behind—”

But to those who have lived long, and observed what constant sweeping and cleaning their house within requires, what clouds of dust fly in at every neglected cranny, and how often they have omitted to brush it off till it has injured the gloss of their furniture—to these there is something wonderful, dazzling, and precious, in the spotless innocence of childhood, from which the slightest particle of impurity has not been wiped away. Woe to those who by a single word help to shorten this beautiful period!

“ That man was never born whose secret soul,  
With all its motley treasure of dark thoughts,  
Foul fantasies, vain musings, and wild dreams,  
Was ever open'd to another's scan.”

Even the best and purest of women would shrink from displaying her heart to our gaze, while lovely childhood allows us to read its every thought and fancy. Its sincerity, indeed, is occasionally very inconvenient, and let that person be quite sure that he has nothing remarkably odd, ugly, or disagreeable about his appearance, who ventures to ask a child what it thinks of him. Amidst the frowns and blushes of the family, amidst a thousand efforts to prevent or to drown the answer, truth in all the horrors of nakedness will generally appear in the surprised assembly, and he who has hitherto thought, in spite of his mirror, that his eyes had merely a slight and not unpleasing cast, will now learn for the first time that “every body says he has a terrible squint.”

I cannot approve of the modern practice of dressing little girls in exact accordance with the prevailing fashion, with scrupulous imitation of their elders. When I look at a child, I do not wish to feel doubtful whether it is not an unfortunate dwarf who is standing before me attired in a costume suited to its age. Extreme simplicity of attire, and a dress sacred to themselves only, are most fitted to these “fresh female buds;” and it vexes me to see them disguised in the fashions of *La Belle Assemblée*, or practising the graces and courtesies of maturer life. Will there not be years enough from thirteen to seventy for ornamenting or disfiguring the person at the fiat of French milliners, for checking laughter and forcing smiles, for reducing all varieties of intellect, all gradations of feeling to one uniform tint? Is there not already a sufficient sameness in the aspect and tone of polished life? Oh, leave children as they



are, to relieve by their "wild freshness" our elegant insipidity; leave their "hair loosely flowing, robes as free," to refresh the eyes that love simplicity; and leave their eagerness, their warmth, their unreflecting sincerity, their unschooled expressions of joy or regret, to amuse and delight us, when we are a little tired by the politeness, the caution, the wisdom, and the coldness of the grown-up world.

Children may teach us one blessed, one enviable art, the art of being easily happy. Kind nature has given to them that useful power of accommodation to circumstances which compensates for so many external disadvantages, and it is only by injudicious management that it is lost. Give him but a moderate portion of food and kindness, and the peasant's child is happier than the duke's: free from artificial wants, unsated by indulgence, all nature ministers to his pleasures; he can carve out felicity from a bit of hazel twig, or fish for it successfully in a puddle. I love to hear the boisterous joy of a troop of ragged urchins whose cheap playthings are nothing more than mud, snow, sticks, or oyster-shells; or to watch the quiet enjoyment of a half-clothed, half-washed, fellow of four or five years old, who sits with a large rusty knife and a lump of bread and bacon at his father's door, and might move the envy of an alderman.

He must have been singularly unfortunate in childhood, or singularly the reverse in after-life, who does not look back upon its scenes, its sports, and pleasures with fond regret; who does not "wish for e'en its sorrows back again." The wisest and happiest of us may occasionally detect this feeling in our bosoms. There is something unreasonably dear to the man in the recollection of the follies, the whims, the petty cares, and exaggerated delights of his childhood. Perhaps he is engaged in schemes of soaring ambition, but he fancies sometimes that there was once a greater charm in flying a kite—perhaps, after many a hard lesson, he has acquired a power of discernment and spirit of caution which defies deception, but he now and then wishes for the boyish confidence which venerated every old beggar, and wept at every tale of woe,—he is now deep read in philosophy and science, yet he looks back with regret on the wild and pleasing fancies of his young mind, and owns that "*l'erreur a son mérite*;" he now reads history till he doubts every thing, and sighs for the time when he felt comfortably convinced that Romulus was suckled by a wolf, and Richard the Third a monster of iniquity—his mind is now full of perplexities and cares for the future. Oh! for the days when the present was a scene sufficiently wide to satisfy him!

He who feels thus cannot contemplate unmoved the joys and sports of childhood, and gazes, perhaps, on the care-free brow and rapture-beaming countenance, with the melancholy and awe which the lovely victims of consumption inspire, when, unconscious of danger, they talk cheerfully of the future. He feels that he is in possession of a mysterious secret, of which happy children have no suspicion; he knows what the life is on which they are about to enter; and he is sure that whether it smiles or frowns upon them, its brightest glances will be cold and dull compared with those under which they are now basking.

W. E.



## LETTERS FROM NEW YORK, NO. IV.

DEAR D—, My first visit to this country was in 1825. On the 27th of February in that year I landed with my colleagues at Pookipsi, from the Richmond steamer from this city, as I have mentioned in my first letter. It was a dull snowy morning—a dismal prospect, at the beginning of a journey, through the woods, of several hundred miles. There we engaged two carriages, alias extras, alias stage-coaches, for ourselves and servants, and a spring-waggon for our voluminous baggage, each dragged by four horses—to say drawn, at that season of the year, as applied to American roads, would be “ridiculous bad!”

In the passage from New York, I fell in with a son of the celebrated General Hamilton, the friend of Washington, and I have been often indebted to his politeness since. It happened, that I could give him some information about his relations in Scotland—the Hamiltons of Grange, in Ayrshire—having been at school with one of his cousins. No intercourse had for a long period—I believe since the American Revolution—taken place between the two families. After my return to England, I mentioned my rencounter to our mutual friend Mr. W. H., and on my second visit to this country I was the bearer of a kind invitation, conveyed through him from Grange to the Hamiltons here.

Independently of the complacent feeling produced by attention from a stranger, the meeting with Mr. Hamilton was rendered agreeable by some interesting information respecting the early politics of America. I asked him if there was any truth in an anecdote related to me, on the authority of Mr. Gouverneur Morris (Ambassador from the United States to the French Republic), that when the question of, What should be the principles of the American constitution? was discussed with closed doors in the convention held in New York, it was decided to be republican, because, as Morris was said to have stated it, “the country had not then timber fit to form a nobility!” I had also heard, that, on the same occasion, General Washington voted for a monarchy!—Who would have been king?—certainly not Washington at that time. It would be a curious speculation to ascertain who would have been called to the throne had the majority voted for a monarchy. Mr. Hamilton did not appear, however, to have heard much about the matter; only he mentioned this fact, that he had always understood General Hamilton was not present when the constitutional principle was debated. In connexion with this remarkable incident, supposing it to be authentic, I may here mention a curious circumstance told me by my old friend the late President of the Royal Academy. It was to this effect—that General Washington, some considerable time before the declaration of independence, wrote to Lord George Germaine, with a proposal for an amicable adjustment of differences, in which the superiority of the British Crown would be acknowledged; but that his Lordship took no notice of the letter until the Declaration made its appearance, and only then in consequence of a communication which Mr. West made to the King, of such a letter having been written to Lord George Germaine. I forget from whom Mr. West received the information; but the occasion of his seeing the King on a matter so far out of his line, was owing to a young man (sent as a pupil to him from America), who, almost immediately on his arrival, was arrested on a Secretary of State’s warrant for high-trea-



son. By his Majesty's special interposition, this young man was, after the interview, liberated. I state the circumstance, to the best of my recollection, as I got it; and I have only to remark, that statesmen are often negligent fellows, and that a personage of Lord George Germaine's temperament was not likely to have been too civil to a rebellious General. However, the story itself is curious, and the truth of it would be worth ascertaining, for as great issues have come from as small causes.

The family of General Hamilton is connected with some of the most considerable families in the State of New York—the Van Ranselers and Schuylers. The Patroon of Albany, as the head of the former is called, possesses an estate of forty miles square, the income arising from which amounts to about a hundred thousand dollars per annum, paid in produce. I think it was the Speaker of the House of Representatives, who told me that the same gentleman's property in Pennsylvania yields perhaps as much more. The estates of the Livingston family, to which the Speaker belongs, are also of vast extent. You have no idea of the agricoline aristocracy of America being of an ore so sterling; they want but the mintage to be nobility.

On my arrival at Albany, I was personally introduced to several of the principal public characters then in attendance on the Judicature and the Legislature; among others, to the late Chief-Justice Spencer, a gentleman of a singularly-fine judicial physiognomy; indeed, I thought him remarkably dignified, for somehow the Bar, in no country, is distinguished for handsome members; as for the Bench, it generally exhibits as ugly incumbents as toupeed old women, whom, in other respects, it is supposed they often resemble.

But I am proceeding too fast, for here I am in Albany, while I ought to be telling you something of the country on the east side of the Hudson, between Pookipsi and that capital. It is not, however, interesting, and yet it may be said to be beautiful—that, in fact, is the case with all the cleared tracts throughout the State of New York. They resemble coarse parts of England, and the houses and churches possess an English physiognomy, which, with the language being similar, makes you forget you are a traveller in a foreign land. In approaching the city of Hudson, the country had an open appearance, something like the environs of Selkirk, with a few more trees in view, “I guess,” than all that grow between Mount Bengier and Picardy Place. At the confluence of two nameless rivers, each as large as the Clyde at Lanark, we crossed a wooden-bridge, constructed ingeniously on the suspension principle. Two waterfalls are near the spot, not much inferior to those of the Clyde. From that point, till you approach the ferry at Albany, the country, but for the vile snake-fences—rude rails, laid zig-zag on one another—you might think not unlike Clydesdale; but instead of the purling rill which there runs prattling, you have here the magnificent Hudson—

“Though deep yet clear, majestic yet not dull,  
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.”

At the ferry opposite to Albany we embarked in the carriages on board a team-boat—that is, a float, or scow, the paddles of which are worked by horses. The river at the time was frozen, but the ice had become unsafe, and a canal was cut through it for the boat. Here we



met with an amusing incident. It had pleased his Majesty, just before our departure, to bestow on one of the party, for his military merits, the Hanoverian ribbon, and he, of course, was becomingly proud of the honour. In crossing the river, being desirous of dressing immediately on reaching Albany, he requested an American lad, who was attending the boat, to go back to the coach with the servants and ask for Sir John H—y's dressing-case. "I will," was the answer; "Didn't mister say John H—'s dressing tools?"

This, however, is not quite so good as a real quiz, played off at the Tower of London by a young officer of the Guards on the late Lord Kinnider, who was, with the Magician of the Borders, looking at the ancient inscriptions in the guard-house. The young captain was very civil, and Erskine said to him apart, that he probably would be pleased to know that the gentleman to whom he had been so polite was Walter Scott. "Indeed!" said the cool vaurien, "And who is Walter Scott?" as if there was a possibility of any officer of the Guards being ignorant of the name.

At Albany our party was obliged to separate, and I remained a few days behind to see the lions, and to deliver letters to different persons, from whom I expected information connected with the objects of my mission.

Next morning, I was introduced to the Governor of the State, the celebrated De Witt Clinton, and had the honour of an invitation to dine with him, where I met the Chancellor, the Chief-Justice, several of the most distinguished members of the Legislature, and the most eminent barristers—in all, about twenty-four persons. Independent of the gratification of finding myself the object of the party, and the interest of seeing so many distinguished public characters, I met in Mrs. Clinton a lady of masculine powers of mind and great decision of character, joined to an extreme sensibility to the honour of her country. Among the causes which had irritated the American gentry against the supercilious airs of some of the British travellers, she mentioned several diverting anecdotes. What would you think of a huge, well-bred Newfoundland dog coming to a private ball, attended by a noble puppy, who, to prove his own blood, wore on the occasion top-boots and a shooting-jacket. Our Government errs greatly in adhering to a prejudice taken up during the revolutionary war—they treat the Americans as a plain, Dutch sort of people, whereas they are the most showy in the world. We should send to them the richest and most ostentatious diplomats that would accept the appointment.

The sittings of the Senate and House of Representatives are held in the forenoon;—through the means of some of Mr. Hamilton's friends, the Speaker did me the honour to order a chair for me within the bar. The hall of the Representatives is handsome, and ornamented with a gentlemanly portrait of General Washington, behind the Speaker's chair; and the appearance of the members was quite as respectable as those of the House of Commons—which, however, is not saying a great deal for them, the curmudgeon air being conspicuous in both. This is no fancy. I recollect being once in the lobby of the House of Commons with a friend from the country, who undertook to discriminate the Whigs and Tories by their appearance, and really it is surprising how accurate he was. The elder Tories were, in general, gouty, and the young ones



dandies ; and all the Whigs were so far M'Gregors, that if they had not the red hair, they had the fierce looks of that proscribed race. Perhaps you may be able to account for these distinctive characteristics.

While I was in the hall of the House of Representatives, I was introduced to Judge Dewar, a very intelligent man, of an English aristocratical appearance. His mother was a lady of rank, the daughter of Lord Porchester. He had travelled in Europe, and appeared to have formed judicious notions on that great desideratum in English jurisprudence, a court of appeals ; but I dare not trust myself to give you the opinions of a professional man on a professional topic, of which I am a very incompetent judge.

The proceedings of the House seemed to be conducted pretty much like those of the House of Commons. The observations made on the Bill then before it were judiciously expressed, with far less of speech-making than I had previously imagined would be the case ; the subject was, however, not exciting, and yet upwards of one hundred and twenty members were present ; but I should mention that a majority of all the members is, I was told, requisite to constitute a House. The appearance of the hall is very different from that of St. Stephen's Chapel. Instead of benches for close packing, the members occupy chairs, and each has an article like a pedestal at his elbow, with materials for writing on it. Every thing is highly respectable ; but the old simplicity and picturesque features of the House of Commons, are more congenial with my notions of a legislative chamber. The members are paid—not a whit purer, of course, on that account.

Having satisfied myself with the Representatives, I went to the Senate, where I had again the honour of being allowed the courtesy of a seat within the bar. The chamber is not so large as that of the House of Representatives, but it has a more lordly character. Behind the speaker's chair is a picture of a Governor Clinton, not the father, but some ancestral relation of De Witt Clinton. Mr. Hamilton, who was with me, pointed out Colonel Burgh, who shot General Hamilton, his father ; he entered close between us ; he did not appear to be noticed by any one while I was present, and I have heard that he is neglected. Considering the circumstances of that fatal duel, this is not to be wondered at ; the only wonder is that he ever returned to America. His appearance in the Senate House was, however, consistent with that step ; but it reminded me of seeing in the theatre of Cagliari, while the King and court were present, a nobleman outlawed for some great offence.

Having left the Senate, I went up stairs to the supreme court of the State, and was invited to take a seat within the bar. The appearance of the judges and pleaders, in plain clothes, did not strike me as deficient in dignity. The case before the Court was not interesting, but managed with respectability ; one of the pleaders, indeed, evinced great acuteness and subtlety. Altogether, my visit to the Capitol was, to say nothing of flattered vanity, exceedingly gratifying. The whole style of the public business was suitable to the importance of the State. The architecture of the building is itself the worst thing about it. A huge brick pile, convenient enough within, but with an Ionic gray marble portico, stuck up without propriety, and merely for ornament.

On the following day, Mr. Hamilton accompanied me to the Falls of



Cahoes, the great cataract of the Mohawk river. The river is there about seven hundred and fifty feet wide, and the height of the falls, I should think, seventy. I was told the precise height, but it has escaped my recollection. The season was not favourable for seeing them; as the river was frozen, they presented but a mere fringe of water. My days for waterfall hunting are, however, pretty well over; besides, I have always been more pleased with a rivulet leaping into a sylvan dell, with just gush enough to fill a hermit's conch, than with those great roaring bullies which, with all their swell, you never think of asking if they 'll stand a drop even in the summer noon. Returning from the Falls, we crossed the Mohawk by Waterford bridge, a clumsy-covered, wooden piece of work; but the situation of the town, a pretty village, at the confluence of the Mohawk and the Hudson, is delightful. We there passed the bridge over the Hudson, and went to Troy, an active, market-looking town. Some years ago it was burnt by accident, but its restoration has been remarkable; it is now a heartily thriving place, with granaries that would have done credit to Egypt in the sixth year of Joseph's hoarded harvests. This Troy had its Helen in the shape of a bar-maid of surpassing beauty, as renowned and as unfortunate as Mary of Buttermere.

We re-crossed the Hudson by a team-boat, and arrived at Albany by three o'clock, at which hour I was engaged to dine with a Dutch merchant; the hour was made so late to allow me time to see the Falls. I was delighted with this entertainment; it was after the fashion of the age when Peter the Great was a journeyman carpenter, but in a measured neatness which would not have been exactly to the imperial taste. My host was a quiet, venerable old man, and his queer decanters and slender wine glasses, with spiral white lines in the shanks, were surely of the days of Erasmus. They were the most sentimental-looking articles in the archives of household thrift; so tall, so brittle, and to last so long; and then in such interesting keeping with his fine bald, saint-like head and gray hairs. To break one of such glasses, even by accident, could not be less than a moral crime. Besides this pleasant and unique treat, I got so much of the sort of information I wanted, that I account that day one of the best I have enjoyed in America.

I believe at the time of which I am speaking the Erie canal was not completed, at least it was not open, but that might be owing to the ice, nor had it produced upon the city of Albany that change which has since taken place. When I was last there, the whole frontage of the town towards the river seemed to have been rebuilt, and presented huge stacks of warehouses, like those of the London or Liverpool docks, and the most vivid spirit of improvement was everywhere in action. Albany itself is not a first-rate town, as a town, but still it is a considerable place; the population amounts to about thirty thousand souls; it contains several handsome churches and buildings, but it is more like a county borough than the metropolis of a great state. The theatre is respectable, I could say elegant, but not well attended, so I was told; indeed, the drama seems somehow everywhere to have lost its ancient attractions.

Having gratified my curiosity, and finished my business at Albany, I took the stage to Utica, being anxious to proceed with as little delay as possible. I was advised to adopt this course, though the stage started

late in the evening. I was told, however, that the country was not at all interesting between Albany and Schenectady, and that, as the coach stopped several hours at the latter place, which I should reach by midnight, I should have the whole of the next day to see the country. At that time of the year this was no trifling advantage, for the roads were not only in a state of destruction themselves, but threatened every moving thing upon them with the same fate. It is impossible to convey to an untravelled English mind the condition of the American roads, when the frost is entering or leaving the ground, with intervals of wet weather. Two miles an hour is accounted tolerable travelling, independently of stoppages by accident—a capsize is nothing; if your legs are not broken, you get out as well as you can, and set the coach up to the best of your ability. A stuckfast is as bad as a capsize, for whether it rains, or hails, or blows, you must get out to “prise” up the wheels out of the mud-hole; this is done by the help of rails from off the fence. Should that step fail, you may then be obliged to go in the dark in quest of a farm-house to get oxen to assist the drag. In these immoveable adventures, the equanimity of the drivers is quite saint-like and exemplary; more than all the maledictions of Dr. Slop would be reiterated by Benjamin Bangup before the phlegmatic Jonathan would give vent to a single irascible word. During one of these accidents, a horse of the name of Paddy Peacock thought fit to be independent. The driver, after pulling and thrashing him, had at last recourse to cool expostulation. “Paddy Peacock,” says he, “are not you a horse not fit to live?” No harsher epithet escaped in the controversy, and this was said as calmly as if he had asked any Irish gentleman across the table to take wine with him.

At Schenectady we stopped three hours. I lay down undressed, and was called long before day-light—a most vile custom, for on all such occasions you are sure to continue for the whole day after with the feeling of the sleepy child, who complains of sand in its eyes. I have not, however, lost much by quitting that town in the dark, having since had occasion to visit it too often.

The town itself is what would be called a handsome country town; before the Erie canal was opened, it was a place of considerable commercial importance, being the ultimate point of the portage between the Mohawk and Albany. This importance was lost when the canal was opened; but I have been informed that a new trade has since sprung up, and that the traders, instead of being only the carrier-agents for the merchants of Albany and New York, have begun to do business on their own account. The country around it, and especially the valley of the Mohawk, is in many places cleared and well cultivated, presenting some of the most lively rural views in the State, but the tract between it and Albany is sandy and sterile: a pine barren presents among the stunted pines on the left-hand in coming from the capitol, the fittest places of refuge for banditti—nor is it without worthy inhabitants—for a singular race of outcasts have fixed their dens there. The name by which they are known is something like Jansies. They are said to be the progeny of a profligate family of the name of Johnstone, that mingled with an equally virtuous gang of Indians and squaws. I did not hear they ever practised as regular highwaymen, but they live promiscuously, abandoned to licentiousness.



In the immediate vicinity of Schenectady there is an academy, or college as it is called, which merits more attention than it was in my power to pay to it. It is esteemed one of the best seminaries in the State, and the buildings are handsome and appropriate. The style of the establishment reminded me of Doler, in Clackmananshire; but the buildings are less ostentatious in their architecture, and the accommodation is more extensive. From the appearance of the young men, it is probably attended by a more adult class of students.

The ride from Schenectady to Little Falls is one of the most delightful in any country—in the green of the year, when the air is still cool, the foliage fresh, and the Mohawk full, without being flooded, I have seen no tract of country more inviting. As you approach Little Falls the landscape becomes mountainous, rocky, and romantic. In the immediate vicinity of the village the scenery is of the most magnificent description; it much reminded me of the neighbourhood of Dunkeld. The land round the village, to the extent of twelve hundred acres, was the property of Mr. Ellice, the late member for Coventry, and the greater part of it still, I believe, belongs to him. It was an acquisition made by his father before the American revolution; what he paid for it is probably forgotten, as it is an old story, perhaps a shilling an acre—perhaps nothing. It has now become very valuable, on account of the mill seats on the river, and the value has been much enhanced by an aqueduct, which connects it with the Erle canal. I had occasion to know, that lately Mr. Ellice refused fifty thousand dollars for his remaining interest in the land and the river privileges. Few more distinct proofs of the increase in the value of property in the State of New York can be given than this of Little Falls, which, though a prosperous village, is far from being so actively advancing as many places long subsequently settled. On the top of a hill, which overlooks the town, a neat church, erected by old Mr. Ellice, suggests pleasing European recollections; but the aqueduct, which connects the basin at the town with the canal, erected jointly by the Canal Commissioners and the present proprietor, is not unworthy of particular notice, not only for the Roman stability of the work, but the picturesque appearance it presents in the midst of shoals and roaring waters. It is built of marble.

At this place the navigation of the Mohawk is interrupted by numerous little falls, from which the town derives its name. Long before the Erie canal was thought of, a series of locks had been constructed to overcome the impediment—these are still in existence, and are probably occasionally used in the trade between Schenectady and Utica, but, in all my different journeys I have never happened to notice any boats on the river.

The ride from Little Falls to Utica, is through a fine, well-cleared country;—I say ride, for really driving is the last mode of conveyance which any man, who has a right concern for his neck, would adopt if he could get along otherwise; I mean during winter, in summer you have the canal boats. On one occasion, in the night, we came to a bridge which had partly fallen in; fortunately we had previously been informed of the accident, and were prepared with candles: on reaching the breach, the passengers got out, and the driver, with a companion whom he had with him, laid a plank taken up off the platform over the chasm, the standing portion of the bridge not being wide



enough to admit of the coach passing ; and having cleverly entered the wheel upon this plank, drove across with the most meritorious firmness, and a dexterity which could not be sufficiently applauded.

Utica, which is the ultima Thule of the old settlements, is a large town, with many handsome churches and elegant private houses. The principal street is very spacious, and one of the best-built between New York and the Falls of Niagara. I do not know, never having happened to inquire, what particular local causes have contributed to the increase of this prosperous place : I therefore but offer it as opinion, that the settlement of the western territory has been one of the most influential ; the supplies for the settlers being drawn from it in the first instance. It is also the focus of the roads which intersect that and the northern territory. For stage-coaches, and every species of vehicle, it is one of the most active places I have ever seen. I know of no town in all England which, in these respects, can compare with it. The inns and hotels are elegant, and it struck me there was a more urbane manner about the waiters and landlords than I had noticed elsewhere : this might be partly owing to the contrast between them and those of the houses of " entertainment for man and horse " on the road. The Erie canal passes through the town, and the Mohawk runs along its skirts.

From Utica, westward, the age of the different towns is an object of curiosity. In Europe, the antiquity of a place is supposed to be in some way associated with honour, but the American towns are like ladies out of their teens, they wish to be considered as juvenile as may be. Thus it is, that Utica is considered somewhat aged, although I have met with a gentleman who was there in 1789, at which time it consisted but of a sorry tavern and a blacksmith's shop : the tavern-keeper also kept a store.

Truly yours, &c.

#### THE CHARACTERISTICS OF ROSSINI'S COMPOSITIONS.\*

WE have thus far endeavoured to trace those predominant features of attraction which, like a magic charm, appeared to us to have imparted to the compositions of Rossini a degree of universal popularity never before experienced by the works of any other musical writer. His melodies are not only relished over the whole extent of civilized Christendom, but, strange to tell, they have even found their way to the barbarian ears of Mussulmans. We find from recent reports that the military band of the body-guard of Sultan Mahmoud has been taught to pipe, *à la Turque* it is true, but with tolerable success, some of the most favorite airs and marches of Rossini, and that His Highness is delighted with the performance. The most enthusiastic admirers of the musical idol of the present day, will readily acknowledge that we have not been backward in rendering full justice to his merits ; we have not hesitated in pronouncing him an extraordinary musical genius, whose works, in our opinion, really deserve the popularity which they have acquired.

This picture, however, has its shady side. The works of Rossini,

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\* Continued from p. 544, vol. xxvi.



amidst all their charms, present certain points, which, though they cannot silence our admiration of his genius, yet compel us to blend our praise with some expressions of critical animadversion. If these defects were casual and solitary, a conviction of the imperfection of all human productions would induce us to pass them by unnoticed; but they seem to adhere, more or less, to all his works; they have furnished his adversaries with weapons to combat his fame. Impartiality, therefore, and a view to the interests of the art, call upon us to investigate these blemishes, however slight some of them may be, and to point them out with candour, as beacons to the artists of the present and future generations.

Mannerism is one of the most frequent reproaches with which Rossini is assailed by his enemies; and as the charge in our opinion is not altogether unfounded, we feel in some measure called upon to elucidate its nature and import.

By the term "mannerism," we do not exactly understand that degree of manifestation of individuality which is inseparable from all human efforts, and which, if not carried to excess, so as to render the individual apparently a slave to it, even sheds a charm over them. This unobjectionable, nay, pleasing individuality of conception, expression, and treatment of a subject, prevails, more or less, in the productions of the greatest masters in painting and sculpture, and is generally sufficiently striking to proclaim the author to an experienced eye. The connoisseur finds no difficulty in deciding whether such a picture be the production of Raphael, Titian, or Correggio; and he will, with nearly equal facility, recognise the chisel of Michel Angelo, Canova, Thorwaldsen, or Chantrey. In the same manner will a certain peculiarity of thought and style proclaim the writing of Thucydides, Tacitus, Cicero, Voltaire, Gibbon, Dr. Johnson, &c.; and similar characteristic features, though perhaps less decisively marked, have, more or less, distinguished the works of classic composers, such as Beethoven, Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, Cimarosa, Paesello, &c. These distinctive characteristics, however, apply rather to the substance of a production, than to its form and manner; and hence the term "mannerism" appears to us to have been very properly devised to designate striking peculiarities of form and manner in the expression of our ideas, feelings, or conceptions, or in any of our intellectual productions. Since it is the frequent recurrence of these peculiarities that renders them striking, repetition and sameness, at least in form and mode, seem to be essential criteria of mannerism.

In this respect, it would be difficult to meet the opponents of Rossini with any chance of success. A sameness of style and manner in his works strikes the most superficial observer. Rossini, more than any composer we know, is, as it were, a slave to a peculiar style and manner, by which his compositions may be instantly known. This style, however, some of the peculiarities of which will be briefly noticed presently, cannot be said to be altogether of Rossini's own creation; much of it may be traced in the works of Generali, from whom the former is stated to have had lessons in composition. In Generali's "*Adelina*," we remember to have plainly recognised the prototype, or the germ of many of Rossini's peculiarities. From Velluti, also, he has borrowed largely, as regards style and manner; and he has made good use of



these loans ; principally, of course, in vocal compositions, but not in these alone : many of Velluti's modes of embellishment and diction have even been engrafted upon the instrumental scores of Rossini. All these ideas and hints, derived from the works of others, Rossini certainly has more fully developed, carried to a greater length, and embodied in a sort of systematic aggregate of style, which, thus appropriated and embodied, is generally considered as a style of his own ; at the same time, we ought not to be altogether unmindful of the changes of style and manner which, under any circumstances, mere lapse of time has at all periods effected in music. If Rossini had not existed, some such change would have taken place ; and though the aggregate of the style of the present day might not be precisely that which Rossini, no doubt, has principally been instrumental in establishing ; and though the change might, probably, not have been so speedy, striking, and universal, it is a question whether, without Rossini, we might not at this moment possess a style of music, less pronounced perhaps, but substantially similar to that of the Gran' Maestro. Indeed, what has rendered his style so strongly marked and striking, is the constant repetition of the same formulas and modes of diction. Persons that are in the habit of making use of particular phrases, or modes of expression, soon attract our attention, and become conspicuous in society.

To enumerate all the features of individual mannerism in Rossini's music, would lead us into an analysis much too scientific for the general reader ; we therefore confine our remarks to some of the most prominent, which will be quite sufficient for our purpose.

The *Crescendos* form a powerful and favorite engine of effect in Rossini's compositions. They make their appearance as regularly and invariably in his overtures and finales as horse-radish with a joint of roast beef. Some simple phrase, of four bars or so, founded on an alternation of the tonic and dominant harmonies, is selected to serve as a peg to hang on the darling crescendo ; and nothing remains but to ring the changes on the passage in question, taking care to let the instruments step in successively, and to augment the bustle in gradation, by increasing not only the momentum of sound, but also the number and speed of the notes. This family-recipe for preparing the Rossinian crescendo we can confidently recommend as infallible, and such as the master himself invariably employs in its confection. We well remember the gratification with which we heard the first specimen. It was in the overture which, at the King's Theatre, serves as the introduction to the "Barbiere di Siviglia." But, as is the case in every thing else, constant repetition has sickened us of this species of musical seasoning, which, moreover, is by no means an original idea. We meet with crescendos, quite similar in form, in works of an earlier date than the operas of Rossini, especially in the scores of Generali and Paer. But these masters, in their primitive timidity, contented themselves with a few modest bars of the kind, while Rossini, the autocrat of crotchets and quavers, taking it for granted that his audience will thankfully receive what he judges to be fit and meet, has had the boldness to dispense these crescendos wholesale. They seldom measure less than three or four yards of staves in any of his overtures.

To the incessant use of *triplets* in the music of Rossini we have al-



ready had occasion to advert, as one of the causes which contribute to the fascinating liveliness and animation of his compositions; and we at the same time felt no hesitation in stating our opinion concerning the too frequent employment and abuse of this favorite rhythmical figure. It is this abuse—carried, as we find it, to great excess, and often resorted to in movements or periods where triplets are totally out of their place—which constitutes another and most palpable point of Rossinian mannerism.

A remarkable predilection for *Appoggiaturas* forms a further and very characteristic feature in the works of Rossini. There are, probably, few of our readers, musical or unmusical, that will be found quite strangers to this technical term, which, from its literal import, might fitly be translated “*leaning-notes*.” If, instead of intonating at once the essentially harmonic note of a melody, we introduce that note by previously *leaning* upon another, above or below it, that introductory note, which retards the appearance of the essential harmonic sound, is called an *appoggiatura*. The most natural “*leaning-notes*” are those which lie next to the harmonic note, and belong to the scale of the key of the melody itself. Thus, in the key of C, *b* or *d* will serve as natural *appoggiaturas* to *c*; as *bc* or *dc*. Other notes, however, quite foreign to the key, are resorted to for this purpose. Thus, in the last-mentioned instance, *dc*, instead of employing *d* as *appoggiatura*, *d* flat might be used in certain cases. In so far Rossini has done like others before him; but whilst it had been customary not to suffer the duration of the *appoggiatura* to exceed that of the main sound, and indeed frequently to make it shorter, Rossini’s *appoggiaturas* are often much longer than the harmonic note itself. This retardation of the latter naturally imparts a certain degree of piquancy to the melody, and its effect is further rendered striking by the legitimate harmony of the melodic note being at once, and in anticipation, assigned to this lengthened *appoggiatura*; thus producing a temporary dissonance, the peculiarity of which naturally acts as a stimulant to the ear. But it is not alone by lengthening the *leaning-note* that Rossini is fond of delaying the appearance of the plain melodic sound. Instead of merely applying for support to the next-door neighbour, he scruples not to go a few houses higher up; like Moses, in the School for Scandal, whose friend has not the money, but that friend has a friend, &c. To speak plainly, Rossini builds up *appoggiatura* upon *appoggiatura*; instead of introducing C in a homely manner, by means of its next upper neighbour *d*; *d* has need of being ushered in by its own neighbour *e*; not unfrequently *e* obtains the same friendly office at the hands of *f*; and, as if to play with our patience, this latter usher of ushers is unconscionably lengthened into the bargain, while all the while the harmony properly appertaining to C has prepared us for its debut; like a Lord Mayor’s procession, in which various sets of official personages successively precede, until at last the main object of the show, the grand civic car, makes its appearance.

This is not the place to illustrate by crotchets and quavers the Rossinian process of piling up *appoggiaturas*. Enough has been said to convey some idea of the proceeding; nor shall we detain the reader by any remarks on the variety and novelty of the effects resulting from it. Of all this Rossini has made ample use in his works; and here again, as in other matters, he has been so uncontrolled and lavish, that the



frequency of the employment has become habit, and the habit has produced a strong feature of mannerism. The novelty is not in the thing itself, for others have *occasionally* done the like; but Rossini has, as it were, usurped the right of unsparingly decking out all his melodies with appoggiaturas of all kinds and lengths.

Among various other Rossinian practices which, according to the foregoing remark, are found to be so frequent and habitual with him as to constitute what is termed mannerism, we may also number the fondness of closing his periods by modulating from the major tonic to the minor mood of the lesser third *below*, or of the great third *above* such major tonic; *i. e.* if the period be in C major, it will be made to close either in A minor, or E minor. This species of modulation, especially that to the minor third below, was common enough long before Rossini, but both are of such constant occurrence in his melodies, that the chances would probably be in favour of a wager, which maintained that any piece of Rossini, pricked at random from his compositions, shall exhibit one or the other of these minor transitions in the very motivo. In this, as in other features, some of which we have just enumerated, a very considerable portion of his compositions appears to be matter of routine, fashioned in the same mould, with an occasional sprinkling of adventitious and trifling change, as to form and figure.

We deem it unnecessary to extend these observations: they show sufficiently, we think, that Rossini is a mannerist in the full sense of the term. Our next object will be to consider a much more serious charge brought against him by his adversaries, viz. that of being a *plagiarist*. If the repetition and reproduction of an author's own ideas came under the denomination of plagiarism, Rossini must at once plead guilty; but, as the term is generally considered to apply exclusively to the appropriation of the thoughts or works of *another*, the question appears to be, how far Rossini has made free with the property of others.

The question of plagiarism in music is too nice and uncertain in its limits to admit of a full enquiry in this place: it seems to be a question of degree. If the adoption of *one* bar of music, to be found in other works, constituted plagiarism, we know of no composer, not excepting Handel, Haydn, Mozart, or Beethoven, who could be exculpated from the charge; and, after all, it would remain to be ascertained who was the first that made use of the questionable bar. There is, we believe, an opinion current among the profession, that the appropriation of no less than *four* bars constitutes actionable piracy. If so, Rossini has no cause to fear the arm of the law. We do not remember an instance of his introducing four bars, *tali quali*, from the works of a brother bard. But, if he be not amenable to the charge of legal piracy, there is such a thing as moral, constructive plagiarism, plagiarism in disguise. And in this respect Rossini, we fear, stands but an indifferent chance. He has largely borrowed in every quarter. Besides resorting to the national airs of Italy, he has, to a great extent, availed himself of the ideas of Generali and Cimarosa, and other Italian authors; and the German composers, Haydn, Krommer, Mozart, &c. have supplied materials for his scores. We have not room for a catalogue of these numerous Rossinian loans, the existence of many of which, we believe, is not disputed even by himself. Among the appro-



priations from Cimarosa, those which occur in "La Cenerentola" are perhaps the most conspicuous. From Haydn the substance of "Zitti, zitti," in the "Barbiere di Siviglia," has been borrowed; the opening movement in "Mosè" has its source in a quartett of Krommer's; Mozart has furnished various models of harmonic progressions; and, among others, the strains of the Ghost of Ninus in "Semiramide," are mere imitations of quite similar harmonies in "Don Giovanni;" in "Semiramide," too, we have new versions of the German air, "Life let us cherish," of an Italian monferina, well known in England under the title of "Row, Gondoliers," &c. &c.

These appropriations, we admit, are not always obvious; because Rossini, as has already been remarked, takes good care, like other professional appropriators, not to expose them in their primitive form. They are first thrown into the crucible of Rossinian mannerism, from which they come out so changed in outward shape, that the rightful owners scarcely know them again, and much less can establish a title to their own metamorphosed property. The legitimate proprietors are much in the same situation as Mrs. N——, the widow of an English merchant residing at Naples some thirty years ago. Mrs. N——, being compelled to undertake a journey to England, at an inclement season of the year, availed herself of the kind offer of a friend, a Neapolitan lady, the mother of a family, to leave her only child with her, a beautiful boy of six or seven years, whose open countenance, large blue eyes, and curly flaxen locks, set off by a light becoming skeleton dress, open frill, &c. had often attracted the favourable notice of Lady Hamilton. On Mrs. N——'s return, after an absence of some months, she alighted at the Signora's. Little Charles flew up to his mother's arms, who at first did not know him; but, on recognizing her offspring, she burst into a flood of tears. Charley's exterior had undergone an infinity of improvements under the fostering hand of the Signora. Instead of the light nankeen trowsers, he wore a miniature pair of tight-knees with paste buckles, and his little foot was set off to great advantage by a pair of Cordovan shoes, nearly hidden by another pair of paste buckles. To make up, as it were, for the procrustean curtailment of the inexpressibles, Charley's neat little blue jacket had given way to a regular coat with skirts dangling down to the heels; the open frill had been discarded in favour of a tight black cravat, presenting a fine large bow in front, edged with narrow black lace; the auburn locks, well frizzed, pomatumed, and powdered, had been extended on each side like the wings of Mercury, and tastefully tied up behind into a little pigtail.—A pair of scissors, asked for on the spot from the very fostermother, enabled the afflicted parent, in a great measure, to disitalianize the exterior of the child, whose tears evinced the grief he felt at the loss of his fine trappings.

The *rifacimenti* to which the Maestro of Pesaro subjects *his* appropriations are somewhat similar to poor Charley's metamorphosis. Curling and frizzing are unsparingly inflicted on the plain thoughts taken into favour; the idea is made to shoot, is expanded, developed, amplified, macadamized. The process is not unlike that of a French cook upon the *beaux restes* of yesterday's table-d'hôte, out of which his consummate *savoir faire* knows how to create *entremêts* and *hors d'œuvres*, pronounced by the spoiled palate of the epicure to be even more savory



and piquant than the original viands that have supplied the substantial ingredient, which is scarcely to be recognized. Thus, if "God save the King," or "The Dasling White Sergeant," were thrown into the Rossinian *casserole*, the odds are, that most people would not know them again; nay, that their hearts would leap with delight at the fascinating novelty, and their hands clap for an encore. We have before now tried our hand at Rossinianizing the subjects of hackneyed tunes, and the result has proved quite amusing; if some of our musical readers will make a similar experiment, they will understand, better than all our observations can convey, the effect and mystery of Rossinian mannerism.

When a man is found on the one hand to appropriate to himself so freely and frequently the thoughts of others, and, on the other, to resort so constantly to a repetition of his own ideas, under every sort of varied form and disguise, we are, however reluctantly, compelled to qualify our opinion as to his originality and the store of his inventive faculty. We are warranted in concluding, either that he must be gifted with the latter in a degree by no means unlimited, or that pressure of time, or indolence, may have often induced him to draw less on the resources of his own mind, than we have a right to expect from true genius and exalted and independent feelings. In Rossini, both causes have often, perhaps, operated conjointly. Pressure of time, however, must be left out of consideration as regards the few works he has produced during the last four or five years of his easy and snug engagement in Paris; while, on the other hand, its effect during an earlier period of his career, when want of sufficient leisure could alone have existed, seems to have been so little prejudicial to his productions, that some of those are precisely found to be the most original, and certainly the most likely to perpetuate his fame.

Indolence, no doubt, has but too often impeded the full display of Rossini's genius; but, for ourselves, we are inclined to suspect that the genius and inventive faculties of Rossini—however fully and undeniably their existence is proved in his works—have been meted out to him by nature within measured limits, by no means inexhaustible; and, if we are to form an opinion from his later works, we think we should be justified in entertaining the apprehension that his mind is approaching the limits set by nature. His latest operas,—viz. "Zelmira," "Semiramide," "Le Siege de Corinthe," "Le Comte Ory," and "Guillaume Tell," appear to us to lead to this conclusion. Notwithstanding that the two first-named, and more particularly "Semiramide," must ever be considered as works of a very superior order, they yet evince rather a high degree of art, science, and intimate knowledge of dramatic effect, than that genial inspiration which is the source of original and fascinating melody. "Le Siege de Corinthe," a *rifacimento* as it is of his unsuccessful "Maometto Secondo," has met with no better reception than its prototype; and "Le Comte Ory," another made-up piece from "Le Voyage à Rheims," is altogether an insignificant production, with the exception of one or two good choruses; and failed, deservedly, on its first representation at the King's Theatre.

"Guillaume Tell" is the most recent opera of Rossini, and was brought out at Paris last summer only. As the poem is far more important than that of "Le Comte Ory," and Rossini was known to have



devoted much time to its composition, we felt, along with the majority of the musical public, an intense curiosity to ascertain the value of its music. But, with the exception of the overture, recently played at the City Amateur Concert, no part of it has as yet been publicly performed in England; and as it is only very lately\* that we have had an opportunity of examining a mere pianoforte arrangement with the vocal parts, the opinion we have been able to form may be liable to modification; and, such as it is, we can only state it briefly and generally, as this is not the place for entering upon a regular criticism. Although the music be very voluminous, "*Guillaume Tell*" appears to us more in the light of a musical melodrama than a regular opera. A considerable part of the action is carried on with the aid of dramatic music; there are many long recitativos; and an unusual number of choruses constitute a principal portion of the opera. The whole seems to bear the stamp of careful elaboration and assiduity; is indisputably not only the best *French* opera from the pen of Rossini, but a work which proclaims the hand of a great master in his art, and which presents *occasional* gleams of the Promethean spark, as regards originality of melodic invention. The latter, however, are not so frequent, and the reminiscences and repetitions of earlier ideas not so rare, as to lull our fears concerning the wane of the flame which cheered and vivified some of Rossini's earlier productions. Art and science seem to us to predominate largely over invention; and they have not been spared in the construction of the great mass of the choruses, some of which are masterly. Rossini's style seems to have undergone a change on the borders of the Seine, not for the better, we think. It is as if the pomegranate or myrtle had been grafted upon the northern hawthorn or wild cherry, and the blossoms presented a hybrid approximation between the alien species. The music could scarcely fail to please the Parisian public; but we would hardly advise M. Laporte to transplant it to the King's Theatre, and we are convinced it would never succeed on any stage in Italy.

In thus unreservedly expressing our opinion, we feel in candour called upon to add one remark. It is, perhaps, not allowing fair play to Rossini, to judge decisively of the continuance or diminution of his inventive powers by the works which he has produced in *France*, upon *French* texts. The comparison would be more perfect if he were now to write an opera to an *Italian* libretto; and we are not without hopes that his present stay in Italy, upon a twelvemonth's leave of absence, may be the means of accomplishing the object we allude to.

(*To be continued.*)

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THE DIVER.—BY FELICIA HEMANS.

Wretched men  
Are cradled into poetry by wrong;  
They learn in suffering what they teach in song.  
Thou hast been where the rocks of coral grow,  
Thou hast fought with eddy waves;  
Thy cheek is pale and thy heart beats low,  
Thou searcher of Ocean's caves!

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\* Subsequently to the first portion of this paper being sent to press.

Thou hast look'd on the gleaming wealth of old,  
Midst wrecks where the brave have striven ;  
—The Deep is a strong and a fearful hold,  
But thou its bars hast riven.

A wild and weary life is thine,  
A wasting toil and lone !  
Though the treasure-grots for thee may shine,  
To all besides unknown.

A weary life !—but a swift decay  
Soon, soon shall set thee free ;  
Thou art passing fast from the strife away—  
Thou wrestler with the sea !

In thy dim eye, on thy hollow cheek,  
Well are the death-signs read :  
—Go ! for the pearl in its cavern seek,  
Ere hope and power be fled !

And bright in Beauty's coronal  
That glistening gem shall be ;  
A star to all in the festive hall—  
But who shall think on *thee* ?

None !—as it gleams from the queen-like head,  
Not one midst throngs will say,  
“ A life hath been like a rain-drop shed,  
For that pale, quivering ray.”

Woe ! for the wealth so dearly bought !  
—And are not those like thee,  
Who win for earth the gems of thought,  
O wrestler with the sea ?

Down to the gulphs of the soul they go,  
Where the passion-fountains burn,  
Gathering the jewels far below  
From many a buried urn :

Wringing from lava-veins the fire  
That o'er bright words is pour'd ;  
Learning deep sounds, that make the lyre  
A spirit in each chord !

But oh ! the price of bitter tears  
Paid for the lonely power,  
That throws at last, o'er desert-years,  
A darkly-glorious dower !

As flower-seeds far by the wild wind spread,  
So precious thoughts are strew'd ;  
—The soul, whence those high gifts are shed,  
May faint in solitude.

And who will think, when the strain is sung  
Till a thousand hearts are stirr'd,  
What life-drops, from the minstrel wrung,  
Have gush'd with every word ?

None ! none !—his treasures live like thine,  
*He* strives and dies with thee ;  
—Thou that hast been to the pearl's dark shrine,  
O wrestler with the sea !



## OPINIONS FOR 1830.

“ Omnia mutantur, mortali lege creata  
Nec se cognoscunt terræ, vertentibus annis,  
Exutas variam faciem per sæcula gentes.” \*

*Manilii Astron.*

“ Filling the realm . . . . .  
. . . . . with new opinions,  
Divers and dangerous, which are heresies,  
And, not reformed, may prove dangerous.”

*Shakspeare's Henry VIII.*

“ TIME,” says Bacon, “ is the greatest innovator ;” had he lived in our days, he would have probably written “ jacobin.” Our annual functions, as the reporters of Time’s vagaries, are not of ancient date ; yet in this “ brief and petty space,” the chances and changes, which it has been our duty to set down, are not few. Every following year has exhibited its little revolution, in which public opinion has been as varied and incongruous as a sick man’s dream ; and if thinking in many different ways be evidence of much thought, the English are, without a sneer, the most thinking people in the universe. “ They that too much reverence old times,” continues the philosopher of Verulam, (as if with a prophetic eye to the coming on of one of his latest successors on the woolsack,) “ are but a scorn to the new ;” but he neglected to add such a definition of his terms as would make the axiom available to practice ; and there is even yet wanted a Cicero to fix the boundaries between old and new, and, by so doing, to fill up a deplorable hiatus in the science of good and evil. In this 1830, the admiration of yesterday is the contempt of to-day ; the orthodoxy of the morning, by noon, cools down to indifference ; by dinner-time, it sinks to scepticism ; and by the time it has been slept upon, degenerates into rank heresy. There is something electric and stormy in the political atmosphere ; and opinions, like meat, become tainted and unpalatable at the end of a few hours. The whole art of the statesman is concentrated in a well-combined “ girouettism ;” and he who can “ rat ” apropos, has no necessity for studying Machiavel. The cameleon hues of thought are scarcely “ booked,” before they “ make themselves air, into which they vanish ;” so that, to do justice to the subject, our articles, instead of annual, should be monthly, or might, on some special occasions, even require a column in the daily papers. But the daily papers are themselves their own historians, and they exhibit, in their sheets, a series of changes as fitful and evanescent as the lights and shades of an April morn. The fact is, we are living in a general *débâcle* of the human intellect. The frost of fourteen hundred years duration is broken up ; and the fragments of floating ice jostle each other in the current of opinion, and are dashed to pieces in “ most admired confusion.” It is no longer possible to shut up mind like a fortified town, nor to imprison heresies within the lines of a *cordon sanitaire*. In politics, we have seen, it was in vain

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\* All mortal things must change, as years decay,  
And earth scarce knows herself from day to day.  
Her nations take such carnival disguises,  
The general mother’s bother’d with surprizes.  
The cossack’d Englishman this lesson teaches,  
And so do Mussulmen in tight short breeches.

that inclination struggled, and that departing obstinacy, in the devotees of musty usages, strove, at every step, to take a longing lingering look behind; necessity was necessity still; and dogmas, and theories, natural antipathies, and inveterate habits, gave way, one by one, as exigence required. The capers which were cut, and the postures assumed by the awkward squad, in this forced march of intellect, were not the least amusing part of the exhibition; and nothing could exceed the ingenuity with which logicians strove to prove that contraries were identical, and that the straight line of consistency was as sinuous and serpentine as the line of beauty. This ingenuity was, however, mighty puzzling to such of the public as dress their opinions on the model of the Minister; and, *par ricochet*, it was not less embarrassing to us, who are employed in noting the changes in national notions. It must be honestly confessed, that the printing-ink of our last year's summary of things in general was scarcely dry on the paper, before our article was as completely out of date, as a Court Guide after a change of Ministry and a new Parliament. Who would have thought, at the moment when we went to press, that Catholic Emancipation was at hand? or could even have dreamed that Mr. Peel was already converted, unless, like Fuseli, the visionary had eaten raw pork to attain to the enormous extravagance of such a nightmare conception? The advent of a thief in the night was not more felt-footed and stealthy in its pace than this revolution; and the King's speech burst into the penetralia of Orangeism, like a shell into a powder-magazine! The ensuing session of Parliament might have been mistaken for a supplemental scene to the Christmas pantomime; and the Duke of Wellington, at a sudden glance, might have passed for harlequin, as he gave his celebrated tin case a tap, and changed it into a bill for the relief of his Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects. Nor was the scene alone transformed; the personages also underwent a corresponding change. As Alderman Gobbleton, on the stage, is turned into the old man, and his servant into the clown, so John Earl of Eldon became metamorphosed into John Horne Tooke (some say into Colonel Despard); Lord Winchelsea took the appearance of Captain Bobadil; the Grand Master of the Orangemen was changed into Drawcansir, and the entire rump of the Tories assumed the port and bearing of a radical convention, or a Catholic Association, gone stark staring mad. It was curious to mark the mingled looks of surprise and anger with which the Duke and "his cad" were regarded by their old associates. Leather-breeches' two eyes were opened to their fullest stretch of rotundity, as he glared upon Mr. Peel, and exclaimed, "Bottom, thou art changed;" and the Ex-Irish Chancellor turned round with a reproachful expostulation to Mr. Goulburn, and said, "Monster, your fairy, which you say is an harmless fairy, has done little better than play the Jack with us." Never, since opinion was profitable, was it placed in so ticklish a situation, and never had Paddy Holmes more difficulty in keeping his hounds on the right scent. The entire code of Toryism was unsettled, and shaken to its foundations. Loyalty became treason, and treason was termed loyalty. Orthodoxy assumed the garb of Jesuitism; and the champion of ascendancy, like a true child of Loyola, proved by his conduct his belief, that the end justifies the means. He, whose whole life had been spent in resisting reform, and in trampling on the rights of the people, now carried his



system of representation so low, as to canvass for the "most sweet voices" of charity children and incarcerated felons! Fie upon you, ye Hunts and Cobbetts, your powers of vituperation and scurrility were shamed by the superior virulence of the aristocratic libellists! Hide your diminished heads, ye O'Connells and ye Lawlesses! In the bitterness of your disappointments, ye never were half as lawless, and as agitating, as some high Protestant ascendancy lords. Much reviled Sir Francis Burdett, when did you say, in the hottest days of your opposition, that the Constitution was extinct, or that your allegiance was absolved, by the acts of a minister? Blessed shades and martyrs of Cato-street, your remonstrances against power were meek and humble when compared with the bloody propositions and frantic raving of one Orange parson. But enough of these fooleries; the drama is acted, the game is played. There is little chance now of any thing to be got by them: and, out of place, there is little danger of their becoming troublesome. Even in Oxford itself the opinion gains ground that Mr. Peel would make a good representative; and Alma Mater is already wiping the tears from her eyes, "as red as new-enkindled fire," with weeping, and is preparing to take her prodigal son to her arms, and to forget and forgive. Already the loyal, *par excellence*, are beginning to accustom themselves to the spectacle of Catholic magistrates, Catholic grand jurors, and Catholic representatives. The Duke of Norfolk has not yet marshalled the crown from the Duke of C——'s head, (I beg pardon, I meant to say from the King's,) and placed it on the head of the King of Sardinia, or "put it in his pocket;" nor has Lord Petre brought in a bill for giving the see of Canterbury *in commendam* to the Bishop of Rome. The sun rises and sets in its glory, as before; and if the last year's harvest was somewhat below the average, *that*, every one knows, must be the fault of Mr. Huskisson; and the Jesuits, however reluctantly, must be acquitted of all undue influence in the business. This is (as Sir Pertinax says of the clearing up of the lady's reputation), "deevilish unlucky." A moderate rebellion, a small blowing up of the two houses, timely averted, or a second edition of Titus Oates, would have been "more germane to the matter," and would have set the wits of the country gentlemen woolgathering to some tune. But, alas the day! "the Thane of Cawdor lives a prosperous gentleman;" and neither winged by Winchelsea, nor jockied by Newcastle, he yet remains lord of the ascendant; and the wisdom of his measures may still be credited, without wholly forfeiting place in society. Not, however, that we would recommend a too absolute or boisterous upholding of him or his. A doubtful look, or an occasional shake of the head, with a pious hope that all is for the best, will prevent an uncompromising breach with the Rump. Remember that the first article of orthodoxy teaches the instability of all men, things, and combinations political.

Amidst the precariousness of political opinion, it is good to find any point upon which one may be "*sûr et certain*;" and no one can doubt that the Church, at last, really is in danger. The bell of St. Sepulchre's has unquestionably fallen; York Cathedral has manifestly been burned. It is in evidence that Lord Mountcashel has made his speech; and worse than all, it cannot be denied that the Bishop of Ferns has answered him. "That's the unkindest cut of all." Was not the case bad



enough before, that his Right Reverence should thus "put his foot in it?" Was not the holy edifice of tithes and pluralities more out of the perpendicular than the leaning tower at Pisa, that he should throw all his weight against it, and pitch it over, "like the Eddystone?" Oh! my Lord Bishop, "it is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words, that come (I must not go on with my quotation, and add) with more than such impudent sauciness from you," that will thrust folks from a level consideration of the matter. There are questions which are better left untouched, and "this is of them." The Pope and his Cardinals were never so dangerous to the church establishment as your pet children; yet you, my Lord, and many others of your order, stood bawling No Popery, like so many lunatics, while the enemy, the real enemy, was at your gate, with a battering-ram as big as the hill of Howth! Was this prudent? Instead of writing letters to Lord Mountcashel, which serve only, like a showman's trumpeter, to draw the whole village about you, let him alone, and quietly try to oust his friends, the Evangelical parsons, of their influence in the establishment. Desire your clergy to be civil and moderate, (you may do as you please yourself,) and never to mention the word tithe, except on an audit-day. If, now and then, a lord spiritual would vote for a popular question, it would do no harm; and an odd donation of a sack of potatoes to the poor parishioners, would serve, like black-mail, to disarm many enemies. An opinion is gaining ground, that the testiness of some of your order, during the last session of Parliament, has turned even the Duke against you; and that he will look after your revenues. As long as the people only are against you, all is safe for another fifty years; but if the Duke should take a fancy to reform you, by Saint Thomas à Becket, it is with him but a word and a blow! Be not, however, down-hearted; this is only an opinion, after all, and, most probably, not a very wise one. Besides, how is he to provide for the cadets of the aristocracy, if he places the Irish Church on any thing like a rational footing!

Another great certainty at which the public have arrived (and it relieves us from a world of difficulty) concerns the possibility of crossing the Balkan, and the scrape into which friend Nicholas was thought to have involved himself. This time twelvemonths, books were written to prove the Turks the very raw-head and bloody-bones of combatants, pig-headed creatures, whom neither bullets nor bayonets could convince. Plague, pestilence, and famine, it was said, had turned Mohamedan, and had entered into an holy alliance to preserve the crescent on St. Sophia's, if not to plant it on the church of our Lady of Cazan. At present, all these questions are completely at rest; the only thing that puzzles us is to guess at the use which Nicholas will make of the victory; and here again the old friends of the Duke have left him in the lurch. It is by no means orthodox to believe in Russian moderation; and there is a sympathy between the High Church party and the Molahs of Constantinople, that developes an uncommon anxiety for the welfare of the Moslems. The kind-hearted souls would have been delighted to get the Premier into a war for the better sewing-up of ladies in sacks, and for preserving inviolate the privileges of the bow-string, the right and left arms of legitimacy, no matter where the money would come from or who paid the interest of the loans. Unluckily, however, for such speculations, John Bull is greatly cooled on the subject



of war, and is not so easily persuaded to draw forth his Andrew Ferrara, as in olden times. National honour has retreated into the breeches-pocket, and frightened at the void it finds there, has a heart "with the fear of Mars before it." So the thorough-bred Tory is forced to console himself with worrying the hero of Navarin, who is thrown to him by the Admiralty, like a sop to Cerberus. It is not, therefore, absolutely necessary to believe that England has either the power or the right to make a second Gibraltar of Constantinople, or to place a water-guard on the coasts of the Black Sea; but it is permissible to hint at the convenience of nominating to the sovereignty of Greece; and you may abuse Capo d'Istrias with safety, as an emissary from St. Petersburg.

Now, gentlest of readers, for the love of Heaven, do not ask what is the current opinion on the Corn Laws, or how trade is going on. Every one knows that the divine right of taxing bread stands on the rubric of orthodoxy before a belief in religion. Assert therefore hardily, that trade is irrecoverably gone; for though to some apprehensions it might appear that the best defence of Corn Laws would be the flourishing condition of all classes under their operation, yet distress has its convenience, if it can be laid to the door of free-trade, and be employed as a weapon to defend commercial monopoly, the plea of agricultural protection. This is the true Athanasian orthodoxy of the matter, by which whoever would be saved is bound to hold fast. Still it is permitted to those, whose personal interests are immediately concerned, to hold a somewhat different language. An Irish landlord may hold cheap pigs in abhorrence, and so may the workers of a lead or an iron mine; but a Birmingham tinker is not obliged to hold either of these opinions. A West India planter may desire to force the cockneys to be his "rum customers;" and may insinuate a claim to tax John Bull for the better manufacture of the raw material in a negro's veins into lump-sugar; but a Scotch distiller may lawfully recommend whiskey; and a Spitalfields' weaver may abuse every monopoly under Heaven, and roar for the exclusion of Lyons' silks. Let no man, however, be heterodox without good cause; for he whose pocket is not touched, is bound, in virtue of that immunity, to uphold at all risks the landed interest, which is the all in all of natural concernment. It is land alone that confers true gentility; and the gentlemen of England are the direct descendants of the Norman conquerors, to whom all things belonged. Then land gives the right to sit in Parliament; and not to support the landed interest, is to overturn our glorious constitution. Moreover, not to support rents, is to attack tithes, and that is to fly in the face of God; and lastly, if rents fall, who can bear the expense of *battus* and of game-preserves? If arguments such as these prevail not, at least consult good feeling. Who could bear to see ruin fall on such meek and well-conducted individuals as the Newc—tles? who merely "do what they like with their own," and envy no man. If every body, by the by, may lawfully do what he likes with his own, every body likes to make the most of it; and, therefore, to pass what laws he can for that purpose is syllogistically just. What more could Grotius say in favour of corn monopoly?

Another undoubted point, upon which opinion is still nearly unshaken, is the perfection of our judicial institutions. Committees of inquiry are indeed held for the form sake, and a few changes may be made, to prove



the excellence of what is untouched ; but none but a Radical and a Benthamite would say that special-pleading is special lying and special robbery, or would aver that the Chancery is slow in its motions? Does not the proverb (and there is no authority like a proverb) say “slow and sure?” If, therefore, there is nothing so uncertain as a chancery suit, it is clear as crystal that the process, instead of being slow, is even yet by far too rapid. Besides, a decision must always come too soon for the loser ; so that one half of the suitors, at least, must prefer things as they are ; and the contentment of one half of the world is a good deal, to be vouched in behalf of any system. Then, as for expense, there is no reason why gambling in Lincoln’s Inn should be cheaper than at Crockford’s, or why an affidavit should not be taxed as heavily as the ace of spades. Apropos to law ! what is the orthodox opinion in the quarrel between the “Westminster” and the “Edinburgh?” Why, that there are those who would “quarrel with a man that hath a hair more or a hair less than they have.” All people who are in want of money opine that the national circulation is deficient ; and the paper manufacturers incline to the same way of thinking. Rowland Stephenson is forgotten by all, except his creditors, who would stake their life upon it that he has left the kingdom, though they are not equally positive respecting the magnitude of his dividend. The gallows is still the shortest road to Heaven, and there is nothing so interesting as an atrocious murder, which puts us in mind that Don Miguel is looking up, and Donna Maria della Gloria in a glorious minority. The Emperor of Austria has put a brother king’s\* poems in his Index, because “they show something too liberal,” and it is thought that Charles X. will put his *charte* into rhyme, in the hopes of a similar distinction. A republic in Greece is decidedly of bad example ; and to render that country independent is must be governed by all the great powers within a thousand miles of its territory. Some people believe that the knowing ones in the City are speculating on a purchase of the kingdom of Jerusalem ; and the orange girls in Leadenhall-street, and the small traders in the Minories are packing up “their duds” to be off to the East. The saints will subscribe freely, for the better fulfilment of the prophecies. But the best-informed in the Alley have discovered that the King of the Israelites does not think this a *jew-dicious* scheme, and “he sees no profits in it :” the gathering together of the Hebrews would bring on the end of the world, and that, he says, will knock down the stocks. It may, therefore, be safely hazarded for the present, that the kingdom of the Jews is “no go.”

It is not quite so necessary this year as the last to believe in the virtue of locking up the East Indies in a close monopoly, and Mr. Buckingham is working hard to undermine it. The moral obligation of opening a new centre of civilization in that quarter is nothing ; but then, think of the emolument ! No theatre has absolutely fallen on the heads of the performers since our last ; but a good many of them are, it is believed, in a tottering condition. The opinion gains ground that the translation of French tragedy into English comedy is not a thriving speculation ; and there are those who hold that a more liberal payment

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\* The King of Bavaria. Some of our papers have considered this royal poet a “sign of the times.” Geometrically speaking, he must be only the *versed sign*.



and more modest treatment of authors for the stage might raise a biped actor to the level of a horse, and draw more than the elephant. There is a notion that instead of Apollo and the Muses, the Metropolitan theatres should be ornamented with statues of charity children and the blind beggar of Bethnal Green. Have no hesitation in believing that music is very bad for the morals—of common people; probably because alehouse fiddlers do not stop in tune, and because vice is a derangement of the universal harmony of things. For the future, there is a bar put upon the publican's minstrelsy, and no minstrelsy must be heard in the publican's bar. Informers are to take notes of pianos, and not even a jews-harp will be permitted in a Christian tap. "*Fronti nulla fides*" is the new law of signs; and to sell beer under the invocation of the Cat and Fiddle will be deemed a forfeiture of licence. Why should the mob be amused at all? and what right have vulgar fellows to give themselves *airs*? Quere, is it lawful for tea-kettles to sing in a coffee-house? and what would be the consequence of a magistrate *smoking* the pandean pipes at the Crown and Anchor? At Brighton the general belief is, that the King does not get his health well at Windsor: but the Merry Wives of Windsor are equally sure that sea air is not good for his constitution. Mr. Wyatville, however, (there is a rumour of his being knighted, we believe—if so, Sir Geoffry,) *builds* upon a change of residence, no matter where; and holds nothing so insalubrious as a continued habitation of the same house. A report prevails that Captain Garth is to "lead to the hymeneal altar" Pandora. But it is doubtful whether Hope is at the bottom of his box, now that the rest of its contents are oozing out. Secrets that were to cost 10,000*l.* and 8,000*l.* per annum, "must be secrets worth knowing." Why the dickens did the Admiralty prosecute Captain Dickinson? It may be credited that his having proved that he rode upon springs in the action, made some folks sit upon thorns. It is believed that Mr. C——, of the Admiralty, has fallen into the Royal Literary Institution and been smothered; that gentleman having been missing for some time. Mr. W. Horton, and the Emigration Committee, have, it is supposed, emigrated to Canada. The bastinadoing of a certain marrying missionary may be taken on trust. There is nothing extraordinary in the wise men of the East striving, like their neighbours, to keep the Wolf from the door. The wicked take the matter as proof positive against the divinity of the Rev. divine's mission, inasmuch as it shows him unable even to save his own sole. It is thought a bad augury for Mr. Peel's new police, that since its establishment whole parishes have lost their watches. Steam-coaches are looking up, and there is no longer fear of their ending in smoke. There is some difference of opinion on the merits of the several systems to be adopted in their service. The Tories are all for railing and the high pressure; but the ministry prefer going on in the old way, and have great faith in greasing the wheels. The horses, in the mean while, are down in the mouth, and expect shortly to be left without a bit. Whipcord also is at a considerable discount; and it is thought that hay will no longer be made while the sun shines. One thing, however, may be safely asserted, that the landlords will bring in a bill to compel the people to eat oats in the place of the coach-horses, and to force the coach-masters to heat their furnaces with the best wheat. The King of Naples has refused his Holiness the tributary



hackney; but it is believed that the Catholics of Ireland will petition the Lord Lieutenant to make good the deficiency, from his numerous stud of (Castle) hacks, who might all be spared to the Court of Rome, without much sacrifice to their country.

These are the current opinions at this present writing; and it is to be hoped that the reader will not lay the matter to our door, should they change before this paper sees the light.

“Rede me and be not wrothe,  
For I say nothing but the trothe.”

Should, however, such a change occur, as will deprive our lucubrations of their utility, *à parte post*, their service *à parte ante* must still remain undisturbed. Whatever it may please the public to believe in the ensuing months, they cannot “but remember that such things were, and were most dear.” Do not then denounce us to the editors of the Westminster, for whom we entertain a high respect, though they do not see the use of writing that proves nothing, and hold a joke (good or bad) as no better than a misprision of aristocracy. M.

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#### ART AND ARTISTS:—SECOND CONVERSATION.\*

“While you speak of the want of variety of form in our new churches, you must not forget our monotonous domestic architecture. One is fatigued with viewing the houses built alike: all the rooms brothers in every house; and then the folding-doors on the drawing-room floor, leading generally to a dog-crib of a lodge behind. There is nearly always space for a well-staircase at the back of the house, by which means the rooms might be considerably varied. A blind man might find his way through every dwelling from Whitechapel to Hyde-park-corner, and tell the character of all: no man can have a house built in London but upon one meagre plan. Having seen one, all are seen.”

“The monotony in this respect is very odious, it must be confessed. Has not Michel Angelo Taylor’s act something to do with this practice of architectural uniformity?”

“I believe so: it is truly a tailor’s act rather than an Angelo’s. Perhaps his name prompted him to intermeddle with our edifices. The dustman and his bell are, however, the glory of this act-maker’s eminent public services, his passports to immortality.”

“They are as bad as the church bells we were lately talking about; and then the scoundrels who use them din us with them so perseveringly that I curse Michel Angelo Taylor every morning.”

“Canova styled the English streets ‘brick walls with holes in them,’ and it was impossible to designate them more appropriately. The use of Roman cement has removed something of this wretched appearance from our house-fronts.”

“But what will change the interior of our dwellings? They are now built wholly for parade. The dining and drawing-rooms take up the whole house, and the bed-rooms are generally sacrificed to this rage for show, exhibited only once or twice a year for ostentation’s sake. The



enormous rents swallow up, in many instances, a third of the tenant's income, and he stints his hospitality to equal his neighbours in the grandeur (as he fancies it) of his domicile. This is more particularly the case in the edifices around the Regent's Park."

"It is, indeed, the prosperous time for domestic architects and professors of bad brick and mortar, or rather "builders," as they would once have been styled, though they now tread on the heels of the Joneses and the Wrens, at least in their own conceits."

"The vast size of the metropolis is the only excuse for our confined mode of building. If London were built more diffusely, it would cover the whole county of Middlesex, which it bids fair to do, by and by, as it is."

"The extent of a metropolitan city must be governed by circumstances. Cardinal Richelieu thought to limit Paris to the space within the Inner Boulevards, but he entirely failed."

"How was that?"

"The Cardinal thought that all large cities were unfavourable to what he deemed *good* government and 'social order;' that is, to the slavery of the people. He therefore contrived, as the story goes, to forbid any houses being added beyond the circuit now designated as the Inner Boulevards. Paris increased in population, and an expedient was formed, (by building the houses higher, and devoting each to the reception of a dozen families,) to 'stow away,' as the nautical phrase is, the increasing number of inhabitants. Thus the Cardinal was baffled."

"And in like manner all the ill-founded notions of such ministers must fail. There are very trivial things which the will and power of the strongest men cannot accomplish, and they are astounded at their failure before comparative insignificance."

"We cannot in the Fine Arts attain excellence without a love for them, innate and genuine. Read Northcote's 'Life of Reynolds,' which I mention only because it is the last work of the kind adapted to show how the fondness of the great painter for his profession clung to him on every occasion, strong as the love of life, and that, too, though he was a perfect courtier in manner. It reminds one of the great men of the olden time."

"In the great times of art, men lived *for* it; now, the great care is to live *by* it. Angelo, or some Italian, I think, said his art was his wife: would you not prefer a plump, handsome piece of flesh and blood, to brick, mortar, marble, paint, or pencil, for a bedfellow and comforter? Come, be honest, and drop all antiquated ideas of fame, glory, immortality, and so forth—come down to realities."

"I only wish to gain money enough to find me bread and cheese, and that is no great deal, and then to give all the rest of my labour to fame. As to a wife, I never thought about one; but I do not see why I may not marry as well as my brother artists."

"Then you will need a little more money?"

"A very little more would do."

"But you may have children, and you would want to provide for them."

"Necessarily."

"What time would then be left to work for fame alone? The great men of former days were uncompromising labourers for glory only,



all else was subservient to that pursuit : now, we must be content with mediocrity, because the pursuit is the means, and to eat and drink the end sought in modern arts. We are tainted with the sin of the time. We partake, in common with the trading citizen, the desire of comfort and of accumulation. We live in a dearly-taxed country, and an artist is expected at least to be something of a gentleman from the nature of his pursuit. We take the tone of the hour, and if we dare not figure alone, and bear the mark of originality, we must pay the penalty—we cannot serve God and Mammon ! The greatest reproach now-a-days is to be poor—we have laws that make poverty a crime, and the sons of art are not formed of clay superior to their fellow-men. Yet, methinks, riches should follow art, and not trail its heaven-born aspirations after them.”

“ Agreed : to make money must be the secondary consideration with the artist who aspires to a lasting fame : few in these days are there of such ; still, artists must live as other men, and if the tables are turned, we have only to thank the constitution of modern society which makes the possessor of a thousand ducats a greater man than Diogenes or Plato.”

“ Art has never had free play ; at one time fostered, or, as the world has it, “ patronized ” by Popes and Kings, not for its own sake, but for the aggrandizement of their thrones ; at another, even in free countries, made the stalking-horse to party feeling—merit discarded for intrigue and favouritism—petty jealousy of all which is novel or daring, self-interest counteracting that of the public—attachment to time-worn prejudices—all these have impeded the progress of art. Your corporate bodies are very doubtful benefits to art or science in a free country.”

“ That is because they do not allow fair play, but hold a sort of Popish infallibility in their councils.”

“ Have such bodies ever yet fixed the fate of a picture with posterity ? No more than an academy of literature, though it may have fancied it held the power, has fixed the standard of a language, or the merit of a book. Great progress has been made in the improvement of the public taste during the last thirty years in England ; but we owe it nearly all to the exertions of individuals who have acted separately. Wedgwood, by introducing the forms of Etruscan vases in his pottery, did more in diffusing a taste for correct and beautiful forms than the whole Royal Academy of Painting.”

“ But you do not recollect we are living in the age when all imaginative productions are said to be decreasing in value with the public. Reason is soon to expel Imagination from the world, and the Ideal is no more to have place in an elysium of realities. Then is to come the millenium—not Mr. Irving’s, but that of the Optimists.”

“ What of Nollekens and the matter-of-fact and rule-and compass men, who chisel by measurement, and complete works of art like so many baker’s loaves ? What has ever been achieved by mathematical principles applied to art ?—money, perhaps, has been gained, as it is in any handicraft trade, but the spirit of genius—the soul itself is wanting, without imagination. Under a boasted reign of reason in the Fine Arts, we shall have statues modelled and carved by steam, at a fixed price per dozen.”

“ There is no fear but that imagination will reign as long as reason, and



it will have the better part of human life, the first half, to back it out. The ethereal spark that reason may extinguish in age will thus co-exist with the human race during half its duration, and this is enough for me, for art, and for immortal labours."

"To me there is a great disposition evinced for the feeble and minute in the arts at this time abroad."

"You speak truly. It is shown in every branch of them, in architecture as well as painting. I cannot help thinking that this is owing, in architecture at least, to the enormous expense of modern buildings. Our dwellings hold only small rooms, ill adapted for large pictures, and magnificent halls and churches require a vast cost. There is evidently a great disposition, both in Government and people, to improve our public style of building, and render our avenues more commodious. The recent alterations about Charing-cross will be a monument of their well-judged liberality."

"They are 'refreshing' the front of the Banqueting-house at Whitehall, I see; how that building mocks its neighbours of 1829. Its friend Soane, over the way in particular, with the basement a-top, as the late Lord Londonderry would have said. I never pass Whitehall, but I look upon that fragment of Jones, and its proportions, with fresh pleasure: its renovation is a work for which Government deserves high credit."

"I hope Nash will not be employed to correct the proportions after his own taste at five per cent. and marshal them in the sixth order of which he is inventor—the 'wing and dome, or Nash-park order'—what is it called?"

"No, the Nashville—all architects are to have towns at their tails now. How well it sounds! The 'Tuscan, Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, Composite,' and to make a sixth joining the other five, 'the Nashville,' give place, Greece and Rome!"

"Yet we are indebted to Mr. Nash for our street improvements."

"I grant it; but they display no genius: they are works that were well balanced in the money paid for them, and wanted no Heaven-born talent to effect them, beyond that of any other current in the market. The architect, as far as I know, was quite as equal to such a task as a hundred of his professional brethren."

"But the church in Langham-place?"

"That is justified by the assertion that, like an ugly woman, it looks best afar off; and like an ugly woman at a tea-table, rather than none at all, it is adapted to its place. It is said that it was designed to be seen *à la distance*, and was built for the street's-sake, not for its own. Besides, who shall say that Gothic and Greek orders may not be happily amalgamated by a touch of grace, as I have said before, 'beyond the reach of art?'"

"That, indeed, may be: of what is beyond the 'reach of art' I know nothing."

"Come, you are cynical, and judge harshly of modern talent!"

"That I deny! When the vast sums expended in new works by the State are taken into account, the public have some right to see structures erected which may contribute to honour the country by giving it a character for refined taste. It is not enough that our old miserable streets and avenues have been improved, for the necessity of improving them was obvious; but we have a right to expect works in which ge-



nus shall be developed, and its labours recorded in lasting monuments for the contemplation of posterity. Money enough has been expended to build another Parthenon, but what miserable structures do we see arise out of the cost."

"But the magnificent bridges?"

"The labour of our engineers, not of our architects; the latter would have worked them up in brick, and covered them with Roman cement and terracotta ornaments, instead of granite blocks and bold cornices. Mr. Smirke is, to me, the only exception from the little toy-shop, temporary stamp in his art, which we see exhibiting everywhere around us. He should work in granite and iron only; and in durability, adaptation to our climate, and, for the most part, in the external plan of his works, he comes nearest to what a British architect should be."

"Your remark is just; our public buildings are all stunted; and some of them, like the Duke of Kent's statue at the top of Portland-place, far too small in detail for their situations."

"The poor bronze Duke has been lately placed on a loftier pedestal; but this does not make amends for the diminutive size of the statue, as compared to the vastness of the circle which it ornaments—it is lost. As well might we think to make a short man tall by setting him to walk upon stilts."

"We should have all our public places ornamented with bronze statues of great men. To judge from the statue of Charles at Charing-cross, the metal seems to stand in the open air of the metropolis with less injury than stone of the hardest kind. What could be more appropriate than Lord Russell for the centre of Russell-square? Milton might be placed in the square near Westminster Abbey, or as near as possible to his house in St. James's Park. The worthies of England, in the arts and sciences, in patriotism and heroic virtue, are a band well worthy of such commemorations."

"They are not likely to obtain them, and it is well they do not want them. The names which are on every tongue from age to age, may well dispense with such perishable monuments."

"But they would afford rivalry for our modellers and sculptors, and do good to art; while I am far from thinking they do not yield another public benefit, by keeping ever before the eyes of the rising generation names of patriotism and virtue for imitation."

"We should first learn to improve the monuments in our cathedrals. I never enter St. Paul's but I am disgusted with the miserable sculpture which, for the most part, disfigures it. A committee of taste is really wanted to settle these things. Money has been liberally allowed by the Nation for them, and it is quite disgraceful to see it so wasted. Omitting an example or two, as an exception, particularly in the contributions of Chantrey, these monuments are any thing but an honour to their places. The hero of Corunna puts one in mind of a corpse in the hands of resurrection-men, which they are attempting to cram into a box not half large enough to receive it!"

"The allegorical school of art, I sincerely hope, is nearly extinct. The virtues and vices—the seven deadly sins—fame, glory, and the French revolution *en hydra*, have been the inspiring genii of our sculptors' designs;—laurel-wreaths, Roman robes, and hermaphrodite angels, eternally repeated, have been proofs of the inexhaustible fecundity of



their invention, of their adherence to truth and nature. Where the old Italian sculptors erred in design, their execution redeemed the error : but we see in several of these monuments unredeemable instances of bad taste with bad execution united. There is much improvement effecting of late in these things, and this we owe in a great measure to Flaxman and Chantrey."

"The French have been ornamenting their bridges with gigantic statues of great men. The effect, on approaching the Chamber of Deputies from the Place Louis XV. is striking. You pass along an avenue of them, if I may so speak."

"Waterloo Bridge so ornamented would be truly grand. The statues should be twenty feet high, boldly chiselled out, and left rough ;—the material, if possible, should be granite. A pure outline only would be requisite."

"Ornaments so placed would be matchless in effect ; yet in this country, such is the taste for the microcosmic in art, that the very mention of it would throw my Lord Farnborough and Mr. Seguer into hysterics. A Teniers painted the size of a silver penny, and adapted to a drawing-room in Lilliput, would be a far more agreeable work of art to them ; and they govern now, you know, in all matters relative to the 'Fine Arts ;' even the honoured diadem of England bows to their infallibility, if report speak the truth."

"When are we to have a gallery of national art, beginning with our old masters and coming down to the present time ? Since the death of Lord de Tabley, we hear nothing about a gallery of native painters."

"The idea is doubtless abandoned ; yet what a rich series might we exhibit—far richer than is generally thought. The best works of our living artists would be a crown to the whole, unrivalled in effect. I have no doubt, that from the year 1760 to 1830, we should far outshine every nation that ventured to stand a comparison with us ; and force foreigners to confess that there is an English school of art of which England need not be ashamed."

"Alas ! we want the patriotism of art in this country, the feeling of which a Frenchman has so much—that the glory of our country should be ever supported in those things which strangers can best appreciate. We are a proud nation, a justly-proud nation, but it would be better if we showed less by our words that we knew it, and more by our actions that we deserved the title."

"We shall find out the wisdom of this in time. It is impossible, as in engraving, not to see how far British art will push itself forward by the least breath of encouragement. What gems proceed now from the burin of artists utterly unknown a year or two ago ! The maxim of the political economists has no small weight in art, that the supply and quality depend upon the demand, and, it may be added, the rivalry which the demand creates."

"You will concede, then, that at the close of 1829 we are still advancing ; that despite obstacles arising from false taste, the quackery of the cognoscenti, the preference for Dutch paintings, and the narrowness of the British Institution, we yet "progress," as the Yankees term it : that our artists are not dispirited ; that the thick skull of John Bull is not quite impervious to the charm of genuine art ; and finally, that we may still hope for all we desire in respect to it, if we will wait the tedious march of a better taste in the public."

“Most assuredly, I concede all this! I cannot look at Scotland and not see that, even as far as Aberdeen, a love for the Fine Arts has already travelled; that Edinburgh takes her station high among their supporters; nay, that disputes relative to them in the ‘modern Athens,’ have recently drawn literary men into the field of personal contest, witness the duel between the Editors of the Scotsman and Caledonian Mercury.”

“A little zeal beyond discretion, perhaps, was displayed on the occasion between two honourable men. This dispute was the means of calling my attention to the march of the Fine Arts in Scotland, and I have been highly pleased at the reported progress of their Academy, so creditable to its members and to Scottish art. I trust it will have a vigorous growth in excellence. Mr. George Watson is President, and Mr. Nicholson, Secretary.”

“There have been some jealousies displayed in that body lately, I believe?”

“That is true, but I trust the folly of them will be seen. The members will feel that the benefit of art must supersede jealousies and disputations unworthy such a body—there are more eyes upon them than they imagine.”

“In Ireland, a thirst for the Arts begins to be felt, despite the desire of the Orange faction to prolong the existing darkness of mental culture there. In short, we may sum up by congratulating ourselves on our future prospects—on the peaceful and triumphant reign of commerce and the arts during the straightforward and judicious policy of a great Minister, who separates England from her Continental crutches, and bids her walk alone in her greatness, nor lean upon feeble alliances for a fancied protection, and impoverish her resources to realize the dreamy balance of power.”

“Long may such a course be pursued for the sake of England and of art—long prosper all that contributes to our country’s real welfare and honest aggrandisement!”

[*Exeunt.*]

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## SKETCHES AND RECOLLECTIONS, NO. II.

### *Squire Fetlock—Squire Jehu.*

“We’ll e’en to’t like French Falconers: fly at any thing we meet.”

SHAKESPEARE.

At the end of a hard day’s hunting, Mr. S——, a friend of mine, invited one of his sporting neighbours, Squire Fetlock, to dine with him. Excepting that both were keen sportsmen, would ride you thirty miles to cover and then begin the day’s work, and take a ten-foot wall, if it stood in their way, as soon as a quickset hedge, there was not one point of congeniality between them. My friend was a man of elegant learning and refined taste; his neighbour was as coarse as one of his own hop-sacks, and as illiterate as his horse. But fox-hunting, like misery, sometimes brings one acquainted with strange bed-fellows.

We were summoned to coffee in the library. Fetlock looked around him with an air of astonishment. At length he exclaimed—“Well, if ever I did see ——! Dash me!—Why, mister ——! May I never get across old Hannibal again if ever I did see such a lump of books in my life! Have you read any of them?”



"I can venture to say, Sir, there is not a volume on my shelves which I have not read."

"All!! Uph! Hold her head in, or she'll be off with you. Come, come, not *all*."

"I don't imagine you doubt the truth of what I say, the less so considering there is nothing very extraordinary in what I have asserted."

"No, I don't mean to say there is any thing extraordinary in it—Uph!—but it's 'nation curious though, notwithstanding; and dash me if I shouldn't like to have the showing of you at a fair. Folks would give a trifle to have a peep at the man that has read all them books!" And then he again surveyed the shelves with an air of wonder and incredulity.

"I presume then, Sir, you yourself are no great reader?"

"I read! No, thank'ee, I'm not such a fool. I never looked into but one book in my life, and that was so full of blunders and nonsense that I chucked it into the fire. Besides, of what good would reading be to me, when I have it all by experience? Haven't I been at it since I was a child? I know a horse inside and out. I tell you what: I'll give the best mare in my stud, and that's Rosemary, to any farrier in this county, ay, and the next to boot, that can tell me what: I don't know; so why need I read their books about the matter? It may be all very well for your ignoramuses, and it is for such like they are made; but as to giving *me* 'Every Man his own Farrier' to spell over—Lord bless you!"

"But there are other subjects than——."

"I know it: there is What-do-you-call-him 'On the Diseases of Horses,' and another chap with a book about brood mares, and——But it is downright nonsense; and mark what I tell you, Sir: we had some thorough good ones out with us to-day, and you were not one of the worst!—I say, how cleverly young Foster took that leap at the corner of Salter's paddock!—but that little mare of his will go at any thing—and if you are as good a hand in the stable as you are in the field, you don't want much learning, that I can tell you; so do as I did: chuck all your books into the fire: an hour in the stable is worth a month in the library. And yet, books are well enough in their way: the glitter on them makes a room look smart and handsome, doesn't it, Miss?" This question he addressed to one of the young ladies, who, while she was pretending to read, was, in reality, exerting all her ingenuity to suppress a laugh at his extraordinary opinions of the value and utility of literature. He continued: "You remember the little nook, exactly opposite the window in our breakfast-parlour, where I keep my best plated gig-harness, don't you, Sir? Now I think that as pretty an ornament to a room as need be, and wouldn't disgrace the King's palace; but my good lady thinks otherwise, and says that a few books would be more becoming in an apartment occupied by human beings; so when I can meet with a few, cheap and clean, I'll humour her fancy. The fair sex must be humoured now and then, mustn't they, Miss?" And, simultaneously with the utterance of this gallant remark, he threw himself into the attitude of a man on horseback preparing to take a five-bar gate, which he intended for a bow.

"There will be a sale of books at C——y, on Tuesday next," said my friend, "and I dare say you will be able to suit yourself advantage—"



ously. I shall attend it, as there is one work in the collection which I have long been anxious to possess, and I intend to purchase it."

"Then, dash me! but I'll go there," exclaimed Fetlock.

It must be remembered that the work in question was a very fine copy of Stuart's 'Athens,' with early impressions of the plates, and splendidly bound.

The conversation next turned upon the theatre.

"Are you fond of the theatre, Mr. Fetlock?"

"Why, yes; I can't say but I like a good play, and whenever I go to Lunnun I make a point of going, once and away—that's to say if it happens to be something of Shakspeare's. I went the last time I was up, and saw 'Guy Mannering.'"

"But 'Guy Mannering' is not a play of Shakspeare's."\*

"An't it? come, what will you bet of that? I saw 'Macbeth' at the other house the very night before, and there are lots of sawneys in both; that's all I can tell you." And he gave a knowing wink, which, literally translated, meant "Parry that if you can."

"Here is the novel of the same name, upon which the play you saw is founded," said Mr. S——, reaching down the first volume of "Guy Mannering," and putting it into Fetlock's hand; "it is written by Sir Walter Scott."

"Scott?—O—ay—Scott, the chap the King made a knight of. Well, if that wasn't turning the world topsy-turvy, dash me! Betitling a man for fooling away his time at such work as this! just what any of us might do if we hadn't something better to think of, and chose to set our wits at it! Now, my notion is—" Here, while thumbing over the leaves with a look of profound contempt, his attention was suddenly attracted by something at the commencement of the volume. He brought it nearer to his eyes, then held it at a greater distance, next took it to the light, then again looked closely at it, as if doubtful whether the passage that struck him was there or not.

"Why, now, dash me!—Well, that *is* true!—Now where could *he* have picked that up?—Dash me if I don't think there *is* something in *this* chap after all."

"What is it, Sir?"

"'You may always tell a gentleman by his horse!' (His attention was caught by this remark of Mrs. M'Candlish to the postilion.) 'Come, now, that *is* true, dash me if it isn't. Now, there's a saying for you, sound wind and limb, and without a blemish. If all the book was like that—'"

"If you like to read it, you may take it home with you; and when you have finished that volume, the next will be at your service."

"Read it? Why—read it!—and yet I've a great mind to it, too: I see at once he is no common chap: that is a clever saying, but as to reading—why—and yet—Come, I've given her her head, and won't baulk her; she shall take it now, rough or smooth, let what may be on

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\* The ignorance of Squire Fetlock, upon so obscure a point, will the more readily be pardoned, when I mention that a certain *ci-devant* banker, who was anxious to be considered as in the foremost rank amongst the admirers of the drama, and actually passed a good half of his evening hours at the theatre, once said to me—"You'll think me a very stupid fellow for asking, but one can't remember every thing: is 'Venice Preserved' one of Shakspeare's?—or whose?"



the other side. I *will* read it, dash me if I don't." So saying, he thrust, or rather dug the book into his pocket, with the desperate recklessness of consequences of one who felt that another moment's reflection would deter him altogether from so rash an undertaking.

On the day of the sale, I accompanied my friend to C——y, whither he went with the intention of purchasing Stuart's "*Athens*." We took our stand immediately opposite to the auctioneer. The books were selling, as he truly said, "dog cheap;" and, judging by the appearance of the persons present, who did not seem of a quality either to appreciate or desire so *récherché* a work, we expected to get it at a very moderate price. At length it was put up; and, after a preparatory flourish from the auctioneer, he, as is usual in such cases, declared himself confident that he was very much within the mark in valuing it at—what certainly was an outrageous price; and, as is also usual in such cases, a dead silence ensued.

"Well, then, shall I say forty guineas for this splendid work?—Twenty?—Ten?—Consider, gentlemen, this most magnificent——" And, after having exhausted all the flowers of auction-room oratory in its praise, he added, with a sigh which seemed to come from the very bottom of his—pulpit, "Well, then, shall I say six?" Here was a pause which, to us, was highly gratifying. "Five," said Mr. S——.

"Five guineas only are bid.—Six! Thank you, Sir."

"Seven," continued my friend.

"Seven," responded the auctioneer; "Eight! Thank you, Sir."

Mr. S—— went on in this way, guinea by guinea, till having bid thirteen, and the auctioneer still thanking some viewless antagonist (for we heard no one make the biddings, nor did we see any body nod,) for an additional guinea, he inquired whether there was any order to buy the lot in at a certain price, as, if so, it would save time to declare it at once. Being assured that it was a sale without reserve, he was led on in the same manner to twenty-three guineas (at which point he determined to stop), where he was met as before. "Twenty-three guineas are bid.—Twenty-four. Thank you, Sir. Twenty-four; going for twenty-four. Gone! Stuart's '*Athens*,'" (turning to his clerk) "for twenty-four guineas, to Squire Fetlock."

We turned round, and, to our astonishment, close behind us there stood the identical and unquestionable Squire!

"My dear sir, is it possible you have purchased '*Stuart's Athens*?' besides, didn't you perceive that I was bidding for that lot?"

"To be sure I did, and that's why I never lost the scent for a moment. I know nothing about goods of this kind, and as you are a clever hand at them, I was certain I couldn't be very wide of the field by keeping a guinea a-head of you."

"But you have purchased at an extravagant price, a work which will be utterly useless to you, whilst to me——"

"Useless to me? Not such a fool neither. I don't often buy a pig in a poke. My good lady came to look at them yesterday, and they are the very thing for the nook in the breakfast-parlour."

"But I assure you they are upon a subject about which you are indifferent. Let me have them, and I'll fill your nook with books which shall be equally valuable, and much more entertaining to you."

"Entertaining! Why, Lord love you, you don't suppose I should



ever think of reading those big devils—why, they are as big again as the church Bible ; besides——”

“For that very reason: and by making the exchange you will oblige me, and in no way be a loser yourself.”

“Why now, looker ; this is the first time in my life I ever bought books : if they are worth your money, they must be worth mine ; so, at any rate, I haven’t made a gaby of myself, as I might have done if you hadn’t been here. As to changing them for a pack of your little hop-o’-my-thumbs, no bigger than the one you lent me t’other night—! suppose I should ask you to let me have the mare you rode to cover o’Thursday—and a clever mare she is, and worth a hundred and thirty if she’s worth a pound : I say, suppose I should say to you, ‘Let me have that mare, Mr. S——, and I’ll give you half a score mice-ponies for her.’ Why, setting the value out of the question, the thing wouldn’t be reasonable, you know. No, no ! pray excuse me ; besides, I promised my madam to humour her fancy ; and, do the thing handsomely or let it alone, is my motto.” As the concluding part of this speech was delivered in somewhat of an angry tone, the attempt at negotiation was abandoned ; and, for any thing I know to the contrary, to this day the splendid gilt backs of “Stuart’s Athens” constitute the chief ornament of Squire Fetlock’s breakfast-parlour.

And here I should take leave of this worthy, but for a point, *in point*, which recalled him to my recollection.

Upon this occasion, as upon some others, subsequently, he was asked how he liked “Guy Mannering,” and whether he had yet done with the first volume ; and, indeed, some astonishment had been expressed by the family, at Squire Fetlock’s detaining it so long—for several weeks, I believe.

“And how do you like ‘Guy Mannering,’ Sir?”

“O, a charming book, Sir ; a charming book, indeed. ‘You may always tell a gentleman by his horse.’ It is a charming book. I never fail to take a light canter over it every evening after tea.”

“Then, by this time, you must want the second volume.”

“No, thankee ; you are very kind ; but the one I have will do very well for me.”

“How ! I don’t clearly understand you.”

“Why, Mr. S——, I don’t know whether it may be the same thing with you, but I’ll tell you how it is : you see, I sit down and read five or six leaves at night, and the next morning it is all clean out of my head ; so that when I go to it again the reading is all fresh, and just the same as new to me ; therefore, unless you want the book, it will do as well for me as any other.”

Now this is *the point*:—Should this series of Papers be honoured with a reader, (and I shall, for convenience-sake, assume that they will be,) it is proper that he and I come to an understanding, lest he be disappointed by forming expectations which, may be, it is not within the scope of my plan to fulfil. To this end, I shall imagine the possibility—a remote one, I own, for any “kind,” “gentle,” or “constant” reader of “The New Monthly”—I say, I shall imagine the possibility of his being in the predicament of Squire Fetlock, and that all he may have read a month ago “is clean out of his head ;” and upon that assumption request him to refer to my conversation with my



friend Dick Ferret, recorded in the last Number. He will there find that when, on that gentleman's suggestion, I consented to follow, in some shape or other, the fashion of Life-and-Times-writing, I bound myself to no particular method, and undertook no more than to contribute, from time to time, to the lighter pages of this miscellany, a few sketches of character and recollections of persons and events. Of myself, individually, he must expect to learn but little; self is usually a tiresome subject; and unless one has passed an adventurous life, he seldom appears to advantage as the hero of his own tale.\* Indeed, the only truly interesting auto-biography I am acquainted with, is that of Baron Munchausen. All that he tells of himself is worth listening to. 'Tis a lie from beginning to end, I grant; but it is (to use a fashionable phrase) a spirit-stirring lie; and I do pronounce it as my serious and settled opinion, that no man ought to be allowed to talk or to write about himself who has not facts to relate of equal interest with the Baron's fictions. *I have not*: I shall therefore speak of myself as little as circumstances will admit. With respect to plan, I do not propose to adopt any, unless the following of no plan at all may be called one; but shall introduce my characters and anecdotes without regard to date or place, as one may recall another, or as accident may recall them, to my recollection. The "characters" are actually drawn from the life, with no other variation or amplification of feature, or exaggeration in the colouring, than such as a painter would be warranted in using for the purpose of giving the best or most striking effect to his portrait; though, for reasons sufficiently obvious, they are introduced under fictitious names. By the way, when a painter has executed a subject, he will sometimes paint another of a corresponding character as a *pendant*, or companion to it. I know not whether by following up this hint I may not sacrifice a little in the way of force of contrast; but since it affords me an early opportunity of giving a specimen of the rambling, hap-hazard course I intend to pursue, and the subject just now occurring to me, I will place as a companion to Squire Fetlock, a sketch of Squire Jehu.

At the close of the year 182—, I crossed in the steamer from Dover to Calais. The day was any thing but pleasant, for it was cold, it was blowing hard, and to this was added a small, sharp, drizzling rain. However, of these three disagreeable companions, the wind exhibited the most friendly intentions, for it was evident he was going to Calais as well as ourselves. Upon such occasions he is—as it was once said of an ugly, but well-formed woman—an angel to follow, (or, more strictly speaking of him, to be followed by,) but the very devil to meet;

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\* Shakspeare tells us that "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players;" and he is an authority we dare not question. Yet might it not, with some truth, be said that the world is divided into two classes—actors and spectators? This admitted, though I would still preserve these two grand divisions of the human species, I would, in these scribbling days, when every hand has a pen in it, follow the example which has been set us in chemistry and other sciences—alter the nomenclature, so as better to adapt it to existing circumstances. Thus, the first class should be called auto-biographers; the second, historians—including biographers and novelists; and there is no doubt that almost every created man, woman, and child, would find their place in one or other of them. As to the few exceptions, why, they must e'en be content to rank along with the lady with two heads, the Siamese boys, and other monstrosities.



and as we received an assurance, with every appearance of its fulfilment, that under his kind auspices we should be anchored in the opposite port within two hours and a half, I, for one, was happy to pay the penalty of some personal inconvenience in consideration of a speedy voyage. The ocean is unquestionably a magnificent animal, but his temper is unequal and uncertain : either very smooth, very sulky, or very savage. He is as capricious as a spoiled child, and as thorough a coquette as a French opera-dancer. There may be some who think he merits all the fine things that have been said and sung of him ; but they, perhaps, are acquainted with him only at Hastings or the Isle of Wight ; had they ever encountered him in the Bay of Biscay, or in a north-wester off the Cape, I am persuaded they would ever after find it more convenient to praise than to associate with him. The laudatory effusions of the great court-poet of Neptune, Lord Byron, may be quoted in his favour ; but I protest against them *in toto* ; first, because no faith is to be placed in the laudatory effusions of any court-poet whatever ; and, secondly, because I consider his Lordship an incompetent judge of the case, inasmuch as he knew but little of his marine majesty, except when sailing on one of the finest seas in the world, from one beautiful island to another, and scarcely ever out of sight of land. For my own part, however, I dislike the beast ; and I never would ride even for three hours on his unruly back, if, by any sacrifice, I could get clear of him in two. Well ; we quitted the harbour at about twelve o'clock at noon, under the most favourable auspices. There were many passengers on board ; several horses in the hold ; and, on the deck, a carriage built mail-coach fashion, a tilbury, and a cabriolet. As they all bore the same arms, it required no conjuror to perceive that they were all the property of one and the same owner ; and a rapid and easy passage being anticipated, the bodies were not dismounted from the wheels,—a precaution which would have been taken had the wind been ever so slightly adverse. Of this neglect we soon experienced the unlucky consequences.

We were hardly two leagues from shore when the wind, which had hitherto been with us, turned as completely round as if it had been going back for something it had forgotten at Dover. The vessel pitched and rolled considerably, and the carriages before-mentioned standing high above the deck, and holding the wind, which was now directly against us, not only aggravated the unpleasant irregularities of its motion, but greatly impeded its progress. I have invariably found that by keeping my seat, neither turning to the right-hand nor to the left, maintaining an inviolable silence, engaging the mind, (by reading, if possible,) and keeping the eye steadily fixed on some given object, (in that case it would be the book,) the chances against sea-sickness have been greatly in my favour : of course it would be impossible to persevere in this system on a voyage of long duration. Sea-sickness!—Oh ! if you would teach a proud man a bitter lesson of humility, put him on board a badly-trimm'd steam-boat—in the short, choppy sea of the Channel—on a raw, rough, gusty day—with the wind blowing smack in his teeth—(every one of these conditions must be fulfilled in order to produce the desired effect)—and I'll answer for it, unless his stomach be made of wrought-iron, he will come out a humbler and a better man, than after one of Parson Irving's most appalling discourses.



By no other process, in nature or in art, is the moral and physical man so utterly debased. Your dearest friend, your child, the very wife of your affections, would call upon you for aid, yet you would lack both strength and courage to afford it. The last person who had come on board (and it was clear he had purposely made us wait for him) was a tall, thin, yellow-faced East-Indian. He took his station at the stern, and having eyed every one around him with a supercilious air, he inquired, in a tone at once haughty and careless, "Where is the master of this *boat*?"

"I am the Captain of the Vessel, Sir."

"Oh, ho! *Captain?*—of the *Vessel?*—Ha!—Well; here—take my passage-money at once, and let me have no farther trouble. I am," (and he continued, with a particular emphasis on each word,) "I am—Major—General—Sir—Somebody—Something."

Within a quarter of an hour after the slippery trick played us by our quondam friend, the wind, this Major-General Sir Somebody Something lay rolling about the deck. He groaned; he yelled; he cried for help—for pity!—Death is the supreme leveller of distinctions; Love is said to be the next; but I doubt whether sea-sickness might not fairly dispute the claim with him.

My system had already stood the test of two hours' buffeting; I had not once changed my position; and had maintained my vow of silence with the devotion of a Trappist, in spite of the frequent attempts of a person at my side to force me into conversation. Under any other circumstances, such a proceeding would have savoured somewhat of brutality; but the present posture of affairs was its sufficient apology. To say the truth, the temptations he held out were so slight—his questions and remarks being trivial, if not nonsensical, and his language and manner gross and vulgar in the extreme,—that, even had we met in a situation the most favourable to the "sweet interchange of thought," I should have felt but little more disposed to the intercourse. I at once set him down for a groom—not to a gentleman, but a horse-dealer. At length, finding his most strenuous endeavours abortive, he desisted. For about an hour, he left me to the enjoyment of my own reflections, and I had begun to hope I should get through the voyage without farther disturbance. The poor fellow was suffering dreadfully; when, taking a hasty advantage of one of his brief intervals of repose, he suddenly turned round, twitched my elbow, and in a tone of voice compounded of a sob and a sigh, he said, "Was you ever at Leighton-Buzzard, Sir?" The oddity of the question, and at such a moment too, coupled with the oddity of the name of the place he mentioned, extorted from me a loud laugh: I just turned my head to inform him that I had not yet enjoyed that happiness, and from that instant—. Well; it was now four o'clock, and, instead of being seated before a good fire at Calais, as we ought to have been, we were only about mid-channel. The Captain attributing this delay to the carriages, which, standing high on deck, held the wind, gave an order that they should be dismounted. As it was blowing a gale, this was a work of much difficulty and some danger; and, indeed, the vessel giving a lurch in the course of the process, the Tritons were within an ace of enjoying an opportunity of deciding on the superior convenience of riding on a dolphin or in an English mail-coach. Whilst this was going on, my



neighbour gave signs of the most intense anxiety. His inquiries as to the probable danger were frequent and urgent; he rose from his seat, and made a desperate effort to join the men who were employed about the carriages, but in vain,—he could not keep his footing for a second step; he called upon Robert, Jones, and Tyler (his fellow-servants, as I imagined); but they were all lying ill forward, and no one responded to his call. Hitherto, his cry had been, “Nobody knows what I suffer;” but now, to my astonishment, after each convulsive throe, he exclaimed, “O, my poor pannels!” at the same time looking dolefully towards the vehicles. The men having accomplished their object, we made more way; and at half-past six, being at last within musket-shot of Calais harbour, and calling about us for portmanteaus and night-bags, we enjoyed the unspeakable gratification of—seeing the fort-light lowered, the signal for us to stand out till next tide. However, the greater number on board preferred the alternative of being put ashore in boats. Whilst waiting for these, and being in smooth water, I had an opportunity of taking a better view of my neighbour. He was soon joined by Robert, Jones, and Tyler; and from his shaking hands, and the general familiarity of his greetings, I should have concluded that I was right in my first conjecture about him, but for a dash of coarse respect on the part of the others, and their occasionally styling him “Sir!” I now thought myself warranted in referring him to a higher rank; and from that of a horse-dealer’s groom, I elevated him to that of the horse-dealer himself. As I have already said, his language and manner were coarse and vulgar in the extreme; and he did not utter a sentence without committing more than one offence against grammar and good-breeding. As a specimen, I will give his latest instructions to the man who appeared to be the first in command under him, merely suppressing the oaths with which they were interlarded.

“Vell, I say, Tyler, it’s the best of a bad job, bean’t it? It mought ’a bin a ——— sight vorser. Them scratches on the cab is the vorst of it, though. Now, I say, Tyler, lad, look sharp, as soon as it’s light, about getting on ’em out of this ’ere ——— consarn. And, I say, Tyler, mind how they gets the ’orses out of the ’old. But I’ll be down on ’em myself, as soon as I gets my blinkers off in the morning.” And he took his seat in the boat, with a “Ya—hip! all right! push along!”

The next morning, I was walking across the inn-yard at Calais, and there I saw this same person, with his assistants, busied about the carriages. He hailed me.

“I say, Master; we’re better off ’ere than we was last night. Now, come ’ere, and bless your eyes with a sight of my mail-coach. That’s prime, bean’t it? I’ll defy the King—no, Lord forgive me! I won’t defy the King, God bless him! but I’ll defy any man in England, from the Duke of York downwards, to turn out such a thing as that. Built by the best mail-coach builder going. There an’t a *pint* wanting. It’s exact in every *pint*, like the reg’lar mail-coaches as runs from the Post-office; it only wants painting on it, sitch-an-sitch a mail, to take in Freeling himself. But even that bean’t the right sort o’thing after all. I say, Master: what stage do you drive?”

“What *stage* I drive! I scarcely understand you.

“Vy, this ’ere is nothing a’ter all. It’s vell enough to make the folks stare, but it bean’t the *rale* prime thing, though it’s prime enough



in its way. Besides, you know, in France, one can't do better; they von't let us handle the ribbons for 'em; and if they vou'd, there's no sport in it:—five mile in five hours—Ye—hip!—No; the only knowin' thing is drivin' the reg'lar stage-coach: I'd rather drive the stage, than my own 'orses at any time; because for vy, as I say, it's more knowin'er. I'av druv' the — stage-coach thirty mile out and thirty mile in, every day this 'ere last season."

Now, had I nothing more to tell of this person, I would freely admit that I had exhibited a common-place character, such as is to be found on any day of the year in any stable in England, and, not unfrequently, in apartments of higher pretensions. But I have not yet done with him.

In the evening, I went into the room where the *table d'hôte* was served, at which, as I had previously left word, I intended to take my dinner. Near the fire-place, there were two gentlemen in earnest conversation: one was apparently about fifty years of age; the other, attired in an evening dress, of not more than three or four-and-twenty. They were speaking French, and the subject of their conversation was the relative merits of Corneille and Racine. As I took some interest in the subject of their discussion, and it not being required in any public room on the Continent, that a person, with the appearance and manners of a gentleman, should present his pedigree, or his rent-roll, before he dared address a stranger,—being also somewhat conversant with the question in debate,—I had little hesitation in making one of the party, and joining in the conversation. As the younger gentleman gave the preference to Corneille for all the higher dramatic qualities, reserving to Racine the pre-eminence in purity and elegance of diction, (qualities which, perhaps, none but a Frenchman can fully appreciate,) I took his side in the argument. I could not help thinking I had seen him before, but where, I could not, for the soul of me, remember. The *contour* of his face was decidedly English; but his accent, his dress, and his address, were French, and French, too, of the highest *ton*.

Dinner was served, and we were proceeding to our places, when the panegyrist of Corneille, giving me a slap on the back, said, "I say, Master, this 'ere is better than the steamer yesterday. Rot me if ever I mounted behind such a team in my life!" Had the sable gentleman himself appeared before me, I could not have been more amazed. It was, beyond all question, the low-life groom—at the very best the horse-dealer of yesterday! As to eating, I might as well have attempted to swallow the table as any of the comfortable things upon it. I took a glass of wine, another, and another. I saw him speaking to the elderly Frenchman; he addressed him in all the forms of French politeness. If any one spoke to him in English, nothing was perceptible but the low, slang Englishman. I had certain qualms about the company I was in, and bethought me of my sins. However, I took a mouthful, tossed off another glass of pleasant Burgundy, and acquired courage. I addressed my steam-boat companion in French; and nothing could be more sensible than the matter, nothing more refined than the manner of his replies. I addressed him in English—he felt and smelt of the stable. I repeated this experiment several times, and, invariably, the result was the same. This was a puzzle, and it kept me waking the greater part of the following night. The next day, it was



explained to me by one of his most intimate friends, whom I accidentally met, and with whom I was slightly acquainted.

At a very early age, even before he had acquired a knowledge of his mother-tongue, he had been sent to the College of ———, one of the best places for education in France. He made good use of his time, and became an accomplished French scholar. There he remained till his nineteenth year, when, at the death of his father, he was sent for to England. Upon his arrival he found himself the inheritor of an estate of twenty thousand a-year. He soon imbibed a passionate fondness for the breeding and management of horses, the consequence of which was that all his English education was acquired in the stable and from its inmates. This explanation sufficiently accounted for the strange compound of the French gentleman and the low-bred Englishman, as exhibited by no less a personage than him whom we shall designate as—Squire Jehu. P\*.

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#### THE MALT AND BEER DUTIES.

HOWEVER anxious particular parties may have been to conceal the fact, it cannot with truth be denied that the middle and lower classes have borne the great pressure of taxation, whilst the opulent have, by comparison with their means and their wants, been lightly levied upon. There are two reasons for this. The commodities subject to the demand of the million will, of course, when taxed, produce a heavier revenue than those which are only required by the wealthy few, and the clamour that is raised by partial interests, whenever money is to be taken out of their pockets, or any other act that they imagine may militate against their advantage, is proposed. The Legacy Duty, for instance, as not applying to a devise of land, strictly bears out the assertion: to which others, without number, might be brought in confirmation, and which more particularly operate against the productive classes. These causes have thrown the great burden of our inordinate imposts upon that quiescent sort of being, the body politic—"the great Pacific Ocean," as a witty writer of the last century once called it, whose benefit has been made quite a secondary consideration to that of landowners and shipowners, silk-weavers and tithe receivers, and brewers, and a long list of other parties, who considered themselves in their respective capacities as the British Empire, and wish to make every other person in it believe that he was formed for their exclusive benefit, and that, as one of the public, he is bound to contribute his quota to their several monopolies. In the present case of the Malt and Beer Duties, a great revenue is produced, and the brewers, taking the whole scheme, including the licensing system, into their calculation, are so well satisfied with it for their own purposes, that they are determined to make it last as long as they can, which we suspect will not be very long, for popular opinion is now making strange havoc among those little, snug schemes, that are cherished so fondly by their respective protectors. The thinking portion of the community is beginning to have a very just sense of them; it is no longer led astray by high-sounding names or canting anathemas, which interested parties throw out against those who steadily pursue a system of exposure of the unjust pretensions that have so long upheld particular portions of the community at the ex-



pense of the community at large. Scarcely in any instance have the people been more unjustly dealt by than in the whole scheme of the brewers' monopoly, and they are now alive to the necessity of a destruction of it.

Under the present circumstances of the country, there are particular objects to which the attention of the people ought to be continually called, and this is one of them. It ought to be brought before them in every shape, that the full measure of its impolicy and injustice may be exposed to the general view, so that the great monitor, public opinion, may be in full operation against it. On the present occasion, it is not our intention to take an extended view of this question, but to confine ourselves to its most prominent features, one of which is its influence on the national revenue. When an alteration is proposed in the licensing system, the answer of every finance Minister is, that the bad consequences attendant upon it are not overlooked, but that the Treasury cannot afford to lose the income produced by the malt and beer duties, which will be the immediate result of a new policy regarding public-houses, for a repeal or considerable reduction in those duties must form the foundation of such change. We have already stated our opinion of the necessity of apportioning the taxes in a different manner to that which has hitherto been adopted, so as to prevent those classes which bring wealth into existence from being destroyed, and we shall have occasion, in a future Paper, to show our view of the subject; therefore, in the instance before us, we shall take the case as the taxes now stand, and see if the people could not be relieved from the pressure of the malt and beer duties, without the national revenue being so seriously injured as is generally believed at the Treasury. The lower classes, taken as a body, are not in the habit of saving money where they have even the opportunity; and therefore we think it may be very fairly laid down as a general principle, that if they bought their beer at a cheaper rate, they would spend the overplus money that this reduction gave them in tobacco, tea, soap, candles, or some other exciseable article; and, consequently, if the Treasury did not receive it in one shape, it would in another. But it may be said this is a speculation not to be trusted to. For ourselves, we are inclined to believe it a safe one; but, as that is only matter of opinion, we will go one step farther, and point out a security against the speculation being a false one; keeping in a prominent place these two points,—that the whole operation of these duties is an allowed crying evil, bearing its whole pressure upon the poor man, who, because he cannot afford to brew his own beer, is loaded with the double tax of Malt and Beer Duty; and that a material alteration in the financial arrangements of the country, so as to relieve the productive classes from the excessive burdens they are supporting, must occur. Under this impression, then, we would ask, where would be the objection to the application of the Crown lands, in the proportion they might be required, to meet the change in these duties? There are Crown lands to the value of, we believe, twenty millions that might be brought to relieve the revenue, in the event of the money thrown loose by the contemplated repeal of imposts not finding its way in other directions into the Exchequer. According to the present system, these twenty millions would afford, upon the highest computation of loss, a three years' trial, and in that period surely other

less objectionable sources of public revenue might be found. But it is farther said, in opposition to the change, in a financial point of view, that the reduction in the price of beer would militate against the national income in reducing the consumption of spirits. We greatly fear that, owing to the licensing system, and all its evils, the propensity of the operatives for ardent spirits is so deeply rooted, that the revenue will not at first suffer by a reduction in the Spirit Duties; but should that be the case, may we not look for the surplus money produced by the difference between spirits and beer, when reduced in value (for so much money could not be spent in beer as spirits), purchasing other exciseable articles? and if a deficit should remain to the revenue, is the demoralization of the people, occasioned by the inordinate use of gin and other intoxicating liquors, alike destructive to their habits and constitution, to pass for nothing in the calculation?

The brewers are decided enemies to any change in these duties, because they know it must lead to a destruction of their darling monopoly—the Licensing system. This must be the result, if the financial alteration in question were justly followed up; but we would ask, what ground for complaint could the brewers have as tradesmen? As monopolists, we are aware, they would be grievously curtailed of their *just proportions*, because, in the result, beer would be sold like bread and meat, or any other necessary of life; but, if their monopoly was not the chief object with them, why should they oppose an increase of their legitimate trade, which must inevitably take place, as the facilities for selling beer, both as regards price and opportunity, are augmented. The truth is, the capabilities of the great establishments to produce beer would always secure to them the providing it for the great portion of the consumption under any circumstances; but as proprietors of public-houses, they would suffer, and this part of their trade, which cuts directly against the comforts and morals of the people of England, being the most lucrative to the brewers, they have, and will always struggle to maintain, and it is for the public voice to be raised against their unjust pretensions.

In the present instance, we have only had an opportunity of taking a hasty notice of this subject, but it is pressing too closely upon the public attention for us to suffer this number to go to press without adverting to it.

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EPIGRAM,

*On seeing a Dandy of sixty, Lord \* \* \* \* \*, at the Opera.*

THE doting Lord a curly wig puts on,  
The head a raven now, so late a swan!  
'Tis vain, my Lord!—incurable thy case,  
Unless thou mask thy lean time-batter'd face!

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## POSTHUMOUS LETTERS

OF THE KING OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS AND THE PRINCIPAL ATTENDANTS OF HIS SUITE, NOW FIRST DONE INTO ENGLISH BY \* \* \*

*Advertisement by the Translator.*

THE Letters I present through an English medium to the reader, came into my possession by a very singular chance. It matters not now to relate the details of the good fortune to which I am indebted; I imagine that authenticity is sufficiently stamped upon the letters themselves. They bear the same internal evidence of truth which is so luminously clear in all the memoirs wherewith the present age is edified and enchanted. In the course of the letters, many remarkable occurrences of the day in which they were written are brought to light. The loves of Held-on and Poki make not the only piece of innocent scandal that distinguishes the records in my possession. According as I find the present specimen of my "literary treasure" relished, I shall, from time to time, make new selections. I shall omit only such anecdotes or observations as have lost their piquancy by time, as well as some rather heavy speculations of his Owbyeean Majesty on the nature of the English Constitution. I flatter myself, that though, in the vulgar phrase, the day be a little gone by, the memory of the illustrious foreigners, whose correspondence I translate, is alone sufficient to make their communications of interest. It is true that the democratic and enlightened English are by no means unduly attached to rank, they never run after foreigners merely because they are princes: and it is undeniable, that if the great Göethe and the prince of three cities in Germany, or four deserts in Abyssinia, were to visit this country at the same time, Göethe would attract the gaze of the whole country, and his highness would scarcely be looked at. This is perfectly clear. It is also quite notorious, that rank never influences the British public in its estimation of literature. Novels are never read merely because they are written by a lord, and people would to the full as soon buy a book with Mr. Simkins for the supposed hero, as the Duke of Devonshire or the Marquis of Hertford. Nevertheless, we hope the novelty of the private letters, never intended to be read, of a king of the Sandwich Islands, may pique the curiosity of the most honourable public in the world. In that hope, aided by the sincerest desire for promoting the virtue and happiness of our fellow-subjects, we give the reader the following sample of our collection.

## LETTER I.

*From Madame Poki to the Lady Sham Shee.*

"Barbarus hic ego sum quia non intelligor illis."—OVID.

MY DEAR SHAM SHEE;—You ask me respecting the dress of the English savages. The men wear coats the same as those sold by their sailors to our Jerris;\* the chief difference is in the cravat, which the English wear extremely stiff, so that many can scarcely turn round or stoop; one would imagine that the head had been separated from the body and carefully bound up again; as for the rest, they walk on their

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\* Noblemen.



legs, and not on their heads, as was currently reported in Woahoo. The women in the earlier part of the day are all covered up to their throats, but in the evening they always go with their bosoms bare; this does not, however, appear to produce the same triumphant effect on their men as it would on ours, as many men are without any wives, and no man will trouble himself with two. You may imagine how inelegant and insipid are the tastes of the women, when I tell you that even their greatest ladies dislike smoking; I could not for a long time comprehend how they amused themselves, but had some vague ideas, which have been lately converted into pity. The other evening, a great lady of the Court insisted on our going to her house, and seeing how the English enjoyed themselves. Accordingly, after much preparation, we were proceeding thither, when the chief appointed by the King to tell us the customs of the country and to provide for our comforts, informed us that we were too early, and that the great ladies did not receive guests till eleven o'clock at night. Great doubts were entertained by the Queen as to the propriety of our going at so late an hour, for you know her Majesty is somewhat of a prudish disposition; however, the King promising to protect us, she at last consented. Our chief, who is a very nice man, and has paid me many compliments on the delicacy of my complexion, told us when it was time to go. By the by, the chief's name (I mention it now lest I should forget it) is Spoodle Ping.\* Off we set in two contrivances they call carriages, which I have described to you before, and arrived at last at the *morai* of the great lady. She is a relation of one of the King's counsellors, and is called Batter-burst!† She was in the midst of an immense crowd of people, men and women, so that one could not get farther than the entrance at first. Every one looked so unhappy, that I thought there was a funeral or some sort of *taboo*‡ going on, but I was soon undeceived, as I find it is only the custom of the place to pretend to be very tired and dissatisfied at these meetings, while, in fact, even the greatest Jerris are very unhappy and offended if they are not asked to them. This is something like us, when we were young maidens, (not that we are by any means old now,) and affected to dislike marriage, though all the while we were never more hurt than when we thought no one would ask us!—Well, we stood some time in the passage, and every body *did* stare at us so! But the King looked very grave and

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\* As the Romans expressed their amazement and indignation at the perversity of the Barbarians, when they found their Roman Deities under the rude misnominations of savage orthography, so I cannot help some natural feelings of contemptuous anger, when I find in the MSS. of these ignorant Owhyeeans the most unwarrantable mistakes. Who, for instance, under the various alterations it undergoes in the course of these letters, would recognize the name of B——g, [sometimes good-humouredly surnamed P——e,] a name equally patrician and estimable. I console myself, however, with the idea that we more than retaliate upon the barbarians; and this consolation will, we hope, satisfy the amiable and popular gentleman whose name is thus mutilated, and whom we would rather destroy our whole correspondence than treat with the slightest disrespect. In every single work or newspaper in which there is mention of the names of the distinguished foreigners, those names undergo a most puzzling change in pronunciation and orthography; ignorance, to be sure, is pardonable enough in us, but in them it is perfectly unendurable.

† “Sun, moon, and stars!” from worse we come to worst:

“Is Bathurst battered into Batterburst?”

‡ A sacred ceremony.



noble ; and the Queen was as beautiful as a flower, and reminded me very much of that charming, fat, black sort of dog which the Dutch sailors brought to us once, and called a "*poog*." You will not, therefore, be surprised to hear that her Majesty attracted great attention ; nor (though I say it blushing) was your own poor little Poki without her admirers, as you shall hear presently. Well, so at last the great lady came up to us, and the chief, Spoodle Ping, said a great many fine things about us, which, as the King did not understand, he moved his head very gravely to and fro, in order to show that he did, which you need not be told, Sham Shee, is a very common practice with his Majesty. And so, Batter-burst made us walk through the rooms, and the people gave way as we went up, every body saying how beautiful and grand we looked. I must say, my dear Sham Shee, that for people who have not had the advantage of an Owhyee education, these savages seemed to behave with great decency, and looked as grave and orderly as if they really were (as I had at first thought) at a taboo.

Well, presently I observed a middle-sized chief endeavouring to approach me through the crowd, and looking at me with a very earnest attention from underneath two enormous bushy eye-brows, so that his eyes looked like gray sea-gulls peeping under a rock. It was evident to see that he was smitten with the charms of the poor Poki ; but though he was certainly a great person, yet he looked so passionate, that I did not dare to encourage him, lest he should be guilty of imprudence—for we, who were brought up in the virtuous principles of Lia Nia, know that women should always be coy when people are looking on. Well, presently he came near to me, and trod on my foot so hard that I screamed out with the pain. I suppose it is these people's way of making love. However, as the interpreter told me afterwards, they thought it was only the heat ; and then the poor Queen, who had been gradually wasting away with the warmth, like a pond on a summer morning, said we had better go home, so we squeezed through the crowd and got out, with the assistance of Spoodle Ping, and every body said we must have come from the moon, we were so beautiful. For so Spoodle Ping (really he is a very amiable savage !) told me. I believe those poor people had indeed never seen any thing like us. As for their women, by my right eye and little finger, there is not one worth looking at. They are quite white, or have a nasty pink in their faces ; and then they are so thin!—I did not see one nose less prominent than the cheeks, nor one double chin. Guess then, dear Sham Shee, how rejoiced these poor chiefs must have been to see the Queen and myself—though *the Queen* is no great beauty, in my humble opinion. But, oh ! Sham Shee, who *do* you think is this chief who trod so affectionately on my foot ; no less a person than the Jerry Cat-sell-her Held-on, one of the King's counsellors ; he is at the head of a formidable set of warriors, who talk a great deal, and are therefore called Jaw-yers ; these heroes go over the country and bring people into his court, where he takes away all their property, and it is therefore called cat-sell-ery—meaning by that name, that he makes them sell all, even to their cat, in order to satisfy him and his Jawyers. He has the privilege of sitting on a woolsack, from which for several years they have been endeavouring to drive him, because they want to give it to somebody else, but he is exceedingly strong, and has always *held on* (whence his name)



though of late they say (I suppose by some magical device of his enemies,) all the wigs\* in the country, except what he buys for his own use, have flown in his face. Well, my dear Sham Shee, I must now dismiss this letter, for the Queen wants me to comb her hair and fan away the flies. I kiss your upper lip. POKI.

## LETTER II.

*From the Jerri Kapiha, Admiral of the Fleet of the Sandwich Islands, to his friend the Jerri Wawwawcaw.*

DEAR WAWWAWCAW—Since my last I have been so ill (owing, I believe, to the bindings, strappings, and halters that we are forced to wear, in conformity to the customs of these poor savages) as to be obliged to keep, as the sailors here call it, under hatches; however, I was up and out yesterday, when I went, with the chief I before mentioned to you, Foodle Beeng, to a large morai they call the Adulatory; I suppose from the court paid to the six Jerris, or Lords, (a Lord and a Jerri are the same thing,) who are at the head of it. These Jerris, or Lords, are never (which is strange) English, but all come from a country called Gotland, or Sotland, where, I am told, they are all troubled with a very disagreeable disorder, called the twitch, which being chiefly in their hands, occasions them to make an oath before they leave Sotland, which they never break, and which is in these words—‘Scratch me and I’ll scratch you.’ Their own country is, I hear, nothing but rocks, hills, and winds, where they have winter all the year round, and subsist, in great measure, upon things called snuff, whiskey, and oat-meal; but they have also *barley loaves*, which they are very fond of seasoning with ‘Places,’ (a sort of fishes, I believe,) which are not to be had in their own country, as they are only to be got by a bait called gudgeons, (another sort of flat fish,) which they catch with an apparatus called *boosing*, and as England abounds in these gudgeons, it is the search of such creatures which brings them here, where they all herd so closely together, that they can easily fancy this country to be another Sotland; and therefore it is no wonder that they make a point of never returning to their own land; indeed, I believe it is a part of their oath not to do so as long as there is a single Place to be got here. Well, as I told you, I went to this Adulatory, but at first could only see what they call the offices, where there were many sea Jerris waiting to see Lord Pelfvile, the First Jerri of the Adulatory; but by all accounts they might have waited long enough, as I learned that he never saw, or at least never did any thing for, any but Sotinen. With some difficulty Foodle Beeng got leave for me to see the inside of Lord Pelfvile’s morai, which I could not but consider as a great honour, when I heard it was a thing that very few persons had ever done before. It was a very fine morai, indeed; and in one great blue room, there were things against the walls which the English call pictures, upon which were ships and seas, so like our own real sea, that I tried (the day being very hot) to dip my hand into the water, but found it was not water, only a dry hard surface. I wonder how it is done. One of the King of England’s brothers is a sea Jerri, and I am much surprised that they do not put him at the head of the Adulatory, instead of that Lord Pelf-

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\* Query Whigs?



vile, whom nobody likes ; besides, in a place where there are as many ships as there are leaves on the trees, I think there ought to be a King's brother at the least to take care of them,\* and not a Sot Jerri. I cannot help saying to you in confidence, my dear Wawwawcaw, that *I do not* think these poor people such very great savages as Kamehameha always wants to make us believe ; and the proof of it is, they have so many ships ; besides, they sail about a great deal ; and you know that many, very many of their sea Jerris have been to Owhyee, where they must have learned something : the tobacco, too, is very good, and the men do know how to smoke, though in a very poor way ; but they are a terrible ugly race, both men and women. I hope Governor Poki will not notice it, but it is plain to us all that their Jerri Chance-all-law, whose name is Ill-done, is much taken with our woman Poki ; he has a wig as large as our whole fleet ! They call him Chance-all-law, because he administers what they call justice in this country ; a matter 'gloriously uncertain,' as they themselves boast, and justify it on the following ground—If they made justice a matter of certainty, every body would want to have it, a thing, they say, particularly inconvenient and ruinous to the peace of the state. Hence, even by the name of their great judge—Jerri 'Chance-all-law, they signify that all law is chance. I am now going to dinner, which, next to yourself, is, you know, what I like best in the world. I therefore shall end this letter, by assuring you of my undiminished affection.

KAPIHA.

#### LETTER III.

*From his Majesty Kamehameha, King of the Sandwich Islands, to Kareimoku, alias William Pitt.*

I WROTE to thee, my trusty Minister, by a former ship, mentioning my safe arrival in this great country, with my first impressions of its splendour and magnificence. Knowing well how pernicious it would be to that deference due to my royal power and dominion to suffer my wife and train to conceive too exalted a notion of this people and their King, and thereby draw comparisons disadvantageous to their own, I take care to rebuke their expressions of wonder, and to speak of the nation with affected pity, as a poor race of barbarous savages. As I shut my subjects within doors as much as possible, I succeed in this policy better than thou wouldst suppose. But it is to thee that I frankly confess my astonishment at all I hear and see among this extraordinary race. It is not only their wealth and power, their ships, their houses, their streets, which amaze me ; but their absolute command over Nature itself. What think you, Kareimoku, of their physicians having attained such skill, that it is the people's own fault if they ever die ;—nay, if they ever suffer disease, or old age, or the loss of teeth, or hair ; in short, a single one of those infirmities to which we poor Owhyeeans are condemned. There are persons who every day distribute, for a small sum, pieces of paper, called Newspapers, on which, among many other matters, you may read the assurances and promises of these physicians. The chief part of these newspapers is devoted to informing the one half of the country what the other half are about.

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\* I have translated this letter, though more generally inapplicable than the rest to the present day, for the sake of a hit now and then.—*Translator.*



The thing, however, that chiefly surprises me in this people, is their extreme patriotism and benevolence ; they are certainly the most virtuous race under the sun. For instance, when a physician informs you of his wonderful skill, it is never in order that you may reward him for his services : on the contrary, he invariably assures you, that it is his pity for the afflictions of his fellow-creatures which alone induces him to take that method of publishing his knowledge. Even the ordinary vender of blacking, (a certain preparation for the cleaning of shoes,) so far from desiring to advance his own interest, is only “ anxious to prevent imposition.”\* In short, every individual of this virtuous and estimable nation seems only intent upon the general good, and is never so hurt or offended as when you suspect him of preferring *his* interest to your own. The laws here are admirably managed. The people have so just a horror of crime, that they inflict punishment of death for the least offences ; and, as a proof of their extreme love and gratitude to their Jerri for their fatherly care of them, if one of them were even to kill a hare or a bird belonging to a Jerri, they would imprison him for the action, or even sometimes banish him from the country. They rightly consider litigation as a great evil, and accordingly throw every obstacle in the way of it. They have, in particular, a place called Chancery, which, I believe, to be a large prison ; and if any one is especially resolved to be litigious, he is sent there. In this place, he is often detained many years ; and when at length dismissed, it is with the loss of all his property, or at least a great part of it ;—so severe are these people against litigation. However, there are many persons, who, by a sort of disease peculiar to the country, and which I wonder their physicians have not yet cured, desire, of their own accord, to be put into this prison, and prefer a petition to that effect—this is invariably granted ;—for the chief gaolers of the place are extremely kind-hearted, and very ready to flatter the notion of these poor, deluded persons : but when once they are admitted, it is very difficult to escape. Sometimes, indeed, the mania continues for many years, and they do not wish to return. The only way of restoring them to their senses, is by taking away their fortune, and dividing it among their gaolers ; this seldom fails of producing the desired effect, and they go away cursing their folly, and reviling Chancery. The Jerri appointed to the office of chief gaoler of the prison is named *Well-done*, a common phrase applied to any person who has great success in his peculiar line. This name the Jerri has particularly deserved ; for he has made more frequent use of the remedy of taking away and dividing the property of the poor madmen I before mentioned, and consequently has effected more cures, than any Jerri-gaoler before him. The great Minister, William Pitt, after whom thou wert called, is still held in high estimation by the country. The people do indeed owe him a vast debt of gratitude, for he was the first person who showed them the extent of their resources. They always imagined they were so poor that they could not be taxed above a certain extent ; he proved to them the folly of their opinion, and invented a vast variety of methods for teaching them to set a greater value upon their own property. They still preserve the memory of his genius by drinking his health under a title de-

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\* “ Ever anxious to prevent imposition, Day and Martin, &c.”



monstrative of his peculiar talents, viz. “The pilot that weathered the storm;” thereby signifying a miraculous power he possessed of inverting nature, and preserving the State Ship by what, in a storm, lesser geniuses might have imagined would have destroyed it; viz. his skill “in raising the wind,”—a synonymous term for levying money.

I hope soon to have an interview with the King, and impart to him the intense and powerful secret of my coming hither. Meanwhile, I enjoy every comfort, under the care of a Jerri, called—why, I know not—“Doodle Big.”

My dear Kareimoku, I send thee my good wishes,

KAMEHAMEHA.

#### LETTER IV.

*From Tamehamalu, Queen of the Sandwich Islands, to Chia Noa, third wife of His Majesty Kamehameha.*

I AM sure that you are anxious to hear from your affectionate friend, and I, for my part, am very desirous of telling you how much we are pleased with our visit to this poor people. They are very hospitable and obliging, and have given us a fine large morai to lodge in. Do you know, dear Chia Noa, that this is a fine country for the women; we are not thought *very* inferior to the men, and,—but I know you will scarce believe this,—they even allow us to dine at the same table. We pass our time in our usual amusements of smoking, playing at cards, and eating. These savages, ignorant as they may be, are a very great people, for they have the nicest tobacco possible, and let us have three hearty meals a-day. We all long to see the King of the country, though our excellent Kamehameha rebukes us much for our curiosity, and, I think, is a little jealous, for they all say that the King is a very handsome prince, and very kind to the women. To tell you the truth, I think they delay our interview with His Majesty as much as possible, for fear he *should* fall too violently in love with me; for you must know, Chia Noa, that there is very little beauty in the country; however, I am resolved to be faithful to poor dear Kamehameha, in spite of all the temptation I foresee. The Jerri, who is appointed to attend us, is a charming man; they term him, in their barbarous language, Coodle Ling. We are dressed, out of compliment to the country, in the costume of the people; it is very strange and uncomfortable; however, there is a certain air of dignity about it which reconciles me to all inconveniences. The King, dear man, wears a fine blue coat and yellow waistcoat, and looks as beautiful as the sun; but he complains of his dress being too tight across the waist, particularly after dinner; however, they told him that it was the custom here for all great people to be pinched across the waist; and Coodle Ling (he is *such* an agreeable man, Chia Noa,) says, with a laugh, that they shall make quite a *Tandy* of his Majesty. I wonder, dear Chia, what a *Tandy* is? I hope they won't make any thing of the poor King at all, for I am very well satisfied with him at present. I intend, dearest friend, to bring you over a splendid long pipe, and a beautiful spitting-tray; they will make you the envy of all the ladies in Owhyee. Pray see after my monkey; and you may give my best petticoat, made out of the English Captain's bed-quilt, to Lora Bota, our fellow-wife, with my best love; but don't tell her how many finer ones I have now. I have got—but I won't tell *you*, dear Chia Noa, till I can show them



to you ;—only I have as many dresses as would quite fill the room next to ours. I wish, dearest, that I had my little niece here ; for the King's son-in-law, Prince Leap-a-pole, is a widower, and, from the extreme activity which his name signifies, a great favourite with all the people : he would not be a bad match for the little Kolly Wolloya. They say he is a great gardener, and makes a vast fortune by selling vegetables. I can write no more now, dearest Chia Noa.

“ I kiss your middle finger,  
“ TAMEHAMALU.”

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LECTURES ON SCULPTURE, BY JOHN FLAXMAN, ESQ.

IT cannot be of deep consequence to the permanent fame of Flaxman how this volume may be received by contemporary criticism ; for the achievements on which his glory depends will outlast the fluctuations of language, and stand but little in need of accessory celebrity from his pen as an author. At the same time, since he is made, by this posthumous publication, to step, as it were, from his pedestal of practical art into the literary world, in the character of a didactic artist, it is a duty which the journalist owes to general curiosity, and to his respect for the cause of refined pursuits, not to pass over so interesting an event in silence.

As I felt this duty on the part of a periodical editor ; as I cherish, in common with a large portion of the world, a respect amounting to veneration for Flaxman's memory ; as with very ordinary pretensions to judgment in such matters, I found the subject, although it interested my zeal, from its nature, difficult to discuss ; and as I knew of no public critique on the work having appeared, I looked forward with uneasiness to this periodical being without a precursor in the ceremony of ushering in so great a name to the common hall of criticism.

But the Edinburgh Reviewer has taken the precedence that was due to him in the public reception of Mr. Flaxman as an author ; and if he goes through the task with a little assumption of superiority to the illustrious personage whom he introduces, he at least escapes all culpability for treating him with too much ceremony.

With the Edinburgh Review, it would not be very natural that I should be a captious fault-finder. On the contrary, I make a sacrifice of personal predilections and of grateful remembrances to a duty that seems to me paramount to all individual obligation, when I speak freely of a paper published under the auspices of an old and valued friend. Farther, I have to assure the reader, if I should unintentionally offend him with the appearance of egotism in frequently recurring to the first person singular, that it is merely because I like straightforward expression of opinion, and have an aversion to the majestic plural. The use of we and us I leave to the Siamese youth and to regular reviewers. In singleness of speech, I must then confess, that I dreaded the attempt of portraying a sculptor's character, who raised England in the rank of accomplished nations. Dr. Johnson once said, quite in his own style, on being shown some fine statues, “ Ay, Sir, sculpture is a great art ; *for, after all, it is very difficult to make a stone look like a man.*” Very difficult indeed ! that is to say, when you take in hand to represent all the symmetry and



majesty that can be conceived in the human form. Nor is it much more easy, in written sentences competently to mould and express the image and character of first-rate minds. I was prepared, therefore, to apologise for my inadequate tribute to Flaxman's genius, on the sincere plea that I was presuming only to leave a rude inscription of my own thoughts, and not to build a monument to his memory.

We owe duties of allowance to superior as well as to inferior minds; and it occurred to me, that in judging of these Lectures, we are bound to guard ourselves against exaggerated expectations, which no great artist in teaching his art can fulfil. It is not merely that a book on Sculpture can never move us like great achievements in Sculpture itself, but that the ethereal essence of that skill by which the magician touched us in his works being untransferable to words, he must be mainly employed in communicating the plainer rules of his art, and in this didactic vocation we must not expect that he should wear the same mantle of inspiration as an author which invested him as an artist. It is fearfully difficult to be eloquent in teaching art. The floor of didactic language, constructed for the tread of sober ideas, is perilously shaken by the tramp of impassioned enthusiasm. Fuseli experienced this fact. He is a gifted teacher, often unexceptionably eloquent; and sometimes his tortuous phrases, which are most offensive to the *artless* reader, are to the artist the most expressive he could have used. But still his orgies in style are very startling. It is expressly because Fuseli was a potent genius that I quote him as an instance of the difficulty of writing on high art. Flaxman is all sobriety in style, and he is blamed for dryness and coldness. There is no such thing as pleasing every body, and particularly in bequests from great men: the imagination is apt to be a greedy legatee, unbounded in hope and querulous in expectation. But farther, the didactic artist is no more infallible than other men. The humblest journalist, like myself, may find some just occasions for questioning his speculations. Here, however, one need not be taxed with servility to a great name in saying, that a weighed and delicate manner of charging him with errors is due to the memory of a man not long ago deceased, whose death was pronounced, by no vulgar opinion,\* to be an irreparable loss to art, to England, and to Europe.

But, if the Edinburgh Reviewer be right, all delicacy on this subject is superfluous; and it is troubling ourselves uselessly to inquire how a great artist may impress us less vividly in his writings than in his works. On the contrary, we may be thankfully surprised that we have no poorer a windfall than we have, in these relics, from the tree of Flaxman's genius. The characteristics of his mind, it appears, by the last accounts from Modern Athens, were precision, elegance, and cool judgment, and a laudable attachment to the best; but he wanted richness, variety, and force. What? is it want of force that is attributed to the sculptor of Michael subduing Satan, and to the illustrator of Homer, Æschylus, and Dante? Why, this sentence reverses Dr. Johnson's idea of the difficulty of Art: it is the Medusa antithesis of sculpture, and turns a man into stone; at least, it produces for the moment a petrifying sensation of surprise, in any one who has been accustomed to cherish the not very unpopular feeling respecting Flaxman—

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\* Sir Thomas Lawrence's words, in his address to the Royal Academy.



that he is Miltonic in his conception of the superhuman ; that he translates poetry from words into the outline of forms ; and that he not only revived the purity of sculpture in England, but broke down the barriers which had divided it from the field of fancy, and gave it freedom, robustness, and dominion.

The Edinburgh Reviewer ascribes precision to Flaxman ; but as he adds, that a certain stiffness and formality, a certain want of flexibility and power, ran through the whole of our artist's mind, it is evident that he means the attribute in a dwarfish and disparaging sense. As such, Mr. Flaxman's admirers will return the compliment upon his hands, which is as much misdirected, as if he had lived in ancient Athens and sent a letter to Æschylus addressed to the "precise author of the Furies." The reverential estimate of Flaxman, on the faith of which I speak, is confined to no school or coterie ; though acknowledged by the best judges, it has been fostered by no declaiming breath of eulogy, but has grown up in the calm and broad light of public opinion. If I had distrusted the value attached to Flaxman by such men as Sir Thomas Lawrence, Mr. Chantrey, and Mr. Westmacott, as being swayed by English partiality, I had an antidote to the suspicion in hearing Flaxman's name as uncompromisingly extolled on the Continent as in England. At Vienna, Berlin, and Munich, he is as highly appreciated as in London ; and, I am sorry to say, in reference to my native capital, if this paper represents its opinion, much more justly appreciated, than in Edinburgh.

In England, Flaxman was the supreme sculptor of his age ; in Europe, he had no rival but Canova, who was his junior contemporary, and, I believe, confessed some obligations to him. To Canova, Italy owed her emancipation from a vitiated taste in sculpture, which, alternating between affectation and insipidity, had lasted, with little interruption, since the time of Benvenuto Cellini. The succeeding sculptors of the seventeenth century must be looked on as having debased, rather than contributed to the restoration of art. Even Bernini, whose reputation was so great in his time, can be praised only for his "Apollo and Daphne," and for the ease and nature of his portraits. His larger works are remarkable for presuming airs, affected grace, and unmeaning flutter. The evil was felt, but the genius was wanting to re-establish a true style ; for the works which followed the Bernini school were without character or decision, and from their tameness were equally intolerable with the fantastic conceits and exaggerations of Bernini. But Canova's "Theseus" re-established sculpture on its basis, and made him be hailed as the restorer of legitimate art in Southern Europe. Nor is it unpleasing to find that the personal character of Canova was like that of our own Flaxman, not only honourable to genius, but beneficial to its influence ; for the great Italian artist's unassuming manners facilitated the instruction of students, and gave a genial and bland diffusion to the flame of emulation. His works were the images of his mind, in which delicacy and gentleness, and an inspired sense of the beautiful, were the chief characteristics. It has not been Canova's fate, more than that of any other genius, to soar in uncensured perfection. I believe the strongest objection to him is, that his idea of the graceful is not unmixed with a theatrical air, and I remember being impressed with a reminiscence of the opera at the first sight of his



“Thalia.” But to criticise Canova is not within my commission, and I should imagine that the taint I have alluded to cannot generally pervade his works, from the wide witchery which they have created in an age when taste in sculpture has been reanimated by accessory treasures from the antique. “It is universally acknowledged,” says Mr. Westmacott,\* “that since the Greeks, no artist has carried completion and surface to so much excellence as Canova, or given the truth and loveliness of female form with so much effect.”

To Flaxman, England owes perhaps superior obligation, if it be considered that we had no middle age in modern art, and no such bursts of greatness as Italy had in the sculptures of Michael Angelo. Flaxman had but few native predecessors in our island since the art-desolating Reformation. Banks, his immediate predecessor, had great merit; and his expression respecting Flaxman, which was repeated to me by one who heard it, may remind us of Dryden speaking of Milton—he said of Flaxman, This little man cuts us all out in Sculpture. Flaxman excelled not, like Canova, in finished execution, but in composition and design. He brought to the art expansion of fancy, elevation of thought, and a holy beauty of feeling. His female forms may want finished luxuriance, but they have a charm more expressive and inexpressible from the vestal purity of his sentiment, than finish could have given them. From Penelope to the modern female he sweetens and sanctifies our admiration of woman.

His fondness for simplicity sought for that quality in every age and example, and he was not only a severe student of the antique, but was suspected of having imbibed from his admiration of Donatello, and the Pisani, an over-leaning to the example of the half-gothic revivers of art. But still, this error was the excess of a bold and simple taste. In alto, mezzo, and basso-relievo he stands pre-eminent since the revival of the arts. The man who says that his designs from poetry retain the inefficiency of words, understands neither words nor forms; and the charge of his deficiency in richness, force, and variety, is an empty and arrogant allegation. All this, I may be told, is mere assertion and reference to general opinion; but on Flaxman’s character as a sculptor, what have we got from the Edinburgh Reviewer? nothing but gratuitous assertion and reference, not to general, not to eminent, but to unargued, individual, anonymous, and unauthoritative opinion. Not that I refuse the character of ability to the writer of this article;—his ideas on the Elgin Marbles are well expressed, though they but new mint the ore of opinions that have been already circulated. The Edinburgh review of Flaxman has some truth and some novelty; but the truth is not new, and the novelty is not true.

This volume of Lectures is prefaced by a biographical account of the Author, which disarms criticism, because it seems to be written by some extremely diffident person, too nearly related to the subject of the memoir to feel conscious of speaking of him as an impartial judge. But it is by no means a sufficient life of him. Let his friends come forward, with the good old Stoddart at their head, and tell us all that can be recollected of this extraordinary man, who, whilst a light of honour to his age, was personally the most simple, humble, and un-

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\* In that able artist’s Lectures at the Royal Academy.



fawningly courteous of human beings. The lovers of sculpture in this country should combine for three things—A monument to his memory—a series of large engravings to illustrate these Lectures—and a full and interesting life of Flaxman.

One of the objections which the Edinburgh Reviewer most vehemently urges against these Lectures, is the *pernicious* doctrine which they inculcate respecting the importance of a scientific knowledge of nature to the artist, and particularly of anatomy. Mr. Flaxman is directly charged by the Reviewer with so grossly exaggerating the benefit of anatomical knowledge, as virtually to exhort the student to a slight observation of superficial nature. It is singular that this accusation should fall posthumously on the memory of a Professor who was himself a most sedulous observer of Nature. Sketching figures and groups that struck him in his walks, was his favourite and constant amusement. Junior artists who consulted him, will all testify, that he not only never undervalued the usefulness of such observation, but positively recommended it, and set the example of copying nature, by being the first visitor who drew from the living model in the Academy with his own hand: Had he anticipated such a charge, he would in all probability have put in a disclaimer against it; but it is doubtful whether he ever intended these discourses for publication, and it is certain that he never prepared them for the press. If I should be told that this is no direct apology for his omitting to record, in writing, so salutary an advice as that of assiduously watching the outside of forms, I have to reply, that he might very naturally take for granted the student's disposition to this amusing mode of studying nature, and think it his duty to impress it with less earnestness on his mind than application to the drudgery, and, to some minds, the repulsive difficulty of studying anatomy.

That Flaxman had any such meaning, as to inculcate a slight observation of the surface of Nature, I disbelieve; and that such an inference can be fairly strained out of his words, I deny. From what the Reviewer says, one would imagine that Mr. Flaxman had given a downright injunction to the student to shut his eyes upon outward nature altogether, and to open them only to the dissection of her. Such is the impression which is conveyed by the Reviewer when he puts an emphasis on the word "slight" before certain words of his own, which Mr. Flaxman never used. The Professor has only said, "that by a slight observation of Nature without the principles of science, it is impossible to become possessed of the forms and essence of objects." Is this recommending a slight observation of Nature? No, not quite directly, I shall possibly be told; but, by this affronting phrase, *a slight observation of Nature*, her dignified surface-observers are in substance told, "that they can only hope to be possessed of slight knowledge." And in all humility, let me say that I suspect the Professor to be right, but I must refer this point to the more competent decision of others. The Greeks, it has been conceded on authority which I am not disposed to dispute, owed much more to the study of living than of dead bodies. Yes; but have we who go about muffled, and among whom the artist has to pay gold for the liberty of drawing from a single naked figure—have we such opportunities of studying Nature in its living lineaments as the Greeks had? Give us the manners, the climate, the education of Antient Greece—her gymnasia, and palæstra, and the



constant familiarity of the artist's eye with the unswathed strength and symmetry of the human form in every variety of age, structure, and exercise; and the question about the possible productiveness of an artist's observation of Nature, will be put on a materially different footing. Then, allowing that the Greeks in statuary owed more to the living than the dead body, can it be proved that they owed nothing at all to anatomy? On the contrary, their sculpture begins to be best at the time when it is most certain that they must have possessed some knowledge of anatomy, and the date of that knowledge, I suspect, goes back even to the times of Ionian science. It can be proved that there was dissection among the Greeks anterior to the date of Hippocrates. Of that physician's anatomical knowledge, Dr. Hunter says that it is sometimes unintelligible; but *that* may not be the fault of Hippocrates; and Dr. Hunter owns that the Greeks very well understood Osteology. He says "that they had carefully considered the human body in its organization and functions, and that they had made up very noble and comprehensive ideas of the subject in general." Notice, that these are the words of a great anatomist, comparing modern with ancient science. I am perfectly aware of the superstitions and even laws of the Greeks having been hostile to dissection; and that anatomy for the purpose of medical study was too imperfectly studied among them: but I cannot help suspecting, that if the veil of historic mystery were to be lifted up, we should find that they practised secret dissection more frequently than is generally supposed. That they did dissect is unquestionable; that they could have often done so secretly, and that they had strong temptations to the practice, has every appearance of probability. How else could they have acquired those noble and comprehensive ideas of the human œconomy in general, which the learned Hunter ascribes to them? Religious horror and popular prejudice may impede, but cannot extinguish the study of anatomy—no, not even if it should be more dangerous for a purveyor for the surgeons to violate a grave than to murder a human being; and as this was precisely the case only a twelve-month ago in Edinburgh, we may pause before we conclude *à priori* on the extreme infrequency of Athenian dissection.

It is evident on the whole, that the Greeks knew something of anatomy, and if Dr. Hunter be right in thinking *that* something not insignificant in a physiological light, it must have been quite sufficient for all sculptural purposes. It is, therefore, unfair to tell us, because the Greeks were worse anatomists and better sculptors than the moderns, that anatomy has little or nothing to do with sculpture. That it has nothing to do with it is not indeed assumed by the Edinburgh Reviewer; but in his estimate it is of so little importance, that he is wroth with Flaxman for saying so much about it, and he taxes him with substituting attention to science for the observation of Nature in his advice to youthful students. Now, Mr. Flaxman proposes no such substitution. On the contrary, he exalts the importance of the study of Nature, when he speaks to this effect:—"Try to know of Nature as much as you can—be not contented with observing her outward surface, but carry your views into her internal organization." The study of Nature surely ceases not upon her surface—and if internal scrutiny facilitates outward observation, how can advice to the former study be called a recommendation to us to be slight observers of Nature? I



therefore think that Flaxman is more really an advocate for natural observation than his Edinburgh critic. That skill in the internal structure of things should make us inattentive to their exterior appearance is surely an useless apprehension. Let the opinion of artists themselves, and, what is more than opinion, let their practice be appealed to on the subject. Sir T. Lawrence is not accused, at least, of anatomical pedantry; but he is a deep anatomist. Of living names, it is, however, a delicate matter to speak, though I should fearlessly, if it were necessary, leave the test of the question to modern names.

But without presumptuously offering to gauge the individual rank and priorities in so illustrious a body of men as our native artists, I appeal to departed genius. If this addiction to science be so servile a feeling, as the Edinburgh Reviewer represents, why, at the head of the "*ser-vum pecus*" of hard scientific students, do we find Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci? Parmegiano follows them, a name identified with elegance and beauty. These were the masters of form; but Titian, Rubens, and Tintoretto, the three greatest of colourists, and who ought to have been least anxious about form, were inquisitive and laborious anatomists. Going back to the revivers of sculpture, we find Donatello painfully sedulous in studying deeper than the surface of Nature; and equally inquisitive was John di Bologna, the scholar of Michael Angelo. A friend of mine has drawings of his in his possession, which show him to have been a profound anatomist. Correggio, we shall possibly be told, was guessed not to be so deep in the science, and yet he was a great man. Yes; but how has this fact been guessed at? Why, by his acknowledged defect—his want of truth in drawing: so that the exception, instead of weakening, establishes the rule. Let the student of art therefore believe, that those who exhort him to the mere surface observation of Nature, are themselves but superficial observers.

That Flaxman, in all his discourse about the usefulness of science to art, meant not to palm either anatomical or any other species of acquired knowledge upon the student in lieu of original inspiration, is evident from his own words.

"All rules," he says, "all critical discourses can but awaken the intelligence and stimulate the will for a beginning of that which is to be done. They may be compared to the scaffolding for raising a magnificent palace; it is neither the building, nor the decoration, nor the workman's indispensable help in erecting the walls which enclose the apartments, and which may afterwards be enriched with the most splendid ornaments. Every sculptor and painter feels a conviction that a considerable portion of science is requisite for the production of liberal art, but he will be equally convinced, that whatever is produced from rules and principles only, added to the most exquisite manual labour, is no more than a mechanical work. Sentiment is the life and soul of fine art, without which it is all a dead letter. It gives a sterling value, an irresistible charm, to the rudest imagery or most unpractised scrawl. By this quality a firm alliance is formed with the affections in all works of art; with an earnest watchfulness for their preservation, we are made to perceive and feel the most terrific subjects, following the course of sentiment through the current and mazes of sentiment and passion, to the most delicate and tender ties and sympathies."



I have possibly done injustice, though little intending it, to this work, by dwelling so much on the allowance to be made for the difference of scope which an artist's genius enjoys in a didactic and in a practical capacity, and I have now left myself too little room for such extracts as would illustrate the author's power much better than my remarks. It seems to me to convey pure and sound principles of art; and if the Edinburgh Reviewer perceives dogmatism in Flaxman's tone of lecturing, I can only say that his ear is more sensitive to that quality, and more experienced in detecting it, than I can pretend to be. I have a suspicion, too, that the generality of good judges will discover quite as much taste in the Professor's old traditionary maxims as in the Edinburgh Reviewer's discoveries, that the godlike forms of Greek sculpture are but stuck-up gods and goddesses, and that art can leap at one vast bound from its cradle to its grave. So vast a leap reminds me of the Irishman, who having tumbled from the gallery of Dublin theatre into the pit, alighted on his feet, and being asked by a by-stander, "Where the Devil did you come from?" answered, "From the County Kerry." Grecian art performed no such somerset. From its infancy to its extinction, there were more than 1000 years, and its positive beauty endured several centuries. Bupalus and Anthemus, twenty Olympiads before Phidias, produced works which were afterwards placed in Rome by Augustus among the wonders of Sculpture. The art *then* was surely beyond its cradle, and Pliny mentions artists long after Praxiteles and the Alexandrian age, who evinced that sculpture was not yet in her coffin. That its most perfect state in Greece lasted little more than a century, is no proof that its career was short; any more than the sun, being but for a few hours in the highest arc of his horizon, proves the shortness of a summer's day. Flaxman is justified in saying that Art is long, and life is short.

The didactic chapters of this work are very distinct, and I should suppose would prove to the student exceedingly useful: but it is the historic part which makes it chiefly entertaining to the general reader. In speaking of Egyptian sculpture, he remarkably simplifies a multifarious subject, and reduces into a short view the substance of modern discoveries. In the history of Italian art we might have expected him to be interesting, from the nature of the subject; but he meets us by surprise as an agreeable teacher in the history of old English Sculpture. From the statuary forms in our venerable cathedrals, the commonplace observer would be apt to turn away, for fear of compromising the dignity of his taste by noticing their existence. Not so Flaxman;—his pure and penetrating love of the beautiful detects the expression of interesting sentiment, even where it dawns through the most primitive inefficiency of execution; and we follow him among those old statues as we should listen to Sir Walter Scott pointing out to us traits of beauty in the earliest ballads of our poetry, amidst its shapeless diction and uncouthest metres.

I must cease, however, to interpose between Flaxman and his readers. When they meet, the latter will forgive my tediousness, for my good intentions in bringing them together.

T C.



## THE LAST NIGHT OF THE LAST YEAR.—IRELAND AS IT IS !

BY LADY MORGAN.

HAPPINESS is no abstraction. All that concerns the real interests of life, that makes its pleasures and its pains, its well or its ill being, is referable to fact; it is positive, it is tangible; and when people talk of ideal misery and of fancied woe, they talk idly or ignorantly. The hypochondriac, who conceits himself the most unhappy of teapots, “tremblingly alive at every *pour*,” though not a suffering teapot, is still a very unhappy person. The *mal-aise* which inspires the illusion exists, deep-seated, and life-wearing; the form it assumes is the fantastic symptom of a real malady. The modes of happiness, however, depend upon the temperament, the intellect, and views of the individual. There are some who seek their’s in the gratification of bitter and bilious passions; who triumph in discord, enjoy dissension, delight in the disparity of positions, and know not any self-satisfaction that is not based in self-supremacy. Supremacy is but another word for division; it is discord, it is inequality. Its results are privilege and prostration—the sources of national misery and national feebleness; the fonts of a deadly poison, which, circulating through the heart’s core, disseminates its venom to the remotest ramifications of society, and strikes with a common palsy the noblest and the least influential of its members. There is another class of persons, whose happiness is dependent upon the general happiness of the community, of which they are members. Persons thus constituted, cannot enjoy, while the greater number of their fellow-citizens suffer. To them, all discords in society, like those of sound to the fine ear of the practised musician, are harsh and grating, and communicate an unwonted vibration to every fibre, which thrills with an intolerable jar through every nerve. Independently of personal interests and worldly leanings, there is a physical constitution which gives colour and character to men’s views, and predisposes, by its various modifications, to a diversity of opinions on passing events. To the well-organized and happier-minded portion of the species be these pages, then, addressed. To those of a more disgracious frame, who rejoice in the aspect of evil, and dwell only on the imperfections of the noblest combinations, they will afford no pleasure, and bring no conviction.

If a great man struggling with adversity be the sublimest of all objects of mundane contemplation, a great nation, the struggles of which are over, and the discordant elements of which, after a lapse of ages, are gradually uniting in one common bond of interest and amity, is the most gratifying. It affords the most blessed aspect of humanity that even a stoical philanthropy can desire, or the selfish wisdom of epicureanism propose. The great historical picture may, indeed, be but roughly sketched; it may be more admirable for the boldness of its outline, than for the minuteness of its details; but, like the hand chalked on the walls of the Roman villa by Michael Angelo, the *prima intenzione* is there, and the faintest touch indicates the future excellence of the vast design, when time shall have given it the full depth of its tone, and realized all the anticipated conceptions of the master-mind from which it emanated. One of the most gracious and graphic illustrations of the state of things in Ireland, here alluded to, though on a miniature scale, was presented in an assembly at the Vice-regal Lodge, on the last night of the last



year. It was the re-union of the leading families, of all sects and all parties, under the auspices of hosts, who in fulfilling, to the letter, the parting injunctions of the monarch they represent, seem merely to obey their own benevolent tendencies, and to move from an innate impulse of peace and conciliation. The hours which preceded the close of the year were passed in the midst of joyous faces and the sounds of joyous music, to which the gay bounding of youthful feet and youthful spirits beat time in unison. Parents long opposed in the acrimony of party, who had rarely met but in public contest, or in private animosity, now looked on upon the dance of oblivion, in which their children mingled promiscuously. Hands were given and clasped, that were no longer to be raised in hereditary hostility. Mutual graces were mutually acknowledged, without pausing to inquire the creed they decorated or the politics they embellished. The first in the land, for rank and for descent, found their faith no bar to the distinctions of their inheritance. They heard their historical names mingled with those of the descendants of another race, another sect, and another opinion; and exchanged with them those gentle courtesies, and small charities of life, which upon the stage of the ball-room, as in the more important theatres of the world, assist so powerfully to adorn and to ennoble it. This was a "glorious, golden opportunity" for seeing the Irish character in all its inherent sociability and brilliant gaiety; when the acrimony of faction, by a process, worth all the experiments of alchemy, was turned into the essential spirit of mirth and enjoyment—when all felt too happy to ask how others thought; and when the orange and green mingled brightly and beautifully, as where nature has blended them, in that perennial plant which images immortality itself. Whoever would see the Irish in their happiest phasis, must seek them under the influence of their social affections, under the inspiration of movement and music, calling forth all the better impulses of their organization to pleasure and enjoyment. "The Irish," says a fair and noble historian, with a felicity of phrase which Hume or Leland would never have ventured on—"the Irish are a frolicsome people." The term is the most strictly applicable to the national temperament that could possibly be applied. The Irish *are* a frolicsome people. Turlogh Carolan, the last of their bards, himself the very soul of frolic, describes them as dancing in the air, and applies to them the poetical epithet of "air-lifted." Even their Anglo-Saxon satirists have given them wings, the attribute of ethereal spirits, mistakingly applied in ridicule; and the darkest and direst of their tyrants, Henry VIII. when asked to give them armorial bearings, conferred on them their own harp, full strung—though, by adding the weight of his crown, he somewhat dulled its vibrations. Whoever had seen the gay representatives of their native country, dance out the last night of the last year, or quaff at midnight the sparkling champagne "to the glorious and immortal memory" of the happiest year which Ireland had yet to record—whoever had witnessed, as I did, that scene of social festivity and national conciliation, would have felt the full value of the *naïve* epithet of the charming annalist, and would have confessed, that the Irish, of all parties and colours, are an essentially "frolicsome people." Was this, then, a people to be ruled by the curb, and driven by the lash? Was this a people to be embittered by religious intolerance and sectarian bigotry? to be tortured into



despondency and debased into prostration? Was this a people to be separated and drafted into eternally-opposing factions, banded for mutual destruction, under the state maxim of "divide and govern?"—the maxim of barbarous times and barbarous men, which destroyed the free states of Greece and Italy; the maxim of a narrow and ferocious policy, which quenched the chivalrous spirit of France, and prepared the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the revocation of the edict of Nantes; and, last and worst, the maxim which originated, and would have perpetuated, the atrocities of the penal statutes of Ireland! That such a maxim should have so long been the predominant principle by which a nation was ruled in darkness and in tribulation, while all around was brightening in the illuminated spirit of the age, seems a solecism only to be explained by the grappling force with which early habits of thinking sometimes maintain their hold over the strongest minds, in despite of evidence and demonstrative reason. Men, sane and sensible on all other subjects, were mad on this: and they acted like the lunatic, who, being permitted to walk at large during his lucid intervals, led his keeper by specious argument to the brink of a precipice, and then, in his sudden revulsion of folly, flung the victim headlong down, and laughed and triumphed in the destruction he had made. The hour was, however, to come, inevitably to come, when the great spring of the "infernal machine" of the old state policy was no longer to form the *primum mobile* of legislation; when to "forgive and to forget" was to be adopted as the ruling principle of government and of people. The hour has come—too late, indeed, for many a true heart broken, for many a true spirit blasted—for many a useful life sacrificed—for many a useless crime perpetrated; too late to stop the overwhelming influence of more guilt, and woe, and suffering, than suffice to madden a nation into moral anarchy, to steep it in intellectual darkness, and to plunge it into wretchedness and physical privation greater than the history of any other civilized nation on earth can example. Still the hour has come, the word of peace has gone forth; and, if the sun of national redemption is but yet in its dawn, far, very far from its meridian brightness, its beneficent influence is already visible in shadows gradually dispersing, in mists clearing away, and in the fair developement of many a budding charity, no longer nipped and withered beneath the rage and sweep of the social elements. The morning of national hope, like that of the natural day, now rises in light and life. Its spirit is moving upon the troubled waters of political contention, and allaying their fearful turbulence as it brightens their surface. It is invigorating the patriot's aspirations, and throwing its beams into the dark and secret hold of faction. It is infusing a genial heat through the whole circulation of society, and producing on the moral world all the benign effects which the luminary, whence the illustrative image is borrowed, produces in physical nature. Praise then to him, praise the highest and the best merited, the praise of moral courage, (beyond all the glory to be won in field and fray,) to him, who vanquishing himself, after vanquishing others, laid the prejudices of a life at the feet of a sincere though late conviction; and who, by the force of a mastering volition, at once cut the Gordian knot of a nation's thralldom, and set free the land that always boasted, and now glories in his birth. Praise also to them, (who, representing a government, the first, perhaps,



which could with perfect propriety be called national,) who, standing on the very ground where the battle was fought and won, in the midst of the people for whom this Irish Magna Charta has been obtained, act with the country rather than for it, assimilate their habits, manners, and daily details of life to those of the people, and who no longer considering patriotism as ground for proscription, receive, with indiscriminate courtesy, those who have loved Ireland, not always, perhaps, “wisely, but too well.”

As I stood, on the last night of the last year, on a spot I had occupied a twelvemonth back, surveying the same forms of representation performed by other actors, I could not fail to recall the very different sensations which the same images then awakened. The former night I allude to, was the last on which the Marquess of Anglesey received the adieus of those whose position permitted their offering them in person. The feelings which that scene had roused, the opinions which it confirmed, and the old reminiscences which it called into life from the “vasty deep” of memory, originated a paper in this periodical, that, for the sake of its illustrious theme, found favour in the public sight. It was but a sort of Irish lament, in which I raised the wild Ulaloo of my country over the departure of one of her best friends and truest champions, and in which, like other “Keeners,” I interrogated the departed subject of my own and of a nation’s regrets with the usual Irish question, “Arrah! why did you go? and when will the sun rise on your likes?” Why, indeed! asked Ireland; for it was startled by the event, and loud in its expression of the fears and indignation it occasioned. The general belief was, that the recall of Lord Anglesey would be the signal for a return to that system which had for ages desolated the country, and steeped its soil in the blood of its children. The long-ascendant party encouraged the idea; and those in the party most opposed to them, believed and deprecated it. For myself, in the impatience and petulance of my sex and country, I quenched the sod on the hearth, put the key under the thatch, and, after the manner of those in Ireland, who “fall into trouble,” set forth to “walk the world” till better times should restore me and mine to the home of our affections and the land of our devotion. We *have* been restored to them; and that too in such a “brief and petty space of time,” that credulity scarce credits the evidence of the events which have occurred, and of the good that has been realized, during the short interval of our absenteeism. We have returned to witness an improvement in all the forms and combinations of social and political life, such as, but a few months back, “came not within the prospect of belief.”

Still, the great political storm, which had so long agitated and disturbed all the natural relations of life, (though now broken up and slowly hushing into quiet,) continues audible in its impotent mutterings, and leaves the echoes of its former fury behind it. Passion and faction are still vehement on the actual condition of Ireland. It is the interest of a party, no longer borne up by an unjust ascendancy, to avert from itself the ridicule of false prophecy, by preaching that Emancipation has done as little, as its opponents had predicted, for the peace of the country; and to justify the assertion by magnifying every outrage, and by inventing tales of disorder, where the truth offers no text for such mischievous distortion. Many too, “of the adverse faction,” whose



ambitious interests blending intimately with acquired habits of agitation, lead them to give, unconsciously, a false colour to existing circumstances, appeal to the statistic misery of the land, as an evidence of the fitness of ulterior measures, which alarm the timid, and startle the patriotism of those more dispassionate judges of the necessities of the times, who feel that the first and greatest desideratum in Irish politics, at this peculiar epoch, is—repose. In the political, as in the physical world, masses once set in motion must be allowed to expend their acquired impetus before the cessation of the moving cause can be followed by absolute rest. Acts of Parliament which provide for the external conduct of men have no jurisdiction over their affections; and bills brought in will not prevent the passions from breaking out, which yield only to the touch of time, and to the despotism of facts. Independently, also, of these general causes of excitement, much is still doing on personal speculation to drive the dove with its olive-branch from settling on the ark of national union. The Orange, or rather the Church press, increases in violence and vituperation, as it decreases in influence and circulation; and strives, by maddening and scaring the ignorant and the desperate, to make amends for the defection of the clear-sighted and more moderate of the Protestant party. The interested zeal of sectarian missionaries, also, (the *boute-feux* of inflammable feebleness,) keeps alive religious rancour, and agitates the Catholic society by wanton insult and polemic uncharitableness; while the rhetorical ambition of many of the younger Ciceros of the Association rostrum, scarcely yet reconciled to an order of things fatal to their hopes of distinction, breaks out, from time to time, in passionate invective at the disappointment of exaggerated hopes, or the kindling of renewed jealousies. The great spirit, too, which directed the political hurricane, and guided the storm that purified, without settling, the atmosphere, has not yet worn out *his* high excitements. The pulse which was worked up to a delirious throb, has not had time to return to the regular beat of health. The flush and fever of preternatural animation, which burned upon the surface, has not yet “retreated to the citadel of the heart;” and the deep breathings of unexhausted passion still attest the strength of that almost superhuman vitality, which, in evil or in good, is so powerful and so perilous. The agricultural classes, likewise, continue to exercise their unregulated energies in defence of fanciful rights, or in summary redress of too real wrongs. Roused from the lair of brutalizing despondency, and taught to feel their misery, (the first step in the regeneration of the degraded people,) they have been led to think under all the perversity of ignorance. Seeing in the one sole act of Emancipation, the relief of all their sufferings, the lessening of their tithes, the enlargement of the turf-stack, and the swelling of the potato-ridge, their mortification and impatience are proportioned to the unreasonableness of their anticipations. They did not, indeed, extend their views to the *poule au pot* of the patriot king; but they did believe that Emancipation would give them “a bed to die on,” meat to celebrate the church festivals, and milk to moisten the dry potato! Such is the Millennium of the Irish peasant; but as yet they see no signs of its happy advent; and the hope deferred sickens their heart, and urges them to seek that wild justice which is ever the refuge of the desperate and the disappointed. The manufacturing classes, though they never mixed up their



miseries with a measure which could evidently confer on them no immediate benefit, have, during the last year, felt the pressure of a more than ordinary accumulation of wretchedness; and with arms crossed on their motionless looms, they send from their dreary sheds (in that dreadful quarter of the metropolis where lonely misery of all kinds retires to suffer and to die,) the appalling complaint of unavailing industry, and unprized and unrewarded ingenuity. The desk aristocracy, which in Ireland succeeded to the aristocracy of the land, has also received a shock which has swelled the cry of popular disquiet; for they have seen, with mortification, the ranks of high society thrown open to all, who by their condition in life, or accidental position, from their wealth, talent, or consideration, are entitled to fill them. No anti-patriotic St. Peter of the court paradise now clanks his key of office, as, in his own brief and petty authority, he opens or shuts its narrow gates to the exclusives or the excluded. *That* Othello's occupation is gone; and all such *roles de remplissage* are reduced to the part of walking gentlemen in a genteel comedy. But if the Catholic gentry are in a few instances still heaving and restless, and ready, like their farcical representative, to "fight, or fall in love, or any other diversion," their energies are no longer directed against their Protestant oppressor; but, like those of their forefathers of old, are turned against each other. Chief now meets chief in stirring contest for a county's favour; and giving a national colour to his guerrilla warfare, he struggles for supremacy in public opinion, and to prove who is worthiest to serve that country, which his former unhappy condition had hitherto obliged him to distract. Taken as a mass, the Catholic gentry are enthusiastically grateful for the great measure, which has prepared the redemption of the land; and they are wisely willing to wait for its inevitable results, till the coming on of that time which is necessary to give it its full and entire effect.

If the peasantry are still disturbing the provinces by acts of violence, be it remembered that agricultural distress was never more appalling, or more deeply felt, than at the present moment. During the current year, prices have, beyond example, sunk under the diminished consumption of the English customers. But, independent of such temporary causes, there is "something rotten in the state" of the cultivator that requires the mature consideration of the wisest and most dispassionate statesmen; something which cannot be removed by a *coup-de-main*, but requires the combined intelligence and virtue of the whole nation to fathom and to rectify. In the mean while, it is a matter of infinite value, both to present peace and to future hope, that the deep-seated causes of agrarian disturbance are no longer complicated with religious discord; and that statistical discontents will not, for the future, be aggravated by political degradation. Upon the revival of agriculture, and the formation of a thriving body of yeomanry in the land, depends intimately the revival of manufactures. The middle classes alone afford that steady and unvarying demand, which enables the manufacturer to conduct his operations with foresight and security. The want of this class has been felt, more particularly by the silk trade, from the first moment of its establishment in Dublin. At all times, that branch of industry has existed in a fluctuating and precarious condition. Now, however, that, in addition to all domestic obstacles, it



has had to contend against the consequences of English speculation and English embarrassment, it has suddenly sunk into a state of palsy and stagnation, unprecedented even in the annals of Irish misery. With a mass of physical wretchedness thus appalling, combined with the sudden influx of political knowledge on the people through the channels of a free press, (especially under the recent influence of the Catholic Association,) great and deep discontent must inevitably prevail. The causes of this statistic condition may be summed up in the one fact of bad government; of which government, Catholic slavery was an efficient instrument, and, at the same time, an unequivocal gage. Whether that slavery be taken as a disturbing cause in society, or as a test of the disposition of the governors towards the governed, it is equally clear that Emancipation was a necessary prelude to the reorganization of the social condition of the country. So far, the connexion of the two is evident. But to suppose that the great preliminary act of national justice was, in itself, the “be all and the end all” of legislative exertion—that, alone and unassisted, it would make two blades of grass grow where one only had hitherto been produced,—is the induction of the blindest ignorance, or the grossest misrepresentation. Every clear-sighted advocate of Emancipation expected that, after the first flush of joy at the carrying of that measure, some revulsion of feeling must ensue from the disappointed hopes of the peasantry, whose attention had been so long fixed on that one great and apparent cause of their long suffering, to the exclusion of all others; and considering the recent accession of distress from accidental causes, the only matter of rational surprise is, that this discontent is not louder and more universal. To render Ireland a flourishing and happy nation, a vast, combined, persevering, and felicitous exertion of legislative and ministerial ability is necessary. In matters of government it is easy to do evil; but good is slowly and painfully developed; and much more is requisite than “good intentions,” or the charlatanry of a generosity unfounded in justice. In the mean while the condition of the unemployed poor is matter of urgent and instant concern. In the single liberty of Dublin alone, above 7000 workmen of the first class for industry and intelligence, (over and above the immense mass of common mendicity,) are thrown upon the charity of the public, and cannot await the slow operation of laws yet to be devised. It is this fact which has rendered necessary the recurrence to measures, which political economy would otherwise repudiate; and justified the attempt to bolster by artificial means a manufactory, upon which such numbers depend for their daily bread. Wisely, no less than benevolently, have they, whose province it is to lead the fashion, placed themselves forward to encourage the use of domestic fabrics, and to revive the drooping spirits of a body, sunk in the extreme of unmerited wretchedness. Feeble and inefficient as such efforts must in the long run prove, their instant and immediate effects are of essential utility; and, at all events, they will do no little service if they supersede the positively mischievous fervour of that crusading proselytism, which has so long taken the direction of public charity, to send abroad the superfluities of the rich, for the conversion of Jews, Hindoos, and Mahometans, while the miserable, at home, have been suffered to pine in neglect, or at best to receive but an inadequate succour. The pur-



chase of one tabinet dress is said to feed an industrious family for a week; and as poverty is the prolific mother of crime, souls may be saved in Dublin as effectually as by entrusting Mr. Wolf with the pecuniary means of *enlightening* the Grand Signor, or of leading into the path of righteousness that very self-willed stray sheep, the Pacha of Egypt. The example of the illustrious English lady, who is now placed at the head of female society in Ireland, by directing charity to the encouragement of native industry, tends powerfully to spread the knowledge of doing good in the best way. The public mind, no longer urged by a bad law to the cultivation of religious dissensions, is more favourably placed for improving by reflection, and for seeking that intellectual and moral education, which, though so loudly called for on behalf of the poor, is not less strikingly deficient in the persons of the rich. In this, as in other things, saints and sinners equally look to the high places; and in seeking to be admitted by the same door to the supreme *bon ton* of charity and of fashion, they may learn to shape their benevolence, so that the ends may be somewhat more proportionate to the means.

Amidst these various lingerings of unsubdued evils and imperfect buddings of unripe good, the Government has neither been idle nor indifferent. The recent appointments to the magistracy have been generally favourable to the Catholics and tend to restore them to their proper influence in the administration of justice. The nomination of sheriffs will also call into immediate activity many Catholic gentlemen, who, if they use their power discreetly, may do much to neutralize the jury box. Even before the passing of the bill, the vacant chairs of "assistant barristers," had been almost exclusively filled from the Catholic or Liberal Protestant bar; and the names of Curran, Wolf, Howley, &c. are pledges of the desire of Government to place the two religions on a perfect equality before the law. That more has not been done,\* that some circumstances of an untoward nature have occurred to disturb the confidence of the Catholics, is much to be lamented. But the candid will allow that the path of a liberal ministry is neither smooth nor exempt from thorns. One leading individual from among the most active of Catholic agitators, one the most brilliant of their orators, whose good taste and feeling, when removed from the heated atmosphere of the Corn Exchange, fully second a clear and prompt judgment, has admitted that the wealth of the high Protestant party must give them a greater weight in the State than, under present circumstances, is favourable to vigorous measures of conciliation. The unpaid magistrates, also, cannot be sifted at a sitting, nor factious partizans be driven *en masse* from the bench, without endangering the peace of the country. The local government has likewise been much restrained in its efforts at statistical amelioration by the apathy of Parliament. Reports upon reports have been ordered, and costly commissions appointed to inquire into abuses, yet nothing has been done by the legislature in compliance with their suggestions. That a general

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\* The distribution of a few silk gowns among the Catholic bar, and above all the taking the twenty-five thousand pounds devoted to the education of the poor, from the hands of that junta of fanatics, the Kildare-street Society, are measures as easy to be effected, as they would be popular and wise.

and just feeling for Ireland is growing both among Parliament and people is evident, though its developement is far too slow for the urgency of the nation's wants. In this feeling the Ministry no less evidently participate: but to give their good dispositions efficacy, they must possess the confidence of Irishmen. Strength must not be given to an illiberal opposition by needless agitation of hopeless and equivocal questions. Time, above all things, must be granted, and an "ignorant impatience" must not be suffered to thwart designs, which require all the power, intellectual and political, of the friends of Ireland, to carry into execution. In this generous confidence, no neglect of pressing evils is involved. More, indeed, may be done by establishing a good intelligence between the people and the government, than can be hoped from a system of mutual distrust and irritation. This the nation at large feels. The great question has been carried, the great impediment has been removed; and the mass of Irish intelligence is satisfied for the present, and full of hope for the future. Though the exaggerated of all parties may nourish dislikes, and foment suspicions,

" 'Till they can rail the seal from off the bond,  
They but offend their lungs to speak so loud."

In the mean time will the wealthiest gentry of the land, they who can afford to run from the disorders their absence has so greatly increased,—will they still stand aloof, and leave the people and the Parliament to struggle for the national existence and prosperity? Will they, now that the great obstacle to peace and tranquillity is removed, continue to indulge an anti-national egotism, and perpetuate an absenteeism, which renders them no less ridiculous abroad than unpopular at home? The most considerable fortunes, Catholic no less than Protestant, are expended in almost every country of Europe but that from the soil and industry of which they are derived. Incomes which scarcely purchase a place in the second-rate circles of London and Paris would, if spent at home, place their owners at the head of Irish consideration, while they fed the industry of the people, and improved the civilization of the land. When the account is properly cast up between a contemptible absenteeism and an honourable residence in Ireland, the sum of satisfaction will be found on the side of duty; and the Irish gentry should know, that it is in their power to make that their first best country, which the accident of their birth has designated as their especial home.

S. M.\*

*Kildare-street, Jan. 19, 1830.*

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\* The Article in a former Number, called "A Saison in Dublin," was not, as some have supposed, the production of any member of Lady Morgan's family.



## THE BACCHANALIANS.

*A Fact.*

PASSING, the other day, before  
 A certain Brighton ale-house door,  
 I saw three fellows, (labourers, I ween,)  
 Drinking and joking,  
 Laughing and smoking,  
 As merry as three fellows e'er were seen.  
 One fool, they say, makes many; and the heart,  
 With gladness buoyant, will its joy impart:  
 So the infection of their mirth I caught;  
 And, nodding as I pass'd, I cried, "Here's to ye,  
 My jolly *Bacchanalians*!—Good may't do ye!"  
 Heaven knows, offence I neither meant nor thought.  
 They look'd at me, and then at one-another,  
 Banging their pipes and pitchers on the table;  
 Then, proudly tried their rising wrath to smother,  
 Looking as dignified as—they were able.  
 Hob Harrison, their chairman, rose,  
 And wink'd, most sapiently, at t'other two;  
 Which meant, as every Tyro knows,  
 "Just see, now, what I'll do."  
 You've seen an angry turkey?  
 "Quinke—quankee—quirkee!"  
 Observe some prating demagogue; or any  
 Amongst the would-be, vain, pretending many  
 Who fain would swagger and seem big:  
 By dint of trying to look wise he looks  
 (I swear it by my newest oath—*adzooks*!)  
 As stupid as a pig.  
 But, in this case, I humbly make my bow  
 To Mister Pig, and, frankly, do avow  
 That pigs, in need of such comparison,  
 Might cite Hob Harrison.  
 "Sir," said the spokesman—"I'm a thinking man,—  
 "I'm *equal*—and—deny it, if you can—  
 "Besides, I'm one of the co-operatives,  
 "And writes, and reads; and ponders half my nights,  
 "Like others, how to set the world to-rights;  
 "As sitch, I'll not be treated,  
 "Nor yet brow-beated,  
 "Like one of our unlearned natives."—  
 "I'm sorry I've displeas'd you, friends,"  
 Said I, "but how I cannot understand;  
 "No matter—come—to make amends,  
 "My merry *bacchanalians*, here's my hand."  
 "Dang me," cried Hob, "but this here *is* too bad,  
 "So let us have no more o' that, my lad:  
 "'Tis shame, whatever you may think,  
 "To mock and sneer at us poor folk;  
 "We drinks what we can get to drink,  
 "And smokes what we can get to smoke;  
 "And if it be but *ale* and *backy*,  
 "We *pays* for it, you Dandy Jacky.  
 "That's more than you can say, mayhap,  
 "For your *Cigars* and *Wine*, my dainty chap.  
 "But should the tables turn, my lad,  
 "As they are like to do,  
 "Methinks you'll be tarnation glad  
 "To be a *backy-ale-un* too."

## HUCKNALL TORKARD : BYRON'S LAST REST.

“ Yet was I born where men are proud to be,  
 Not without cause ; and should I leave behind  
 The inviolate Island of the sage and free,  
 And seek me out a home by a remoter sea—

“ Perhaps I lov'd it well, and should I lay  
 My ashes in a soil which is not mine,  
 My spirit shall resume it—if we may,  
 Unbodied, choose a sanctuary.”—*Childe Harold*, canto IV.

How forcibly do these lines—the outpouring fervour of remorseful tenderness—recur to the mind in contemplating the premature fate of Byron ! The mournful presentiment so awfully realized, throws a softened halo of melancholy grandeur around the last scene of his brief, yet glorious career. “ The pilgrimage of Childe Harolde ” is ended—the lyre, the unearthly breathings of which responded to the sweeping blasts of tumultuous passion, is hushed in the drear silence of the grave ; and the fitful glimmering spark, which blazed forth with such portentous lustre, is at length extinguished in one eternal night of gloom ! The first shock is over, and men no longer gaze around them with a kind of fearful incredulity, as when the full burst of lamentation sounded in their astounded ears, “ How are the mighty fallen and the weapons of war perished ! ”

Yet are there times in which the mind experiences a powerful re-action—seasons which rekindle our enthusiasm for the vanished great—and scenes which, by the recollections they recall, tacitly reproach us for the oblivious influence of care-consuming Time. Of such a nature were my reflections on a visit to the tomb of Byron. I remember well my sensations on the first account of his death—sensations which I felt in common with a countless throng of inordinate idolaters.

With sensibilities retouched and refined by Time, I paid my first visit to the tomb of Byron in the Summer of the year 1828.

Should the reader be one of those matter-of-fact personages inclined to treat these fugitive regrets and exuberant feelings as the wild flights of an insane imagination, I beg that he will turn over a few leaves, and leave me to the mercy of more indulgent auditors, who may not think it necessary to exercise the severity of frigid censure upon a harmless deviation from the common highway, *mais n'importe*,—he is welcome to blow the icy breath of apathy upon my sentimentalizing meanderings, my enthusiasm bids defiance to his sullen incantations ; unless, indeed, which is not a very probable case, he could chain down the first springs—the fountain-head—the fruitful source of all such visionary absurdities.

I am critic-proof here. Nature is on my side, and even “ Nature's true idiot,” I prefer to the world's tricked-out goddess—the automaton of conventional suffrage—the mocking-bird of the peopled desert—the servile copyist of degraded humanity !—But to return to my subject.

One is so accustomed to unite corresponding images with certain things, and appropriate embellishments to peculiar situations, that a painful revulsion takes place in the mind whenever these pleasing associations, which have been intimately blended in our imagination, become abruptly disunited. For instance, we picture the resting-place



of a hero amongst the venerable remnants of national grandeur surrounded by the tributary spoils of art and science. Who, that has ever visited the tomb of Napoleon, but feels an inward conviction of its suitability to the mysterious destiny of a mighty fallen! The loneliness of the spot—the barren sea-girt mountains which enclose his dreary sepulchre, together with the drooping willow, the ministering shadows of which alone indicate the dark prison-house of Europe's conqueror, present so many lively touching images of vanished isolated sovereignty, and the fast-rooted verdant attachment of self-exiled friendship. The grave of a poet naturally suggests every classical idea. At the tomb of Virgil; that of the Paraclete lovers; the cemetery of Père La Chaise, with its tasteful decorations; the Moravian burying-grounds, those quiet horticultural dwelling-places of faded mortality, we conjure up every fanciful description we have ever read or imagined in which man has sought to immortalize the memory of the illustrious great. Vain fleeting records though they be, yet how soothing, how refreshing to the eye of survivors, is the dim memorial which reminds us of their claims upon our recollection!

Lord Byron has been so often identified with the wild offspring of his vagrant fancy, that he seems to stand in lonely majesty, detached from earthly sympathies; yet, if we take the testimony of his own confession, how fondly did he cling to them!

His last wishes were gratified; his ashes repose with kindred dust in the ancient family vault; yet it appeared to me, in gazing upon a scene so little in harmony with our impressions, as if the poet was lost in the peer, and the citizen of the world annihilated by the cold forms of aristocratical pride. The loftiest images, the noblest conceptions of genius, the most beautiful gifts of nature, are profusely scattered around the remembrance of Byron—how are these soaring imaginations realized? Alas! for the high-wrought enthusiast, in whose prolific brain, cypress groves and laurelled bowers spring up in rich abundance—Hucknall Torkard is the most un-romantic spot on the face of the globe.

Only conceive, gentle reader, a long, straggling, manufacturing village, branching off into dirty lanes and miserable-looking courts, in the midst of which stands the church—a sanctuary, the clumsy proportions and interior decorations of which bear strong marks of the barbarous hand of vulgar taste.

Here, amidst the jarring and dissonant sounds of the stocking-frame, mingling with the coarse voices of the sickly-looking weavers bawling out the homely strains of the conventicle, or the shrill pipes of the noisy urchins tumbling over the grave-stones,—rests the mortal part of him, who was not alone the poet of his age and country, but the bard of many countries, and of future generations! Our first inquiry, on entering the village, was for the parish-clerk, whose residence was pointed out to us at the farthest extremity of the town. At our approach to the place, the clerical factotum slowly emerged from a file of glaring brick dwelling-houses, wearying the eye with their dull sameness of architecture.

Awkwardly bobbing his head, with a few brief words of courtesy, uttered in a low, broad dialect, as he jingled his bunch of keys, the

clerk proposed a short cut across the fields, to which, as the public road was both hot and dusty, we gladly consented.

During the walk, several questions were put to our guide, relative to the number and quality of the visitors at Hucknall Church; and amongst the rest, allusion was made to a celebrated poet and intimate friend of the late Lord Byron, whose recent peregrinations in the neighbourhood had excited much curiosity. Lord Chesterfield's well-known observation, that "no man is a hero to his valet-de-chambre," never met with a truer exemplification than in the barbarous answer of this common-place functionary—"Ay, there wor a little chap here, a month or two ago, flying away on a grey tit; and afore my back wor well turned, he'd flung his cloak on a tomb-stone, and begun scribbling away like mad!"

Whilst I was copying the different inscriptions in the church, the poor man was entering into a laborious detail of all the minutiae connected with the funeral obsequies of the late Lord Byron to our charioteer, who, poor harmless fellow! lent a patient ear to his stupid harangue, not a little puzzled to comprehend why a plain marble tablet should be such an object of attraction, or why a dead Lord should be of more consequence than a living one. Sir John Byron and several members of his family, are interred in Colwich Church, near Nottingham; and there are no other outward vestiges of the Byrons, except the arms, quartered with those of the Molyneux family, on the church wall, a mural monument to the memory of Richard Lord Byron, and a neat tablet inscribed to the late Noel Byron.

#### EPITAPH ON RICHARD LORD BYRON.

"Beneath, in a vault, is interred the body of Richard Lord Byron, who with the rest of his family, being seven brothers, faithfully served King Charles I. in the Civil Wars—who suffered much for their loyalty, and lost all their present fortunes. Yet it pleased God so to bless the honest endeavours of the said Richard Lord Byron, that he repurchased part of their ancient inheritance, which he left to his posterity, with a laudable memory for his great piety and charity. In the same vault is interred the Lady Elizabeth, his first wife, daughter of George Russel, by whom he had ten children; and the Lady Elizabeth, his second wife, daughter to Sir George Booth, Bart. who appointed this monument to be erected to the memory of her dear husband, and who, for her great piety and goodness, acquired a name better than that of sons and of daughters."

N.B.—He is registered as buried in the Church of Hucknall Torkard, Oct. 6, 1679.

#### INSCRIPTION ON THE TABLET OF LORD NOEL BYRON.

*Crede Byron.*

In the vault beneath,  
Where many of his Ancestors and his Mother are buried  
Lie the remains of  
George Gordon Noel Byron,  
Lord Byron, of Rochdale,  
In the County of Lancaster,  
The Author of "*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*."  
He was born in London,  
Twenty-second of January, 1788;



He died at Missolonghi, in Western Greece, on the  
 Nineteenth of April, 1824,  
 Engaged in the glorious attempt to restore that  
 Country to her ancient freedom and independence.  
 His sister, the Honourable Augusta Mary Leigh,  
 Placed this tablet to his memory."

N. B. In the vault is an urn, thus inscribed:—

"Within this urn are deposited the heart and the brains of the deceased Lord Noel Byron."

Lord Byron's remains were interred July 16th, 1824; the Tablet was put up in August 1825.

After remaining a short time in the church, the clerk produced an Album—a legacy left by a gentleman poet for the use of the visitors to Lord Byron's tomb. We inserted our names; and the man, very good-naturedly, offered us the use of the book, for the purpose of transcribing those effusions we might wish to pass off as extemporaneous. The offer was very acceptable, as the wilful muse refused to improvisatore on the occasion; and the honest soul parted from us, little suspecting that the contents of his choice volume would, one day, grace the pages of the "New Monthly." Amongst the motley tribe who have sought to immortalise themselves, and their votive offerings, at the shrine of the illustrious bard, I have culled those most conspicuous for merit and originality. A selection like the present may not be unacceptable to the admirer of novelties; and although a year and a half has elapsed since I visited Hucknall church, I presume, from the small number of signatures attached to this slender memorial during the course of four years, that few, if any, additions of importance have been made in this latter interval. Considering the fame of the deceased, they were of trivial import, and chiefly the offerings of stranger hands, stamping the impress of truth on that ancient proverb—"A prophet has no honour in his own country."

*Extracts from the Album kept in the Church of Hucknall Torkard, Notts.*

"To the immortal and illustrious fame of Lord Byron, the first poet of the age in which he lived, these tributes, weak and unworthy of him, but in themselves sincere, are inscribed, with the deepest reverence. July, 1825."

"At this period, no monument—not even so simple a slab as records the death of the humblest villager, had been erected, to mark the spot in which all that is mortal of the greatest man of our day reposes—and he has been buried more than twelve months!"

"JOHN BOWRING, 1825."

"So should it be!—let o'er this grave  
 No monumental banners wave!  
 Let no word speak, no trophy tell  
 Aught that may break the charming spell,  
 By which, as on this sacred ground  
 He kneels, the pilgrim's heart is bound!  
 A still, resistless influence,  
 Unseen, but felt, binds up the sense,  
 While every whisper seems to breathe  
 Of the mighty dead who rests beneath;  
 And though the master-hand is cold,  
 And though the lyre it once controll'd,

Rests mute in death—yet from the gloom,  
Which dwells around this holy tomb,  
Silence breathes out more eloquent  
Than epitaph or monument!  
One laurel-wreath—the poet's crown,  
Is here, by hand unworthy thrown;  
One tear, that so much worth should die,  
Fills, as I kneel, my sorrowing eye!  
This, the simple offering,  
(Poor, but earnest,) which I bring.  
The tear has dried—the wreath shall fade,—  
The hand that twined it, soon be laid  
In cold obstruction—but the fame  
Of *him*, who tear and wreath shall claim  
From most remote posterity,  
While Britain lives, shall never die!—T. B.”

“The Count Pietro Gamba, January 31st, 1825.”

“The Duke of Sussex visited Lord Byron's tomb,—Lieut.-Col. Wildman,  
—Lieut. Charles L'Allemande, October 1824.”

“The Count de Blankerssen, Chamberlain to the King of Prussia, September 1825.”

“William Fletcher visited his ever-to-be-lamented Lord and master's tomb, September 23rd, 1825.—Terence J. Dolan, Mount Pleasant, Dublin, ditto.”

“C. R. Pemberton, (a Wanderer,) 30th July, 1826.

He lies not in obscurity, though here  
This humble dwelling gives his dust a home,  
For Byron has not—ne'er shall have—a tomb!  
That name—the spirit's blaze—will flash its dear  
And animated light for ever there,  
Where thought can roam, where mind can mock the doom  
Of mouldering mortality—the wing  
Of Time will fan into a brighter ray,  
That glory as he passes on his way,  
And o'er that name a lusted record fling,  
More strongly splendid, wider radiating  
Through cloudless and interminable day!  
But if on earth a spot were chosen meet  
For this his earthly part to rest in, well  
Mighty Niagara, and that alone, should tell  
The traveller who yearns that grave to greet—  
That ever rolling stream, his winding-sheet!  
That deep-toned thunder voice his endless knell.

C. R. P.”

“June 22d, 1826, David S. Wilson of Baltimore, United States of America, led, by his admiration of Lord Byron's genius, to visit the consecrated spot where repose his earthly remains.”

“Where art thou? Echo answers—Where? ANON.”

“July 28th, 1826, *Natura il suo face e dopo ruppa la stampa.*”

“The steel-clad giant of the Muse's band,  
The battling spirit of the storm and wreck,  
Hath left this earth for ever! but the fire  
That lit his soul, eternally will blaze;  
And ages rolling on the flood of Time  
Will look on its refulgence with regret,  
His form so early wither'd,—had he lived

\* \* \* \* \*



Who can behold his end without a sigh !  
 The cold and canker'd heart alone, untouch'd,  
 Retains its calmness, and his towering spirit  
 Soars his last flight without a sorrowing sigh  
 From baseness only. ANON."

"August 3d, 1826.—Edward Wright, West Smithfield, London, led by the never-failing laurels of the much-to-be-lamented Bard to visit the tomb of the 'Grand Napoleon of the realms of rhyme,' (See *Don Juan*, Canto II. 55,) particularly recommends to all persons on a like errand, the perusal of those beautiful lines in the 'Giaour' on Death, beginning,

"He who hath bent him o'er the dead," &c.

"September 25th, 1826.—Thomas Sleaf, of the Middle Temple, London, visited the tomb of Lord Byron, the greatest poet of the day, and was induced to do so from the great respect he felt for his memory—he being, in the opinion of the writer, an example for all men, worthy of the name, to follow, in his efforts to release from the bonds of slavery (of the most debasing kind) his fellow creatures."

"March 1, 1827.—John de Braskee, Calcutta."

"Lord Byron, in one of his works gives us the following lines for his own epitaph:—'And be the Spartan's epitaph on me; Sparta had many a worthier son than he;' but every Englishman ought to join in the sentiment I have the pleasure to write, 'England had *never* a nobler son than he.'—John Everard, London, May 14, 1827."

"August 1827,  
 Robert Saunders, }  
 Monime Robinson, } Virginia, United States of America."

"January 2, 1828,—John Schaaf, native of Petersburg, Russia.  
 January 21, 1828,—Thomas Moore."

"The master-mind, the prince of poets, the pride of many nations, is no more! Nothing that can be said by his greatest admirers can add one laurel to the poet's wreath. His fame has taken the best care of itself. I might err, but Shakspeare also says,

——— "'Tis very silly  
 To gild refined gold, or paint the lily.'

R. D., April 7, 1828."

"October 1, 1828,—John Shaw, architect, engaged in the restoration of Newstead Abbey."

"June 13, 1828, E. C.—M. A. C."

\* "Some secret instinct guides my feet; they press  
 The very stone which guards his ashes—less  
 Than thrice their measured paces truly told,  
 Can those *immeasurable* powers enfold  
 Whose bold conceptions of mysterious birth  
 Seem angel-spirits link'd to forms of earth.  
M. A. C."

——— "Till now  
 I have not ask'd where thou liest low,  
 Nor gazed upon the spot;  
 There, flowers or weeds at will might grow,  
 So I beheld them not."—BYRON.

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\* These lines were suggested by the clerk pointing out the writer of them as accidentally standing upon that part of the vault where Lord Byron's coffin was laid.

## THE CHARACTERISTICS OF ROSSINI'S COMPOSITIONS.\*

HAVING thus far endeavoured to take an unbiassed view of the merits and defects of the compositions of Rossini, we propose, in the next place, to consider the effect which they appear to us to have produced upon the vocal art and its professors. And here we feel some regret in declaring, that, upon mature consideration, it is not in our power to speak favourably. On the contrary, we feel persuaded that the art of singing, and the singers themselves have, in more than one respect, been injuriously affected by his compositions. As the charge is serious and unqualified, it behoves us to support it.

The senior portion of our readers will readily confirm our assertion, that formerly,—that is, before the appearance of Rossini's music,—the written vocal part of almost every opera air, excepting absolute bravura songs, was of very simple construction; because it was perfectly understood, that the graces and embellishments were mainly to be supplied by the skill and taste of the singer. This tacit compact was founded on good reasons. Not only taste, feeling, and conception, are different in every singer, but even physical powers and organization, as respects the voice, will be found to differ in every individual. The style, manner, and feeling of one singer will suggest to him, with ease, passages which do not suit so well the disposition or fancy of another, although both may be accomplished artists. Hence the latitude thus judiciously allowed to them was naturally productive of almost infinite, and certainly delightful, variety. The same air sung by Marchesi, Senesino, or Crescentini, although in substance unchanged, presented new charms in the hands of each. Indeed, it formed part of the study of such great artists to devise embellishments and points, different from those introduced by their rivals. These endeavours, while productive of direct novelty and originality, greatly tended to the advancement of the art itself. If it were necessary to illustrate these remarks to such of our readers as can only have an historical knowledge of the times to which we allude, we might quote Velluti as one of the few singers whose taste and style impart to his execution a fascinating individuality of expression, especially as regards embellishment.

Rossini, as soon as the tide of public favour began to manifest itself, usurped the dictatorship over the singers. In his operas, every note which is to proceed from the singer's mouth is written down in the part; every singer, therefore, is expected to sing the same air in the same manner, or at least with the same notes, graces, &c. no matter whether the task thus dictated suit his style and manner, or not. The singer is treated by Rossini as if he were an instrument, or an automaton; the consequence is, that he is doomed to efforts, which, in spite of his assiduity, and even of a high degree of accomplishment and good taste, often expose him to failure. And admitting that he succeed mechanically, the effort is often so apparent, that it creates rather cold approbation than real gratification. The chances of making a strong impression are further lessened by the monotony and sameness of the task imposed; as other singers will have executed the same air, with

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\* Concluded from p. 62.



the same embellishments, note for note. For, not to advert to the risk of attempting a change, or an addition—deemed a sacrilege in the eyes of Rossinists—it is not an easy matter to find room for *pleasing* additions, where the stave is already brimfull. The attempts of Sontag, under such circumstances, are often of a nature not to gain the approbation of the real connoisseur. Malibran, though occasionally rewarded by a brilliant and bold chance hit, has also met with failures. Pasta, firmly as she is guided by her matured taste and judgment, and by the grandeur of genial inspiration, is generally successful in the limited attempts she makes to embellish the embellishments of Rossini, or to replace them by others of her own. As to Velluti, his encounter with Rossini is more a triumph than an act of submission; for Rossini must take back whatever notes or passages the former chooses to dispense with. In fact, the styles of both are strikingly similar; and if the report is as true as it is credible, Rossini formed his style of embellishment upon that of Velluti; and it was only after he had heard, with ecstasy, the latter sing a part in one of his operas, that he imitated Velluti's style of embellishment in his subsequent works; and to make sure of the *fiorimenti* being all sung *à la lettre*, he thenceforth made them part and parcel of the composition itself.

Connected with the above is another and serious injury, which the compositions of Rossini have inflicted upon the vocal art. They have nearly exterminated the *sostenuto* style of singing. The Italian term sufficiently demonstrates its import,—viz. the art of tastefully and impressively sustaining musical sounds, by swelling, holding, and diminishing them. This was formerly an important and essential part of vocal execution, because it afforded one of the chief means of pathetic expression. Feeling, simplicity, and grandeur, can as little be conveyed or portrayed in the frittered and hurried notes of Rossini's usual style, as a sublime prayer can be fitly expressed by the volubility of Mr. Mathews's "patter" in "The Humours of a Fair," or the majesty of Jove by the bustling haste of a twopenny-postman. Sublimity and majesty are physically incompatible with the vivaciousness of the Rossinian triplets and semiquavers. In all the numerous operas of this master, we should be at a loss to name half-a-dozen arias in the genuine cantabile style; and it is no doubt partly owing to this circumstance that the soul is so seldom deeply moved by the performance of any of Rossini's compositions. The example he has set has met with but too many imitators; and if we do not retrace our steps, the *Sostenuto* and *Cantabile* style of singing will soon cease to exist. To our sons and daughters it is, in fact, scarcely known, except as a matter of tradition.

With regard to the singers themselves, we do not hesitate to maintain that they have just cause to complain of Rossini's music. Besides the preposterousness already noticed of dictating the same mode and forms of embellishment to all, the numerous rapid passages, more instrumental than vocal, inflict unnecessary and unprofitable difficulties, and even tend to injure the voice. How frequently do we now meet with failures in these vocal *tours de force*! How seldom are they executed clean and neat! And, when there is no absolute failure, how obvious is the labour employed in their accomplishment! But this is not all; not satisfied with the infliction of all these difficulties during the progress of long operas, Rossini delights in terminating them by



allotting to the principal singers an arduous bravura song or duet, which is to be executed when their physical powers are nearly exhausted. This is really a cruel practice.

The frequent introduction of a military band on the stage constitutes another Rossinian freak, highly prejudicial to singers. What voice can, without impunity, struggle against the overwhelming clangour of trumpets, drums, and tymbals, behind and before the lamps? even the choruses are drowned in it; and yet with such an accompaniment do we sometimes find the hero of the piece make his Rossinian *entrata*! These bands, moreover, as might naturally be expected, are, for the most part, composed of crude or mediocre subjects; and, for all the bits of paper stuck to their clarions and trombones, frequently are at sixes and sevens in their time, and almost invariably blow out of tune. And this precious din of discord costs the poor *impressario* an additional sacrifice of fourteen or more pounds nightly. But it is the fashion of the day. Spontini, in his "*Olympia*," has not been behindhand in this respect; and well might the Prussian prince, on coming out of the theatre at Berlin, and meeting some forty drummers and fifiers beating the tattoo through the street, exclaim, "'Tis quite soothing, after the work within, to hear a little quiet music."

It now remains for us to offer, in a few words, our ideas on the influence which the music of Rossini appears to us to have had, both on the taste of the public, and on other musical composers.

In an earlier part of this paper, the attractive characteristics of Rossini's compositions have been fully discussed. The spirit and animation which they breathe, the regularity and clearness of his melodic conceptions, their simplicity, unity, and captivating elegance of diction, speedily raised them in the estimation of the public above the works of every other composer, dead or living. Rossini soon took almost exclusive possession of the stage, and the predilection for his works has caused them to be repeated without intermission. The public has thus been saturated with the Rossinian manner and style, accustomed and wedded to them. The fulness and vivacity of the instrumentation, and even its noisy character, have farther contributed to the power of the fascinating spell. The compositions of the greatest masters, when offered to the multitude—nay, to men of good taste—thus spoiled by the influence of the bewitching strains of Rossini, are listened to with diminished enthusiasm, often with an indifference almost inconceivable.

This Rossinian monopoly over musical taste has done real injury to the art, which, in common with other fine arts, is always arrested in its advancement by the exclusive worship of one idol. It has discouraged other composers of acknowledged merit. Their works, with few exceptions, were either condemned at once, or received with cold indifference. Of Italian operas written since the appearance of Rossini, the "*Crociato*" is almost the only one which met with signal applause. The public was too enthusiastically devoted to Rossini to relish any music deviating from his style and manner. Hence, the more the works of other composers were found to be in that style, the greater was their success. Under such circumstances, we can feel the less surprise if they complied with the only condition of success held out to them, by imitating the style and manner of the universal favourite, as the



latter were of a description to present the greatest facilities for imitation. Where there is such abundance of sheer mannerism, such a predominance of outward form and formulas, and where the prototype has set so glaring an example by repetitions and imitations of himself, and thus, as it were, let out the secret of the manufacture; imitation became the easiest thing imaginable, and probably created few scruples of conscience on the part of the writers. In the judgment of the public, however, a strange anomaly may be observed. When a composer attempted to write with any degree of independence in his own way, his work was condemned; when he produced an opera in the style of Rossini, the music was applauded, but the author set down as a mere imitator or plagiarist. How is it possible to please a public so fastidious and unjust. Pacini, Mercadante, and others, when any thing good issues from their pens, are taxed at random with having copied Rossini, and, without ceremony, classed with the *imitatorum pecus*. Although such appropriations are, no doubt, often discernible, the truth probably is, as has been hinted previously, that a great proportion of what is proclaimed as Rossinian in the works of some of the more recent composers, is rather the produce of the general style of the music of the present age, a style not exclusively the creation of Rossini, and which without him would have arisen,—less speedily, perhaps, and less decisively, but not much differing, in substance, from what it is found to be.

In conclusion, it is to be observed—and the remark must have been made by all our musical readers—that the rage for the productions of Rossini has not been limited to the theatre alone. Instrumental composers, and writers for the piano-forte in particular, have almost universally been influenced by its sway. Rossinian ideas, forms, and mannerisms, abound in the greater portion of the musical publications of the present day; even in the works of authors of eminence, these are not of rare occurrence, when they can resolve to put pen to paper; for upon the whole it would appear, that composers of established reputation have written much less since the works of Rossini have so exclusively engrossed the attention of the public. It is as if they felt disheartened in their zeal; indeed, they find it difficult to obtain adequate remuneration, when publishers can satisfy the Rossinian cravings with adaptations from his operas, which cost little brains, and little money to purchase. Hence the innumerable arrangements, in such manifold shapes, of almost every piece of the Rossinian operas, fantasias, divertimentos, rondos, variations, and even quadrilles, with or without accompaniments—for two hands, for four hands, &c. The injury thus sustained by the art is too obvious to need farther comment, and too extensive in its present effect and its probable consequences, not to cause the deepest regret.

How long will this Rossinomania endure? is a question which we have heard more than once agitated among the few select and sincere lovers of the art. For ourselves, we think there are some symptoms of an abatement of the influenza, and we make no doubt they will soon present themselves more unequivocally. “Perfection itself”—as is justly observed in a dramatic correspondence recently brought before the public—“will lose its attractions by constant repetition.” The public begins to be cloyed with ringing the changes eternally upon eight or ten Rossinian operas, in which the recurrence of the same ideas and forms,



and the peculiarities of mannerism, have, by incessant repetition, become more and more striking; and as for some years past the supply, on the part of the favourite, has not been kept up by new productions of decided interest and originality, and there are doubts as regards the future, the public must necessarily look to other masters for novelties. These will, consequently, have a fairer chance of being heard and appreciated; and although we may thus have to retrace our steps in some degree, and at the outset probably be called upon to be a little less fastidious, and even to exercise indulgence to a certain extent, the apparent self-denial, and the partial sacrifice of a predilection for one author, must in the end be productive of beneficial results. It will encourage the efforts of other candidates for musical fame, and ultimately rescue the art from the monopoly it has endured, and restore it to fair competition, and to a state of unshackled liberty. Music, like letters, ought ever to be a republic.

In thus unreservedly expressing our views, we hope our meaning will not be misunderstood. None of our readers, we trust, will imagine, that we harbour a wish to exclude the works of Rossini from the stage. Far be such a thought from us. We deprecate exclusion as much as monopoly. On recurring to the earlier part of the present paper, it will be seen how fully we are impressed with a sense of his extraordinary qualities and his genius, as a dramatic composer. We took some pains—and the task was by far the most pleasing—to set the rare merits of his compositions in their due light; and we were not sparing in our acknowledgment of their high value in numerous and very essential respects. Many an hour of the last ten or twelve years of our life—abroad and in the bosom of our family—has been cheered, nay, often rendered delightful, by the peculiar charm inherent in Rossini's works; and sorry, indeed, should we feel, if the remainder of our existence were to be denied the pleasure of hearing them—in moderation and at due intervals. But to be satiated by constant repetition, is the surest way to dispel the charm, and, indeed, to destroy the author's fame and popularity.

G. L. E.

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### LAST SUMMER.

#### *A sentimental Elegy.*

“Why should proud Summer boast, before the birds have any cause to sing?”  
*Love's Labour Lost.*

LAST Summer, oh! where were you hid,  
 With your zephyrs and sunbeams so bright?  
 Did some gnome, or some demon forbid  
 Your glories to gladden our sight?  
 Had you fall'n in some magical sleep?  
 Did some will-of-the-wisp make his game of you?  
 Did you take at Van Diemen's a peep?  
 Or what else the devil became of you?  
 Were you bilious? or hypp'd? or in love?  
 Did you *bouder* some false Hamadryad? \*  
 Did you take, in your steam-coach, a rove  
 In search of the long-missing Pleiad?

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\* Mythology does not mention male Hamadryads; but that is not *my-thology*, and therefore I take the liberty of judging for myself.—*Ego Poeta.*



Did you hide from a bailiff, or dun?  
 Were you writing a novel for Colburn?  
 Were your holiday duds left,—for fun,—  
 With “my uncle” in Houndsditch or Holborn?  
 Were you fighting the Russian, or Turk?  
 Were you seeing the grave of Napoleon?  
 Were you spelling some old Memphic work  
 Just dug from the tombs by Champollion?  
 Did Boreas bore you, or blight you?  
 Did the Catholics work on your fears?  
 Did Winchelsea threaten to fight you?  
 Were you drown’d in my Lord Eldon’s tears?  
 Did you study the Yankees, with Hall?  
 Did you loiter in some caravansery?  
 Were you seized with the gripes\* in Bengal?  
 Or shut up, like a minor, in Chancery?  
 Or perhaps, as to travel’s the fashion,  
 And nobody now stays at home,  
 English Summer, you’ve taken a passion  
 To pass for a Winter in Rome.  
 I thought I should find you in June,  
 As of old, still reclining on roses,  
 But Jack Frost, like an ill-natured loon,  
 Took your place, and—the tips of our noses.  
 In July, I call’d at your house,  
 But your maid told me you were not within,  
 And pour’d from your bedchamber, souse,  
 On my head, a full pail of St. Swithin.  
 In August, I sought you again,  
 At your farm, but I found all your fellows  
 Making hay in a deluge of rain,  
 Equipp’d with enormous umbrellas.  
 Once more, I return’d, in September,  
 While the winds roar’d so hollow and loud,  
 And ’twas whisper’d, I fully remember,  
 That the Summer was under a cloud.  
 In despair, I came back in October,  
 But this answer I only could get,  
 That your Ladyship was not quite sober,  
 You had taken so much “heavy wet.”  
 In your absence, the world has traduced you,  
 And made with your character bold,  
 Call’d you stupid and dull, and abused you,  
 As ungenial, unkindly, and cold.  
 Then return, or we all shall be undone,  
 With your zephyrs and sunbeams so bright;  
 Spend Candlemas with us at London,  
 And, once again, all will be right.  
 For as Winter in town comes in Spring,  
 (To the short days no power can stint her,)  
 I see not, why time may not bring  
 Last Summer to London next Winter.

M.

\* I know, reader, what you would say very well. Cholera morbus is the proper expression, I admit; *mais hélas!* it is an expression which “*versu dicere non est.*”

## ANECDOTES OF RUSSIA.\*

“CRIMES are rare in Russia, because the blood does not flow with sufficient rapidity to excite violent passions.”† I have already mentioned the reason why so little is ever known of the crimes committed throughout this vast empire; but those who have resided long in either capital may have had numerous opportunities of witnessing the punishment of the knout, or of meeting strings of unfortunate culprits doomed to spend the rest of their miserable existence in Siberia, whose backs are lacerated, and faces branded. As I am charitable enough to believe that these men are neither knouted, branded, nor exiled without some crime, so I am confirmed in my opinion, that crimes are very common in Russia.

You are warned by the proprietor of the hotel in which you reside, never to leave the key of your rooms on the outside, as it will inevitably be stolen; your carriage cannot be left, in travelling, one instant without a Russian confounding the difference of *meum* and *tuum*; and the noble art of self-appropriation is practised in the churches: to these add the natural aptitude of cheating, which every traveller (even Granville) has mentioned, and see, then and there, the first-fruits of crimes. A Russian tradesman, I believe, thinks it laudable to cheat a stranger, for it is by no means uncommon to ask double the price he intends to take; sometimes the reduction is so great, that the buyer doubts if he has got the same article he first bargained for. This comfortable style of picking pockets is mostly practised by the fur-traders, who have a method of dyeing the hair so uncommonly well, that they often take in their own countrymen with the bear-skins. The well-known anecdote of Peter the Great is a proof that the great monarch knew his subjects well. When his Minister requested that the Jews might be exiled from Russia, Peter replied—“No, no; leave my long beards alone: the Jews will soon go without an order.” And although the followers of Moses yet vagabondize about Russia in all quarters and directions, yet reap they but a poor harvest, and cannot contrive to do as they do here, have two whole Sundays every week, and yet manage, with these fearful odds against them, to outdo the Christian, or overreach even the stock-jobber.

Travellers do tell such contradictory stories, that the man who travels only in his arm-chair, in imagination, must be wonderfully confused. For instance: Jones, and Rae Wilson, Clarke, and a score of others, mention the knout as a most dreadful instrument of punishment, far surpassing any thing of the kind in the world: a man may be killed in three or four strokes, and it is well known that some have not survived even a less number. Struck with the extent of such barbarity, the arm-chair traveller starts with horror, and throws aside the work which conveys such unpleasant, such cruel statements. Directing his attention to some other work on the same subject, he opens Granville at p. 451, vol. ii. and there he finds that what he read before was all false; that the knout was not one jot worse than the cat-o'-nine tails, and certainly inferior in punishment to the driver's whip in the West Indies.

\* Continued from p. 561, vol. xxvii.

† Ancelot.



I shall give an idea of this weapon before I proceed with its application, as I have handled the executioner's knout in the prison at Moscow. The handle may be two feet long, a little more or less, to which is fastened a flat leather thong about twice the length of the handle, terminating with a large copper or brass ring; to this ring is affixed a strip of hide about two inches broad at the ring, and terminating, at the length of about two feet, in a point: this is soaked in milk, and dried in the sun to make it harder, and should it fall, in striking the culprit, on the edge, it would cut like a penknife. At every sixth stroke the tail is changed, a plentiful supply of these being always kept ready, and wrapped up with much greater caution and care than the executioner's children, and certainly kept much cleaner. In the hands of a stranger, it would be a most innocent weapon; nor could I, after a quarter of an hour's practice, make any considerable impression on the snow, while the executioner will leave a pretty fair mark on a deal plank; and this is sufficient to prove how hard the hide must be which inflicts the punishment, and how tough a hide it must be to resist it.

I shall here give an account of a knouting punishment, as seen by an English gentleman. "A coachman, a slave of Prince Jablonosky, a Polish nobleman, having murdered his master returning from Count Strogonoff's country-seat, finding means to escape, was pursued and taken at Novogorod, brought back to Petersburg, and there sentenced to receive one hundred and fifty strokes of the knout, to have his face marked with a hot iron, his nostrils torn out, and, if he survived, to inhabit Siberia for the rest of his life.—(This was on September 17, 1806, and I have chosen this punishment to show, hereafter, how far punishments of this kind have been softened.)—On the 2d of October, the sentence was carried into execution in the following manner:—He was taken from the prison about nine o'clock in the morning, and conducted to the police-office gate, whence the police-master, with the police-guards on horseback, conducted him to the place of execution, about two English miles, the beast market being at the end of the Newski\* Perspective, where such punishments are inflicted. There is always some ceremony observed, common as these punishments are, and there were several police-guards to clear the way; then came the head police-master, attended by several district police-masters, and, after them, a detachment of police-guards on horseback. Next, surrounded by a number of the same guards on foot, walked the criminal, bareheaded, with fetters on his legs, and handcuffed. He was a bearded peasant, dressed in the long blue habit which is commonly worn, with striped pantaloons. Behind him walked the two executioners, with the knouts under their arms. When arrived at the place of execution, a detachment of regular troops kept the mob clear of the block and boards upon which he was to be fastened.

"The dreadful ceremony began with a short prayer, then the culprit was stripped naked to his waist and laid down upon the board: his neck was strapped down to a groove, as were his arms to blocks upon each side. The first executioner, taking the knout, began by raising himself on his toes at each stroke, taking, as it were, correct distance—at each blow wiping the blood off with his fingers from the thong, ob-

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\* Neoski.



serving an interval of two or three seconds between each stroke. After giving six lashes, he was replaced by the other executioner, who gave the same number as the former, thus changing every six cuts, and at each time taking fresh thongs. On receiving the first stroke, the culprit shrieked violently ; but nature soon gave way, and after six cuts, the criminal, had not a slight tremor of his fingers indicated life, might have been believed dead.

“ On this occasion, the culprit was unable to receive more than fifty ; the executioners untied him, and raised him on his legs, the one held his hands behind the man’s head to support it ; the other took the marking iron, with the letters Vor (thief) cut thereon. This instrument is composed of a number of iron spikes on a flat piece of wood, precisely the same as is used by rope-makers when they clear the hemp : it was fixed in a round wooden handle. Striking the handle with his hand, the sharpened irons were driven to the wood, on the forehead and the two cheeks of the culprit. After that he took a pair of pincers, like sugar-nippers ; he put one side of them into the inside of the nostril, and the other the outside of the skin of the nose, and with a violent jerk he tore out the nerve ; he then repeated the same operation on the other side, and the criminal’s torture finished for that day. The poor devil was then placed in a cart and conducted back to prison.”

This is a very pretty specimen of what Granville’s friend and himself were able to match in a boatswain’s mate, or a negro driver ; and then, to make the business better, it is followed with “ Eh bien ! je vois que chez vous on a, peut-être, moins raison de lancer autant de diatribes contre nous, à raison du knout, que dans tout autre pays.” Complimentary enough, surely ! But I shall give another specimen of this disgusting flagellation, and should like to know if, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, a man who has been punished on board a ship does not go to his duty the next day. The negro (for I have resided three years in the West Indies), I know, is mostly at his duty the instant his punishment is ended ; they cannot inflict more than thirty-nine lashes, and generally it is contrived in such a manner that the end of the whip strikes the ground before it touches the culprit’s back. I have wandered from my subject, as I felt the sting of reproach stronger than others who have not had my opportunity of seeing and *ordering* punishments. It is a disgrace to any Englishman to allow that the paltry punishment on board his Majesty’s ships is equal in cruelty to the knout, without (if the criminal is to be banished) the accompanying pleasures of branding and tearing.

As the Russians advance towards civilization, they advance towards mercy. Now, the unfortunate wretch doomed to suffer for his crimes has no longer his nose lacerated ; this is entirely obliterated, and the branding alone remains. Now, it is true, we no longer read and hear of women of beauty and of birth being publicly knouted, and their tongues cut out, as happened in the reign of the Russian Elizabeth ; nor, fortunately for some scandal-bearers at Moscow, is the lady of the house publicly whipped in her own ball-room, and then obliged to continue her civilities to her guests as if nothing uncommon had occurred !

So well are the laws of Russia administered, and so fairly are the judgments carried into execution, that you can always bribe the judge and the executioner. Here I agree with Clarke. There is not, in my



humble opinion, one man in the whole Russian dominions that is proof against a bribe. I have found it at the custom-house in Petersburg; I have found it in half the public offices; and so despicably mean are they on these points, that twenty-five rubles (one pound English) is a very handsome offer indeed. This is no exaggeration. When my carriage was kept in pawn at the Custom-house, the hungry officer under whose control it came hinted to me in plain terms the smallness of his pay, and that five rubles would be acceptable; but I resolutely refused, and applied to his superior: the carriage was by him declared to be free of duty; and when I thought I had it in my grasp, the hungry, miserable slave who hinted his poverty, whined out to his superior the injustice of admitting foreign carriages, the poor Russian workmen, and the idea that it was subject to the tariff. As I did not want the carriage at the moment, having hired another, I left the vehicle in secure hands, and applied to the head of the Customs when I was about to start, and received it without paying the bribe. The officer actually came to my hotel afterwards, but it was quite fruitless: I had made up my mind that the Emperor's slaves should not be spoiled. While I am on this subject, I will mention that, when the carriage was sent to be placed on sledges, the Russian who had the employment, actually stole the bolts by which the glasses (it was a britska) were secured; nor did I find it out until outside of Petersburg, the cold air (the thermometer being 20° below zero) keeping me cold indeed.

In Moscow, in 1828, a man convicted of the murder of a female of eighteen years of age, after having violated her, was sentenced to receive 150 lashes of the knout, and to have the usual pleasant accompaniments of branding and exile, *if he survived*. The whole city of Moscow had, for a wonder, heard of this crime, and public opinion was pretty freely expressed when it was known that the executioner had been bribed. Every Thursday, at one o'clock, is the day and time fixed for these punishments in Moscow; and all the other days of the week, as time and circumstances will admit, are witnesses to the same punishments within the walls of the prison. This last piece of information came out by accident, and never was intended to be known. As my informer now resides in Russia, and as the "New Monthly" sometimes is smuggled into the country, mentioning his name might subject him to the chance of being better acquainted with the pain which he has so often seen strongly marked on the faces of the culprits.

The ceremony was exactly the same as above-mentioned, and I need not, therefore, again mention the disgusting subject; the culprit only received thirty lashes the first day, and in consequence of the bribe, it was not the intention of the executioner to dispatch him entirely. I saw this man the day after his first punishment in his bed, and apparently unable to move. By his side was a young lad of fourteen, who had been knouted the day before for robbing a church; he had only received nine lashes, and had been branded. I closely examined the marks of the iron; the inflammation, the necessary consequence of rubbing gunpowder over the wounds, had nearly subsided, and the young urchin in crime declared that the pain was not very violent. His back was another subject, on which he expressed himself very differently; and the nine strokes he had received would have kept him out of the habit of purloining without his going to Siberia. Whoever is knouted



and exiled is always branded, so that a return to society is impossible.

As I like to relieve myself as well as my readers, I shall here mention an anecdote, which I had from the mouth of the Englishman who was an eye-witness to the scene ; it will give some insight into the easy manner of disposing of some of the Czar's subjects, and the difficulty of finding out what becomes of your friends, when once the Police and the Government are kind enough to take them into their paternal keeping. Indeed this is a very nice discriminating point ; for should you be over-anxious about your friend, you may have to make your personal observations, and have a much longer sledging party than would suit the taste of the most patriotic admirers of quick travelling in Russia.

On that fatal day which heralded Nicholas to the throne, to the utter exclusion of his elder brother, many lost their lives, many were condemned to lose their heads, and some hundreds retired to the resort of the best society in Russia—Siberia. It is, indeed, painful in the extreme to see the very little feeling usually manifested by a family when some of its members, young men of the highest promise, are in a moment torn from their parents and their affluence, degraded to the lowest, their names changed, and, instead of the sprightly walk of youth and pride, doomed to dig for gold, sweep the streets, or pick up platina. Amongst those condemned to this future felicity was the only brother of six sisters. The eldest sister had married a general-officer, who, if reports are true, did not give his interest, assistance, or power to avert the punishment ; and in this revolution few could be lulled by the cheering voice of Hope, few heard the consolatory word pardon, and few started into new existence by the call of mercy. The revolution had been long arranged, but was not ripened to its fullest extent, when the death of Alexander gave a gleam of hope, which, like Emmet's rebellion, was hastily seized before the whole plan was sufficiently developed. This was no petty treason ; a constitution, which Alexander had, some time previous to this event, himself drawn up, had been hoped for, and talked of, to the farthest extent of the empire. It is well known that when the noise, and the tumult, the slaughter, and the murders had ceased, a general of high distinction was accused of having drawn-up this constitution, and cited to appear before the present Emperor. The question was asked, 'if he had so far transgressed the bounds of a subject?' when the General, offering some papers to his sovereign's inspection, begged the favour that he would open them. He did so, and to his uncommon surprise found the new-modelled government in the hand-writing of his late brother Alexander.

Sentence had been passed upon the young man above-mentioned, and it was one of the merciful orders issued on this occasion "that no one, not even of their families, should see or converse with the exiles." The winter had covered the ground with its snows ; the sledge-roads were formed, and the guards appointed to convey this young man, and three others, to their future abode in this world. The day was fixed, and with a heavy gloom and cold heart the exiles left the fortress of Petersburg, the tall spire of which is seen at a great distance along the banks of the Neva, and would have been hailed as a palace of repose and pleasure, in comparison to the cold, dull, dreary waste they had to traverse.



The family of this unfortunate youth had long resided in Moscow. They heard with dismay the living loss of their brother, and learnt with greater pain, that a chance of an interview was almost impossible. An Englishman who was in Moscow at the time, (whose name I would willingly publish, did I not fear that it might be a clue to those who form the subjects of my anecdote,) whose generous heart projected the plan of an interview, certainly deserves to be known to the public. He learned from Petersburg the intended route of the guards, and offered to accompany two of the sisters to a place on the road, where he knew he could arrive before the sledges of the exiles had passed. There were few moments to be lost in consultation; a passport was procured for himself and attendants, and in a kabilka they left Moscow.

Even the dreary waste was to them a pleasure, as it offered a hope, which in many Russian families would have been considered so perfectly devoid of foundation, that the parents would have instantly forgotten the son and his absence, and would quietly have continued their *soirées*, and their amusements. The will of the Emperor must be done; and no mandate of the Turkish Sultan would be better obeyed by the craven Turk, than is the fiat of this young Emperor by the Russians.

The route was long, cold, and miserable, but the joy was great when, on arriving at the place destined, it was ascertained that the sledge had not passed; there was danger, however, that it might pass in the night. The next difficulty was, to avoid suspicion; this being overcome, and men employed to give the earliest intelligence, the family learnt, with palpitating hearts, that the sledge had arrived at a cottage about a werst from the village, and that the serjeant who commanded the escort had sent for the relay of horses from the post-house, not intending (as were his orders) to change in any town or village. They were instantly on the alert, and approached the wood hut, at the door of which stood the serjeant. The small glimmer of light which shot from the miserable aperture misnamed a window, showed the brother with his companions; the sisters shrieked his name, and rushed towards the entrance. The sound caught the ear of the brother, who started at the well-known voices, and made a similar approach. It was in vain: the serjeant pushed his prisoner back, and, shutting the door, stood a sentinel before it. The sovereign passport to the hearts and feelings of all Russians, high or low, was resorted to—a bribe:—it failed for once; the serjeant remained inexorable, and hope nearly vanished, when the younger sister, a girl of great beauty, threw herself at his feet and clasped his knees. She implored him in the name of his mother, she pictured to him the despair of her situation, the ease of concealment, the promise of reward, and, what was of more avail, the tear of a sister. The cold-blooded soldier was observed to waver, when the elder sister, clasping his hand, and looking what no words could have expressed, overcame his duty and his orders; the door was opened, and one moment saw the arms of the sisters entwined round the neck of the brother. Few moments could be spared, the horses might soon arrive, and with them the guards, who had betaken themselves to the village for their favourite quass. Concealment would then be impossible, and the serjeant might pay the forfeit of his head on his return to the Capital.



The Englishman who witnessed the scene, mentioned that the parties were so overcome at their unexpected success, and the tears flowed so rapidly, that the object of the visit was nearly frustrated by forgetfulness ; but he having found the value of rubles, persuaded the serjeant to grant another interview at the next relay, and to keep the sledge in the rear of the Englishman's. The sisters had begun to sew in the brother's clothes money, and to give articles which, in the hurry of departure, they had generously remembered ; but they were hurried away by the Englishman, forced into their sledge, and galloped to the next relay. I never can forget the animation which flew into the countenance of my friend as he described the anxiety with which the sisters watched for the approach of the brother ; at each delay the serjeant was suspected of having violated his promise, and changed his route ; and fancies, the wildest and the most likely to be uttered by doubting females, were given vent to, in the most hurried language. The arrival of the brother soon dissipated their fears. The guards were sent to the next village for horses, and the interview took place. A plan by which a correspondence should be carried on was mentioned and approved of ; and the sisters, giving him a ring, desired their brother, in the event of its being impossible to send a letter, to give it to the messenger, or some exile whose time of banishment was expired, thus to prove the truth of any statement sent. The parting, the parting for ever, was not the affair of a moment ; in vain the serjeant endeavoured to tear them asunder, and equally vain was the attempt of my friend to urge the separation on the score of concealment. The minutes flew, and while in the act of mentioning the glimmers of hope through the brother-in-law's influence, the guard returned, and the whole was discovered.

The prisoners continued their route, and the sisters returned to Moscow. It happened that an exile, whose time was expired, was put under the serjeant's care to be conveyed to Petersburg : this exile was entrusted with the ring, and persuaded the serjeant to pass through Moscow, deviating not a little from his proper line of journey. The sisters were informed of the arrival, and received all the accounts an exile could bring, or an exile could send. The picture of the situation of the brother was by no means consoling ; his last request was, that some religious books and green spectacles might be sent. The eternal snow had nearly blinded him. The serjeant continued his route.

The two young ladies now determined to remunerate the serjeant. They were of great family, and nominally rich, for in reality no Russian can be said to be rich, as I shall hereafter explain. They traced him to Petersburg, they knew of his arrival, but from that moment all clue was lost, and to November 1828 they never could recover the trace, although the family was unremitting in their generous assiduity.

I have mentioned this anecdote as a balance against the general unfeeling conduct of Russians, when their relations may be said to be buried alive. One of these sisters died about two years ago, of what is called a broken heart, and the two who witnessed the last parting are mimic deaths, waiting to fill the grave ; they never have recovered the last sad moment at the hut, and the Englishman, who had just returned from a visit of condolence occasioned by the death of the mother, mentioned his conviction that the sisters would shortly follow their parent.



I was desired to make particular inquiries relative to a gentleman in the Russian service, whose long silence had warranted the idea of his death; and as he is closely connected with a noble family in this kingdom with which I am acquainted, I was desired to inquire what had become of him. I shall never forget the number of evasive answers I received when I pressed the subject; I was promised a positive reply the *next day*; and at the end of five months I knew no more of the object of my search, than I did before I landed at Cronstadt.

Every body knows, or must have read of the suspicions of the Russian Government. Poor old blind Holman was conducted across the frontier, having been mistaken for a spy! I confess I am not astonished at this; for why a *blind* man should go to *see* a strange country is quite incomprehensible. The Russians could not comprehend this either, and were equally surprised when Holman published his book. I was myself anxious to know how the book was concocted, or rather, how the materials were procured. An English gentleman, a resident at Moscow, mentioned that he accompanied Mr. Holman on his various peregrinations about the capital—he mounted the tower of St. Ivan with him. Holman desired him to place him towards the North, and then asked what was to be discerned in that direction? The answers he treasured up in his memory, until he procured some one good enough to write them, and, as it was always night with him, he was not very scrupulous in disturbing the slumbers of a friend, who had quite enough occupation during the day. In point of fact, Holman's description of Moscow belongs exclusively to Mr. Rowan, whose father, amongst other good things, conferred on the Russians the blessings of the potato.

Another gentleman, rather eccentric in his manners, and who, from the number of his daily ablutions, was voted mad by the fouler Russian, resided some time in Tobolski, where he was employed in making a collection of the numerous minerals found in that part of the Czar's dominions. When his collection was nearly completed, some unceremonious Cossacks seized the whole, which they distributed to every street within their barbarous reach, and placing Mr. S—— in a sledge, drove him across the frontier, not allowing him time to pack up his wardrobe, one half of which was in the hands of his washing-woman. It is but justice to say, that the whole duty of that vexatious police is not confined to the men, whose cocked hats without feathers render them easily known: the ladies are sometimes concerned in these tale-bearing employments. I was warned one night in Moscow, that a lady of some rank was in the pay of the police, and to be on my guard how I expressed myself. As I was always pretty cautious of expressing my opinions, I abstained from all observations as to the laws, merely hinting that I most cordially hated any approach to tyranny: she endeavoured to continue a conversation relative to my notions of the Government, and its different departments; I evaded the question, and spoke of the beauty of the women.

The only thing a man could spy in Russia would be the nakedness of the land, the uncultivated state of the country, the vast waste of ground, and the thinness of the population. He might remark that, however brave the soldiers may be, some of the heads of the various departments are equally deficient in brains; for when the army advanced in



1828 to the Danube, they took with them land mortars with sea shells; and when they were about to be used, they were found too large for the mortars, a dispatch was instantly sent to Moscow, and the proper shells were forwarded in post waggons.

With all the increasing power of the Russians, in the way of arms, they show little inclination to improve in comforts. In the beginning of 1828, a gentleman was dispatched from this country on a speculation, which was to convey water to the tops of the houses, and to give Russia an idea of cleanliness. The whole concern fell to the ground; and the only answer given was, that in the event of the plan being carried into execution, they knew not how to employ the slaves now used to convey water. Neither would the Government lend any assistance, either by word or money, to light the city by gas. Some years ago an attempt was made, but by mismanagement the gasometer blew up, and this quite discouraged any farther attempts.

I am of opinion, that, from the time a traveller arrives in Russia, to the day of his exit, he is rarely annoyed by the interference of the police. He has a certain number of forms to go through, such as appearing at the police-office; if he has any military rank entitling him to nobility, they do not sketch his description on the passport, and he is not required to pay any thing. There is a small green box in the room, which is nominally destined to receive contributions for foreigners in distress, into which it is hinted you may drop what would be paid for the passport, if you were not of the nobility. To the gentleman who presides in this office at Petersburg is due all that can be said of a most civil, obliging, and accommodating officer; he is the most attentive public officer I have ever met with in the North.

Amongst other recommendations to future travellers, I would strongly urge the necessity of his placing his letters in the post-office, and paying the five rubles himself; I have not the slightest doubt that my valet de place purloined the money and destroyed my letters, not one of which ever arrived in England. We were told that our letters would of course be read, and if they contained any improper remarks relative to the Government they never would be forwarded. This may or may not be the case: I can scarcely see the utility of it, unless they deprived travellers of their tongues and hands; for once free of the soil, once having shaken the snows of Russia from their shoes, they would only give vent to their feelings in stronger language.

Amongst the greatest annoyances is that of the search at the Custom-house; it is as rigid as our own, but performed in a more unceremonious manner. My uniform was very nearly seized, because, forsooth, it was new, and they declared it had never been worn: I shortly undeceived them by showing the button-holes. Then came the books, every one of which underwent a most scrupulous examination; and those which the searching officer did not understand were sealed and sent to the Censor: at last he handled a small bible—"It is only a Bible," said I—"May be," he said, "but it must go to the Censor, and if there is nothing in it which is prohibited, he will return it to you again," which of course was done. To give an idea of the delays in the office at Cronstadt, I arrived on Monday at noon, and although assisted by the English Consul, had to dance backwards and forwards between the Harbour-master's house and the Custom-house



all Tuesday, and did not get my trunk cleared until Wednesday morning. If I had known the secret of the bribe, as well as I afterwards learnt it, I could have been in Petersburg on Tuesday morning; and even after all I was advised by my servant, who had been accustomed to these plunderings before, to give a blue note, five rubles. On leaving Russia by Polangen, the bitter cold weather had obliged me to close the carriage as much as possible. On arriving at the barrier, a gentleman in uniform asked for my passport, which was duly given. "Be as quick as possible," said I, "for I am anxious to get to Memel to-night."—"It will take two hours," replied the officer, "before the passport will be properly examined." "Two hours!" quoth I; "here are five rubles for you."—"In two minutes it shall be ready;" and in truth he was not much more. Then came another harpy. "Have you nothing contraband?"—"Nothing at all," resumed I. "No Russian money?" said the vexatious devil. "Not a copec," quoth I. "Then you must alight, and I must search the carriage." "Oh, I crave your honour's pardon, I have," said I, "a red note, (ten rubles,) which I find accidentally forgotten in my pocket; as it is not permitted to carry Russian money out of Russia, may I beg you to do me the favour of accepting it?" My friend the harpy bowed acknowledgment—hoped I should not catch cold—advised me to close the carriage—ran himself for the passport, and calling to the cossack who attends all travellers across the neutral ground between Russia and Prussia, wished me a friendly adieu.

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INVOCATION TO THE CLIFTON WATERS.

OH! thou, from whose warm urn these waters flow,  
 Which bathe the fading lip of malady,  
 Whether thou sitt'st on crystal throne below,  
 Blessing thy balsam streamlets as they flee,  
 Or whether still I should not turn to Thee  
 Who dwell'st all-potent in that upward sphere,  
 Whence thou suppliest the earth, the stream, the sea,  
 Nor scorn'st the poorest, palest suppliant here,  
 Vouchsafe, to e'en a prayer like mine, to lend thine ear.—  
 Is there a charm in this perennial draught,  
 To bid the wife for child—for husband live?  
 Will the mysterious fountain, when 'tis quaff'd,  
 This priceless boon—this blissful treasure give?  
 Will it aloof the withering canker drive,  
 That eats the rose just as its leaves are spread?  
 Will it discomfit the dark fiends which thrive  
 But on the banquet of the youthful dead?  
 Oh! then be with the fount our nuptial garland fed.  
 Floats there upon the wave a healing power  
 To guard the mother for the infant son?  
 Nor doom to others' care the helpless hour  
 Of him, our first, our lov'd—our only one?  
 Clifton! will he by thy sweet cup thus shun  
 The orphan's lot, nor mourn a mother's care?  
 Forth let thy bounteous, blessed waters run!  
 Since they're endow'd with all this power to spare,—  
 This is a friend's, a husband's, father's fondest prayer.

J. D.

## TRAVELLING TROUBLES, NO. III.

“ A traveller ! by my faith, you have great reason to be sad ! ”—*As you Like it.*

Νοστήσεις Πάριν, καὶ Θύμβριδος ἀγλαὸν ὕδωρ.—*Lucian.\**

“ I SHOULD like to see Rome,” quoth my wife.—“ So should I, my dear,” I replied ; “ but it is my own room, in my own house in — street, London.”—“ Pooh ! ” rejoined the lady ; “ you know what I mean well enough. Rome,” (making the word obviously rhyme to comb)—“ Rome in Italy.”—“ Roam in Italy ! what the devil would you roam thither for ? Are there not fools enough of the English breed there without you ? I should think you have had sufficient travelling already, and paid dearly enough for it. No, no ; go back to your home and kindred, and, for the rest of your life, bore any body who will listen to you with all you have seen and heard abroad, which is the only good I see in leaving Old England : ”—But I will spare the reader the rest of this conjugal dialogue, in which I was very witty, very satirical, very severe, and very peremptory. The argument, nevertheless, ended, like all other conjugal contests that I ever heard of, in the complete discomfiture of the masculine gender, horse, foot, and heavy dragoons. The ladies, having spent their mornings in the Louvre, were smitten with a sudden love of *virtù*, and could talk of nothing but “ Correggio, and stuff ; ” and I, alas ! had not Sir Joshua’s remedy at hand,—at least the better half of it, for I plead guilty to the snuff-box. The reasons in favour of an Italian voyage were many. There was no use in returning to England in the *depth* of the summer. There was no distinction in a mere trip to Paris ; every body had seen that. In for a penny, in for a pound ; it would be good for the youngest girl’s health ; it would be an excellent frolic, et cætera, et cætera. *Que sais-je ?* In short, “ *ce que femme veut, Dieu le veut ;* ” † and off we set. I cannot say exactly how it happens, but there certainly *is* something in travelling, maugre all its accidents and annoyances, which draws a man on, from town to town, and from country to country, in the vain hope of seeing things more extraordinary and remunerating than any which have yet turned up ; “ as if increase of appetite had grown by what it fed on,”—or rather, like certain cutaneous maladies,—(pardon the unsavoury simile)—as if it itched the more, the more it was scratched ; and this, too, in spite of all experience to the contrary. To tell the truth, and the whole truth, I was not unprepared for such an attack ; and was more than half convinced, without the proof of a long array of feminine reasons, although (*propter dignitatem*) I did not choose to acknowledge it. There is no use in complying at the first word, even when you most desire to do as you are bid. It is always prudent, between man and wife, to leave something in store for self-defence ; and, in case of any thing going on ill, to be able to say, “ You know, my dear, it was none of my doing ;—(N. B. always say “ my dear ” before any thing particularly bitter.) Besides, women have such terrible imaginations, and derive such sweeping consequences ! If you concede Rome without a word, it will go hard with them but they will construe

\* “ Alas the day ! that ever I should dream  
Of seeing Rome, and Tiber’s famous stream.”

† “ What woman wills, God wills.”



it into Upper Thebes, or Alexandria, at the least. In travelling, as in all things else, the first step is the only difficulty. We leave home for a specific object; and we afterwards go on travelling for its own sake, or rather by the acquired impetus, like matter when it is set in motion in free space. A foreign ambassador told me, that he was once asked by a raw unidea'd young Irishman, in a pick-tooth sort of way, for letters to Jerusalem. "Good heaven, Sir!" he replied, "what can take *you* to Jerusalem? Surely you are not ambitious of rivalling the missionary Wolf? Are you aware of the dangers and difficulties of such a journey?"—"Faith," answered Paddy, "I don't much know what takes me to Jerusalem, more than any where else; but I am tired of Constantinople, and I've heard tell Jerusalem's famous for its artichokes." Now, from the specimens I have encountered between Turin and Naples, of my own dear countrymen, I am apt to think that their motives for travelling were not of a more determinate or reasonable character; and that the major part of them would have been exceedingly troubled, if the ambassador's question had been popped to them suddenly. There is no country in the world that requires more previous knowledge than Italy, to journey through it with any sustained interest. Yet nine out of ten of the grown gentlemen one meets in the great towns of that country, preoccupying the hotels, and making post-horses scarce, know not the difference between Julius Cæsar and Cæsar Borgia. As for pictures, there are not many who even affect to care for them; and the Johnny Raws are, for the most part, so unlearned in antiquities, that they might confound the Colosseum with the Colossus of Rhodes, or with the great picture of London, in the Regent's Park. An acquaintance with the inhabitants is quite out of the question; for the Italians are wise enough not to lend themselves to the curiosity of such mere birds of passage, who, should they, for a wonder, turn out to be worth knowing themselves, and likely to excite some interest, are sure to be off in a few weeks, and regretted, before they can be enjoyed. With the exception of a *scroccone*,\* or an opera girl, a banker, or a custom-house officer, the natives are a closed volume to the ordinary run of tourists; and the talent for cheating is the only Italian virtue of which they can speak from their own knowledge. Far be it, however, from me to insinuate that our travelling party was, in this respect, much better than the rest of their countrymen. Our genius and habits were not exactly in accordance with our duties as travellers; though, to do us justice, we read every tour we could meet with. This, by the by, is a travelling trouble we might as well have avoided; for, with the exception of Miss Starke's elaborate account of restaurateurs and washing-women, tours in general are only printed for the use of travellers at home. The ingenious reflections, with which I am now enlightening the reader, are, one and all, the results of an after experience; for my notions of Italy, at starting, were not much more positive and fixed, than those excited in our "studious youth" by the "you shall see what you shall see" of a London show-man. But, then, the less we know, the more we have to learn, and the better we shall be repaid for our trouble and expense. It was thus my wife argued, and it was comfort to believe her.

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\* A parasite—a cheat.



In travelling, under the happiest circumstances, there is little better than a choice of evils; locomotion being attended with as many frictions and resistances in man, as in any other lump,—not to speak of similar obstacles in the moral world. But where we travel under an enforced regard to shillings and sixpences, the choice is at once more circumscribed and more difficult. If a man be not too much confined by the “*pochette vidée de l’apostume pecuniaire*,”\* I would advise him by all means to go post, and to hire a Courier. That useful and important personage saves a vast deal of anxiety and responsibility; and, moreover, he suffers no one to cheat you but himself. Besides, it is very agreeable to have a fellow, with more lace on his jacket than would set up a colonel of cavalry, in your service, blowing your trumpet at every stage, and introducing *Il Milordo Inglese* to the best advantage. By this means, especially if you are alone, you may sleep through the whole of the journey, which saves a world of fatigue and *ennui*, and you see no more of the rascally natives, or their country, than happens to be agreeable. Should the traveller, unhappily, not feel it prudent to journey *en grand Seigneur*, he has, perhaps, nothing better for it than to sell himself (or rather buy himself), body and soul, to a Vetturino, who will make his customers rise two hours before the sun, in order to perpetrate thirty miles before night; forcing them to stop, in the mean time, when he pleases, where he pleases, and as long as he pleases. They may engage with him to feed them on the road, if their Italian be not strong enough to provide for themselves, only at the small inconvenience of submitting their tastes and appetites to his discretion. Then, in return, he takes the whole of the travellers’ interests on his head; negotiates their passports; looks to their trunks at the custom-houses; interprets for them with all whom it may concern; and sees the priest snug in their bed a full hour before they go to it themselves. Nay, madam, never start; this is not Michin Malicho; it means no mischief. The priest has no offence in him, being nothing more nor less than an Italian warming-pan; and he who has once enjoyed its genial influence, will not again away with the brightest copper depository of smoke and sulphur that ever illuminated the countenance of an English chambermaid. If, on the other hand, you travel by stage-coach, (but it is not always that the diligence is to be met with,) it will save a great deal of time, and more patience; and for those who, “of themselves, themselves are choleric,” it will relieve their precious soul from a terrible weight of the sin of idle cursing and swearing; for a Vetturino, with his phlegm, and his dilatoriness, would make even a clergyman imprecate. Then, on the other hand, you must make up your mind to shift for yourself, speak for yourself, and make yourself understood for yourself. I, who am an experimental traveller, have, on different occasions, tried all these modes of progression; but the respective “troubles” of the diligence and the vettura are so strictly incommensurables, that you must excuse my giving any advice on the subject. It is wholly an affair of tastes; and the choice is as puzzling, as that of Harlequin between the several methods which art and nature have provided for the commission of suicide.

A great deal may be said in favour of picturesque scenery; and,

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\* “A pocket unswelled by a pecuniary aposteme;” Anglice, a soldier’s thigh.



*certes*, the eye, long accustomed to a dead flat, rejoices at the aspect of the slightest inequality of soil; but, for the rolling of a four-wheeled carriage, give me a plain country. One glides so easily through France (when once off their accursed paved roads.) But when you come to the Jura, it is quite another affair. A wise man, or any man in a hurry—"Jura sibi nata negat,"—is heartily glad when he is safe over. Folks may talk as they will of the magnificent view of the Lake of Geneva (on a cold day, when the *bise* is violent, a glass of Geneva would be much more refreshing); but the finest sight on the Jura is the prospect of reaching the bottom in a whole skin. Then, again, those confounded Alps! "To me, high mountains are a feeling," as Byron has averred of his Childe; and a very disagreeable feeling it is, when one is to be dragged over them by one knows not how many oxen, broiling and panting, at a snail's gallop; with a precipice at every hundred yards, pendant from the road's narrowest edge; above you an avalanche, watching its opportunity for a pounce; and around you a *tourmente*, with the sleet and the wind directly in your teeth, and cutting you through and through like a razor. The Alps, it is said, are best seen by moonlight; and so I have seen them, the clear lamp of night pouring through a cloudless vapourless atmosphere floods of radiance over the deep dark pine and the dazzling snow. This is all mighty fine—in a description; but, on the word of a cockney, I am more than half of the mind of an honest friend of mine, who, when awakened from his slumbers in the corner of a post-chaise, to cast an admiring gaze on these Alpine wonders, rubbed his half-closed eyes, and exclaimed,—"I'd rather see a pretty girl in a hackney-coach, any day." The travelling troubles of Switzerland would make a paper of themselves, but it must not be today. Not the least of them, however, I may now say, is encountering "the balance" at Geneva, with its unglazed open passages, its dirty, dingy, comfortless apartments, and its horrible misprisions of English cookery. This matter is not much mended when your arrival happens to have been immediately preceded by that of a Russian nobleman, or a Wallachian Hospodar, with a retinue like a small army. Under all its physical aspects, (the case is otherwise in its social and intellectual relations,) Geneva is a sad disappointment to a weary traveller, with its dingy houses and ugly wooden projections; while "the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone" through two files of some hundred washerwomen, forcibly reminds one of a large basin of ready-blued starch. Then, the jewellers' shops make such furious inroads on a family-man's purse, with their bracelets and ear-rings, their gold repeaters, and their musical snuff-boxes! of which (after having duly paid for them to the vender) you are robbed, on your arrival at the frontier, by his most Christian and monopolizing Majesty the King of France. These robberies, however, are but trifles, from which a little dexterity may also relieve you; and it is but an idle waste of time to dwell on them, when the fear of those general practitioners, the banditti, accompanies every step in Italy; and when you never see a stone peeping through the bushes, or the stump of a tree gleaming in the twilight, that you do not expect to hear it cry out, "*Faccia in terra!*"\* and send two or three slugs into the carriage to quicken your obedience. I remember passing the spot

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\* The bandit's first order to the traveller, to lie down with his face to the ground.



where an English party had been *assassinati* (not murdered, only rifled,) on the previous evening. Fragments of boxes and trunks strewed the ground, which was broken up by the tread of many feet, as if there had been a scuffle. The sensation occasioned by this tangible proximity to a travelling trouble of the first magnitude was very queer, and difficult to define. All I can say is, that it had very little resemblance to the “*suave mari magno*” complacency with which, in ordinary cases, men are accustomed to regard the misfortunes of their best friends. Artabanus, when he is encouraging his son Arbaces to be bow-stringed like a good boy, in his father’s place, assures him that “the worst of every evil is the fear.” If this be truth, we may safely say we had the worst of it during the major part of our journey to Rome. Our imaginations were perfectly saturated with robbers; and if we escaped by day, we were sure to be stopped every night a dozen times over,—in our dreams. On our approach towards Rome, at the end of a tedious day’s journey, prolonged by a variety of petty accidents, which an heated fancy might construe into design,—(we were vetturino-ing it at the time)—our coach drew up, with the last ray of light, at a solitary barrack on the borders of the Campagna. The windows of this *casaccia* were divested of glass, and its lower story occupied by a large open space, (something like a smith’s forge, and to the full as dark and dirty,) which was destined to receive and shelter the traveller from the weather on quitting his carriage. In the gloom of this cavern, we descended at the foot of something amphibious, between a staircase and a ladder, where we were received by a tall, gaunt, half-starved-looking wretch, with a lamp in his hand, who passed for the ostler, but had more the air of a cartouche. Three or four other men, equally prepossessing, lounged at the door, with their hats slouched, and their black penetrating eyes peering above the closely-gathered folds of their cloaks. One of them at least was armed with a carbine, and leaned upon a spear of enormous length;\* and they all seemed to regard us with an ominous attention. The sala, or sitting-room, into which we were ushered,—large, dreary, and comfortless,—was lighted by a single candle. The rafters were exposed to view, and had once been decorated with gilding, now almost lost under manifold layers of smoke. The boards, which did double duty, as a floor above, and as a roof to the stables below, admitted copious steams of volatile alkali from the regions beneath. Shortly after our arrival, the flutter and cry of a gallant cock announced that his execution was going forward, preparatory to our supper; and at the end of an hour of cold, fretting, and impatience, a miserable broth (*minestra*), of which the ingredients were lard and boiled pigeons, the aforesaid cock, and some wretched goat’s flesh, “made assurance doubly sure,” that, for that night, we should be in no danger of the curse of Dives for “faring sumptuously.” Every thing, in short, betokened the wretchedest poverty and privation. To suppose this a regular inn on the high road between Rome and the universe (*urbi et orbi*) was a moral impossibility: and as we took our melancholy meal, from time to time some one or other of the formidable personages already mentioned passed through the sala, (the common antichamber of all the bed-rooms,) and growled out a “Feli-

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\* A massaro, or herdsman, of the Campagna.



cissima notte, Signori," which, to our ears, sounded like an augury of any other import than that which the words implied. Our party had read Forsyth, and they exchanged looks, explaining, without the aid of words, the conviction which had deeply entered the minds of each and all, that our Vetturino was a scoundrel, who had brought us to a den of robbers to have us murdered in our sleep. In one part of this scheme, the rascals had no chance of succeeding; for not one of us closed his eyes on that night, but kept dreary watch, listening to the beating of his own arteries. The agonies and cold perspirations which we suffered at each trifling disturbance,—at the cracking of an old piece of furniture, the creaking of an ill-closed door, or the gambols of the somewhat multitudinous rats,—it would be tedious to relate; but I shall not in a hurry forget the pleasure I experienced in the deep sonorous snore of the tenant of an adjoining room, which indicated that one of the inmates of the house, at least, was not in the conspiracy against our lives and properties. How tediously passed the heavy hours! I thought that night would never be over, that daybreak would never come: but come it did, and the returning light of a sunny morning dissipated our uneasiness, and showed things under so different an aspect, as to make us not a little ashamed of our apprehensions, and of the travelling trouble which an heated imagination had created from our inexperience.

It would be impossible barely to mention all the dreadful realities of a cockney journey through Italy. The Duchino of Modena alone has six Custom-houses to be passed in travelling through his territory, which may be accomplished, like an auction of raw sugars, "by inch of candle." Then the Emperor of Austria, with his crusade against Lady Morgan's "Italy," would wear out the patience of a Griselda: I verily believe that his agents would look for it in a toothpick-case. By the way, a friend of mine brought it with him disguised by the false title-page of Blair's "Lectures:" the book was, however, stopped on entering Rome, and submitted to an examination; and the inquisitor of thoughts lighting upon matter which scented of heresy or of Carbonarism in its pages, Blair was accordingly entered upon the index as participating in the general conspiracy against thrones and altars. These and other travelling troubles, however, must be passed over. Our arrival at Rome seemed to promise an end of them; but, like Yuseph in "The Siege of Belgrade," "alas! we found them just begun, just begun; alas! we found them just begun!" There is not in the world a place where a cockney tourist is more thoroughly tormented. There is so much to see, so much to admire, that, if there be truth in Horace,\* the voyager must be the most unhappy of Heaven's creatures. The labours of Hercules were a party of pleasure, to the fatigues of sight-seeing; and the brick-making of Pharaoh's captives was not so dreary a task as the perpetual calls made on the enthusiasm of a stranger in that eternal bore "The Eternal City." Then the churches are so "very pretty, and all alike:" I have not got the smell of their incense out of my nostrils yet. Like true John Bulls, we set ourselves down in the Via Babbuina, (which was undoubtedly so called in prophetic allusion to the crowds of English monkeys it was doomed to shelter,) and we

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\* The "nil admirari prope res est una" could only have been written at Rome.



went to work doggedly to the business of the place, with the accustomed aid of a cicerone. Oh! ye gods, what a travelling trouble was that fellow! Of all the insufferable talkers and self-conceited pedants that much learning and little genius ever combined to form, a Roman cicerone is the most offensive and the most persevering. Six hours a day, until you have seen every stone, and investigated every fragment, from St. Mary the Major's to St. John's latter end,\* (as an Irish lady had it) is too much for mortal patience; not to speak of the extra dose he gives you when you ask him to dine. That boy, indeed, is enough "to be the death of you." When you feel yourself in extremity, I know but of one remedy to mitigate the evil, and I recommend it to all future travellers:—hire a second. Strange and paradoxical as the expedient may seem, it will be found efficacious; for as these gentlemen make it a point not to coincide in their views of any one particular, you are of course relieved from the farther necessity of believing or remembering what either of them says; and I'll answer for it there is not another amusement in Rome comparable with their sneering, and squabbling, and rivalry. A dog-fight, or a bear-baiting, is a perfect fool to it. The annoyance which a cicerone personally inflicts is, however, far from the least of the evils incidental to his position and character. The leprous distilment of jargon which he pours into the porches of your ears, is not yours alone: it circulates freely through the whole bevy of English travellers, and comes back to you with the double venom of *crambe repetita*, through the channel of all the blue-stocking misses and their mammas, whose discourse is of marbles and bronzes, of torsos and friezes, of the Vatican and the Campidoglio, most incongruously hashed up with balls, operas, pic-nic breakfasts, and the pontificating of the Pope. Rome is, beyond all question, the head-quarters of pedantry and affectation; and the ciceroni, the especial professors, destined to inoculate all those whom Nature or metaphysical aid have hitherto preserved from the infection. Often have I seen the prettiest disciples of Almack's, once as innocent of *virtù* as Collinet himself, gathered round poor Sir Humphrey Davy, drinking in his descriptions of unrolled manuscripts, and analyses of volcanic remains, and giving out, like the Bolognian phosphorus, their second-hand light, in analyses of manuscripts and descriptions of volcanoes. Heaven forgive me, but it was too much even for my cockney digestion! To complete the picture of the annoyances of Roman sight-seeing, it must be added, that you are not urged to it merely by your own individual curiosity: it is a matter of rivalry between families. The question is not who sees best, but who sees most; and you are driven into ten thousand holes and corners, which you would rather have left unexplored, because you do not choose to be outdone in industry and zeal. Then, if idleness or satiety call "hold, enough!" and you make up your mind to omit some insignificant ruin, or doubtful monument, be sure you will be told at night that it is the very thing that you ought to have visited, and is the best worth seeing in the whole morning's *giro*; and thus you are compelled to go over the ground once more, to ascertain with your own eyes that your informant was a fool or a liar.

The most provoking trouble in Rome, if not absolutely the worst, is

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\* Santa Maria Maggiore and San Giovanne in Laterano.



the Carnival. How full of expectation is that sound ! How many delightful anticipations does it call up ! How impatiently the traveller awaits the report of the cannon which will announce the instant of its commencement ! Yet most weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable is the reality, most nauseous its daily repetitions, and most despairing its amusements. In my whole life, I never spent so unhappy an hour as when, equipped with a waxen mask and a domino, I sat at the bottom of the Corso, in broad daylight, in shivering expectation of the wretched, unbacked, bedizened animals, whose performance is by courtesy called a horse-race : and, oh ! the blinding showers of lime and plaster of Paris with which every house and carriage salutes you in your passage, but which descend in whole quarries from the balconies and sociables of the grave and “ thinking ” English, the maddest and most unmeasured participators in the frigid Tom-foolery of the hour. It is safer and pleasanter to stand the shot of a pistol, at ten paces, from a Tipperary fire-eater. But if the carnival be a dull piece of business, the ceremonies of Passion-week are the most fatiguing of troubles. There is such pressing and squeezing, and hurrying from place to place, as *funzione* succeeds to *funzione*, such tearing of garments and dropping of shoes ! Few have the wisdom and moderation to select what is best worth attending ; but in their eagerness to lose none of the show, generally arrive at each successive ceremony just as it is over. Then there are such losing of dinners and losing of ways ; and the three hours’ dismal howling of the *tenèbres*, discordant and out of tune, while the candles are extinguished, one by one, like those of the orchestra in Haydn’s broad hint to his stingy employer. And this is the imposing ceremony and heavenly harmony of which we music-maniacs have raved since first we read a book on the divine art ! I often lament that Nature, instead of producing this best of all possible worlds, had not contented herself with writing an account of it : every thing is so much better in description than in reality.

On entering Italy, I had consoled myself with the notion that a limited fortune would necessarily relieve the traveller from all the troubles incidental to a connoisseur ; but in this I was mistaken. There are in Italy temptations of all sorts and sizes, for the man who is bitten with the rage for collecting. He who cannot compass a bas-relief by Thorwaldsen, may purchase a bagnuolo from the Scalpelini. He who shrinks from even bidding for a picture, may ruin himself in prints ; and the lover of the arts, who must abstain from porphyry vases, or antique gems, may dabble in alabaster, cut shells, and mosaics. In Rome, thanks to its comprehensive resources, you may be cheated at all rates, from a thousand pounds to a scudo Romano. Bankers will sell you a Raphael, or a Correggio ; and, for your security, make you place your own name, in your own handwriting, on the back of—a duplicate copy, over which the original has been stretched in the frame : and terra-cotta lamps, Greek, Roman, and Sicilian coins, are daily manufactured, for the consumption of those strangers whose demands are *à prezzo discreto*. The rage for indiscriminate collection is in strict proportion to the ignorance of the purchasers ; and the dealers in pictures and antiques have fine sport with their English visitors. Even in our small way, it was “ an infinite thing ” that our ladies expended



in curiosities which were not curious, and in ornaments which were not ornamental.

The travelling troubles of Rome are, I verily believe, innumerable; they increase in the recollection as I write them down. It is necessary that I should bring this paper to a conclusion, yet I have said nothing of the troubles of receiving visiting cardinals at five shillings a-head,\*—nothing of the *improvisatori*, who preach in verse, and whom you must affect to admire, whether you understand them or no,—nothing of the dreariness, desolation, and solitude of the city and its environs,—nothing of the starvation of the trattoria or restaurateur,—and nothing of the nauseous syrupy wine, that is like no earthly compound but the wine of antimony, whose functions it is admirably calculated to perform. “What! will the line stretch out till the crack of doom?—I’ll see no more:” and yet I must, at parting, slightly glance at one Roman trouble which fortunately, or unfortunately for our readers, we were lucky enough to escape. I allude to a night in July spent at Baccano, its inevitable consequence a malaria fever, and a freehold in perpetuity in the English burying-ground next door to Caius Cestus. M.

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### RECOLLECTIONS OF A GÖTTINGEN STUDENT, NO. III.

OF the professors there were four of Theology, Plank, Staeudlin, Pott, and H. Plank; with whom another was joined at Michaelmas 1823, as an extraordinary—the University preacher, Hansen; he had before that time given private lessons:—seven of Law, Boehmer, Meister, Hugo, Bauer, Eichorn, Bergman, (the Pro-rector or executive magistrate, for the year ending Michaelmas 1823), and Goeschen; with two extraordinaries, Ribbentrop and Elvers:—eight of Medicine, at the head of whom stood Blumenbach; then followed Stromeyer, Himly, Schraden, Langenbeck, J. Stromeyer, Hempel, and Mende; and Conradi at Michaelmas 1823, making the ninth, and one extraordinary, Oriander:—the professors of Philosophy were as numerous as its subdivisions, being altogether nineteen, and two extraordinaries.† There

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\* A scudo is the regular fee given in Rome to the domestics of the cardinals and princes the morning after their masters honour you with a first visit.

† As the very variety of these subjects may not be unamusing to some readers, and particularly to observe how some of the most various were lectured on by the same professor, I add in a note a list of the philosophical lectures as given in the winter semester of 1823–4. G. Eichorn lectured on the Arabian language; Reuss, on the history of general literature; Tychsel, on the Psalms, the prophecies concerning the Messiah, and the language and literature of the descendants of Shem; Mitscherlich, (Bergmann’s successor in the office of Pro-rector,) explained Apollonius Rhodius, and the Thebaid of Statius; Heeren lectured on ancient history, the history of the principal European states, and statistics; Mayer, on experimental physic, and *physical astronomy*; (!) Sartorius, on political economy, national economy, the history of the middle ages and modern times, and the constitution of the country of Nassau; Bouterwek, on logic, general practical philosophy and ethics, and æsthetics; Schulze, on logic and the encyclopædia of philosophy, metaphysics, and *the law of nature together with a philosophical theory of criminal law*; (!) Thibant, on *the analysis of the finite* (!) and *analytical geometry*, and practical mathematics; Gauss, on *the applicability of reckoning by likelihood* (?—*Wahrscheinlichkeitsrechnung*) to practical mathematics, (!) he taught also practical astro-



were also as many private teachers nearly as lecturers ; the former also gave lectures, but they were not regular professors, and received no salaries from Government. There were, too, some gratuitous lectures, but these were seldom much worth ; and the professor giving them (which indeed every professor ought to do), generally managed to indemnify himself for his time and trouble in some other way : thus Dr. Kraus gave two *hours* weekly on the art of writing prescriptions ; (*die Recept-Schreibekunst*,) and these were gratuitous ; but then he also gave two hours weekly of exercises in writing prescriptions, (!) (*Uebungen in Recept. schreiben*,) and these were *privatissimè*.

Blumenbach is a name so well known to even the most unscientific, that it would be needless to say who or what he is.\* I had the honour of being one of those who had the *entrée* to his pleasant little tea-parties, consisting of himself, his wife, and daughter ; some of the most respectable of the students, (among whom the reader will observe I modestly wish to class myself;) and now and then a stray professor or two, and their families : these parties were generally held once a week, I think on the Wednesday evening, and were always well attended ; there were no invitations sent for them, at least not to the students, but every one who was personally known to the professor was at liberty to be present. On these occasions Blumenbach seldom spoke much ; he usually sat a little out of the circle, with his hands folded before him, and listened to the conversation of others ; and certainly at such times no stranger would have taken him for the man of genius he undoubtedly is ; for his face, perhaps owing to his remarkably receding forehead, had, unless when excited either by conversation or lively interest in what was going on, a look of vacancy almost amounting to imbecility. It was nearly impossible to draw him into the general conversation ; but yet he always seemed pleased if any one came and sat by his side and talked with him exclusively ; then he would discourse freely : he was full of good-humour and anecdote, and seemingly always as ready to be amused as he was sure to amuse : his mirthful "*Ja wohl—ja wohl!*" still sounds pleasantly in my ears. He liked the English, and always spoke with thankfulness of the attentions he had received on his different visits to London ; he understood our language thoroughly, but was diffident in speaking it, having therein so little practice. His daughter spoke it much more fluently ; she was a very delightful woman, and seemed to possess all the amiability, and a good

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nomy *privatissimè*, that is to say, the fee to be paid for such instructions was higher than on ordinary occasions ; Hausmann lectured on mineralogy ; Harding, on the principles of astronomy, and mathematical and physical geography ; Benecke, on the middle-high German poets, and the accidence of the English tongue ; Bunsen, on physical geography, German style, and the Italian and Spanish languages ; (!) Dissen explained Plato ; Artaud taught French, and gave an historical and critical account of French literature, in that language ; Saalfeld held a diplomatic exercise, (*ein diplomatisches practicum*—I frankly own I do not understand the meaning of many of these announcements,) and lectured on political and national economy, and held a practical college on political economy ; (!) Mueller lectured on the history of Roman literature, and explained Tacitus ; Ulrich lectured on the same subject as the second-mentioned of Thibant's, and on analytical, plane, and spherical trigonometry, as well as stereometry ; (!) and, the last of this varied list, Hoelk, explained the First Book of Herodotus.

\* There was a story at Göttingen of a letter finding him, addressed only "For Blumenbach, Europe ;" but who has not heard the story of a hundred other great men ?



share of the talent of her father ; she and her mother used to sit knitting (as when is there a German woman that is not ?) during the whole of the evening, except while superintending the labours of the tea-table. Spirits were handed round with the more feeble beverages. Blumenbach used to help himself to sugar by taking about half a dozen lumps in his hand, dropping the requisite quantity into his cup, and the rest back into the sugar-basin. These parties always broke up early ; the rising of one person was generally the signal for the departure of all ; and every student might—if he chose it—be in his bed at half-past ten. Blumenbach must be a very old man ; he looked, at the time I am speaking of, and that was six years ago, to be nearly eighty ; and so I have heard he was : his hair was snow-white, his hands were paralyzed, and he was forced to write with his pen held through the closed palm ; but his intellects were nothing impaired ; he continued to give his lectures on physiology, comparative anatomy, and natural history, as theretofore ; and they were sure always to be crowded ; once or twice when I went to *hospitiren* at them, I was accommodated with a seat only through the civility of the *by-sitters*. Students of all branches of science attended these lectures—many as much for the fun, as for the instruction to be thence derived. The old man often kept his hearers in a roar of laughter during the whole hour ; his account of “the loves of the frogs” was, I think, the most humorous piece of nastiness I ever heard. I have, however, met with grave students, (for some such there are,) who have stigmatized Blumenbach’s style as descending to buffoonery, and too much attended with grimace ; but I would class these objectors among those who are unable to distinguish between the pardonable eccentricities of genius, and the affected mannerism of insignificant minds. Blumenbach had a museum of all kinds of curiosities, natural and artificial—skeletons and mummies—different sorts of grasses and papers—spars and statues—here the dried tattooed head of an American Indian—here the torso of an Italian Venus—on one side of the wall hung a landscape, made of mosaic work of shells, stones, and feathers ; on the other side a case of insects and butterflies : in a glass case stood his unrivalled collection of skulls, arranged in a systematic gradation, from the African ape’s to the European beauty’s ; the greater part of these, the professor told me, he had prepared with his own hands. Like most other curiosity-collectors, he was always ready to show his rarities to any one, and delighted when he fell in with an intelligent or inquisitive visitor.

I had also the honour of professor Hugo’s acquaintance ; but I do not remember any thing particular concerning him, except that he had very black hair and eyebrows, spoke English well, and gave suppers now and then to the students, which were distinguished by the remarkable size of the eels.

Of other professors I knew little, or little that would interest an English reader ; yet I will mention a story I have heard of Eichorn, the law-professor, for the truth whereof I do not, however, vouch. His memory was said to be so extraordinarily retentive, that he could always quote correctly from any book he had once read—not only every important passage, but the very page where the passage was to be found ! It was said of him, too, that from the age of sixteen he had been in the habit of studying, or in some active way employing his



mind, for sixteen hours daily—that he infringed his rule on his marriage day, then reading only six hours—and that he afterwards observed on that circumstance that he thought he had acted very foolishly to give up ten hours for a woman! What time he had for courtship does not appear from this anecdote.

Before commencing the proposed “Commentaries on the Laws of Göttingen,” perhaps it will be as well to give a slight sketch of the usual daily occupations of more regular students than those whose conduct is to furnish my comments. Those men who read hard,\* lead a very sober and orderly life; they are early in all their habits,—nationally so,—going to bed about ten, and getting up about five. Their first occupation of a morning generally consists in smoking a pipe of Cnaster, while their coffee is getting ready, with which they eat one or two biscuits, of somewhat a like kind to our rusks. Every student has his coffee apparatus, as regular a necessary of life as his pipe and tobacco-pouch; the former consisting of a pot containing a filterer, and a chafing dish for it to stand on, wherein charcoal is burnt to keep the liquor hot: to subdue the unpleasant effluvia of the charcoal, it is usually sprinkled with a kind of incense, made of aromatic herbs, and prepared for this purpose; and habit makes this perhaps agreeable, for it was long before my nostrils could accommodate themselves to these suffocating sweets. Some, to this slight breakfast of rusks, coffee, and smoke, add, in about an hour or so, a more substantial one of bread and raw ham, and, may be, a glass of raw spirits;—but here I am getting rather among the *disorderlies*, for I would not be supposed to insinuate that the truly industrious, and they are really many, ever give way at least to such early potations. It is quite a marvel though, in a sober Londoner’s eyes, to see at what a rate some of the burschen swallow this liquid fire; for such, to an unprepared palate, is much of their *Schnaps*: they have infinite varieties of these distilled luxuries. *Kirschenwasser*, *Vanilla*, and some others, to whose names my memory has been less faithful than to their flavour, are certainly delicious; but I am speaking of things known to the knowing, even here. The morning is devoted during the Semester to reading and attending lectures, which though every one is perfectly free to stay away from, none but the very idlest do. The lecture-room is usually in the lecturer’s house—the largest he can spare, and fill; it is fitted up with benches and desks, or ledges, like those placed for the accommodation of barristers in our courts of law, but smaller; and at one end of the room is erected a small stage, whereon stands the professor’s chair and desk. Each student brings with him a *Mappe* or portfolio, and a horn inkstand, the lower end of which, armed with an iron spike, he sticks into the ledge before him, and, using his *Mappe* for a desk, writes down as much as he can of what the professor gives forth: the lectures are usually, therefore, delivered slowly, and the more important points repeated, to allow of their being transcribed. A thorough stranger to the habits of a German university, who might accidentally be present in a lecture-room, would never believe that of the young men he saw so assiduously and praiseworthily employed, probably one half would prove themselves in

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\* The students’ term is *to ox*, synonymous with our *to fag*, (query this from *to fatigue* ?); but very idle wags call it, sarcastically, *to ass*.



the course of an hour to be as riotous and ill-bred as they then seemed docile and industrious. A lecture seldom lasts for more than an hour, though sometimes, towards the end of a Semester, a professor, in order to conclude his subject, finds it needful to lengthen that time to an hour and a half, or even two hours. The usual dinner-time is from twelve to one, seldom later. Most of the ordinaries, or *tables-d'hôte*, are at one. I dined once with the Royal Commissary from Hanover, Herr von Laffert, at the very late hour of three: at Hanover the latest hour is four. Thus the highest fashionables in the north of Germany are three or four hours, daily, behind us (counting backwards) in the useful knowledge of arranging the right hour for being hungry and thirsty. Having incidentally mentioned this three o'clock dinner, it may not be amiss to speak of some of its circumstances, as being as much opposed to the routine of a student's dinner, as to that of an Englishman's. The master of the house took his seat on one side of the long table, in the middle, with a daughter at each hand: the meal seemed as if it would be endless, both from the number of the courses, (some of them consisting of one dish only,) and the great length of breathing-time allowed between the appearance of each; but what, to my sophisticated ideas, seemed the confusion of these dishes, was the most striking part of the arrangement, so to call it. First, we had soup, that never-failing prologue to a German dinner;\* after this we had meat of various kinds; then fish! then puddings and pastry; then venison, bristled all over with shreds of bacon fat,

“Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.”

This is done, I believe, partly for the purpose of imparting an additional flavour to the meat, partly to make amends for the want of natural fat—a failing to which the venison of the country, being mostly wild, is much addicted:† after this venison came different game of the fowl kind, then sweets again and fruit; and then dinner being clearly over, we all retired into the withdrawing-room and drank coffee, and chatted for about half an hour; and then the party broke up at about six in the afternoon! If our English habit of sitting over our wine be objectionable in one point of view, surely this arrangement is so in another; it looks as if people met together really for the sole purpose of eating and drinking; that, for the sake of one another's society, they would indeed stretch a point, and prolong the period requisite for these necessary operations as much as possible; but these once fairly got through, there was absolutely no farther tie to hold them together, and they must separate. This may be all as it should be in countries where an after-dinner nap is fashionable, or it would be very well if, instead of at once

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\* So religiously devoted do the Hanoverians seem to this dish, or *toureen*, that when the weather is so hot as to render real *bona-fide* soup quite intolerable, they craftily substitute for it a manufacture called *beer-soup*, made of beer, brown sugar, and brown bread grated; it is never warmed.

† I had tried my hand at a receipt for this preparation, according to the orthodox phraseology of Mrs. Glasse, as I had once witnessed it applied to a hare in a kitchen, where I had doubtless no immediate business; but on reading it over to a lady, in order to be sure of the absence of all culinary solecisms, she informed me that this mode of dressing was well known in our English kitchens, though never adopted with venison, by the name of *larding*. This it is to meddle with matters out of one's sphere—*Ne sutor*—“the proverb is somewhat musty.”



separating, the party, supposing the climate admitted of it, strolled about in the open air, and dropped off by degrees ; as it was, it seemed very unsociable, and there was nothing left for us students but to go somewhere and sup.—To return to the students' daily course of life: there are many who dine at the ordinaries, and many more who have their dinners from them at their own lodgings ; very few who get them cooked at home. Those who have them sent, pay so much a month to the landlord of some hotel or eating-house, and, according as their payment is high or low, receive a greater or less number of dishes daily ; probably seldom less than four, or more than seven, and always, unless expressly forbidden, including weak and greasy soup as one of the party. These dishes are conveyed from the tavern to the place of execution in a cylindrical basket with a handle, in which the round, white earthenware dishes are piled one on the other, and thus, with a cover surmounting all, their contents are kept thoroughly hot, except in very cold weather. There are two hundred and odd *free tables*, (*Freitische*,) that is, so many dinners given gratuitously by Government to as many poor students—such is the spirit of the regulation at least. It is expressly provided, that any candidate for a free table should satisfactorily prove that he is in need of such public support ; but unfortunately this rule is not strictly abided by, and so considerable a saving in their yearly expenses has been eagerly sought for, and often obtained by rich tradesmen and others, who can have no claim to the advantages of such an institution. The benefited students, as they are termed, are under so much severer rules than their brethren, that any breach of the University laws on the part of the former, is visitable not only with the punishment that is “common to all men,” but by a temporary suspension, or absolute rescission of their privilege of eating at the public expense. The rules relating to the petitioning for, acquiring, and losing their right, are many and minute, and would not, I should imagine, be generally interesting. After dinner, a student invariably falls to smoking or drinking coffee again ; and the rest of the afternoon, taking, as at first intended, the studious for my example, is passed in attending more lectures, copying out their notes, reading, &c. : towards evening in fine weather, the walls and roads leading to the town swarm with walkers ; those who select the latter being chiefly such as prefer joining the pleasures of the pipe to those of a promenade, as smoking is not allowed either on or within the walls. The day concludes with a light supper, either at their own rooms if they choose it sent thither, or at one of the hotels, or of the public gardens, of which there are several near the town, and where there is usually a far from bad band of musicians playing favourite airs for two or three hours. On a Sunday, after church, which begins at nine and is over in little more than an hour and a half,\*

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\* The Church of St. Nicholas, also called the University Church, is exclusively set apart for the use of the students, though they do not necessarily confine themselves to it only ; it is a remarkably neat little building, and affords a pleasing contrast to the clumsy size of the larger churches. While speaking of churches, I will mention a custom which it is to be wished were adopted more generally here, (I have seen it in one or two instances,) as it would supersede the noisy, and often ludicrous ceremony of the parish clerk's “giving out” the psalm to be sung by the congregation : on the pillars, and other conspicuous parts of the church, large black boards are hung up ; on these, in white figures, are marked the numbers of the psalms, and, if needful, of the verses, in the order wherein they are to be sung : the



the morning is generally given up to paying visits to such professors as the students may personally know; in the afternoon, they pour out in swarms to some of the many public places of amusement in the neighbourhood of Göttingen; most of these are gardens attached to the water-mills, of which there are a great number, either for making paper or grinding corn, both on the Leine, and the many little brooks that run down into it from the surrounding hills: on one of these brooks, called *Rauschenwasser*, a little to the north of Göttingen, whose whole length is hardly more than an English mile, there are no less than six mills. Some of these gardens are laid out very prettily, or rather those that are the least “laid out” are usually the prettiest; for rows of poplars and arbours, after the fashion of our English tea-gardens, are the prevailing taste; but of those that are left in a more in-artificial state, many are really quite beautiful, and with their thickly-overhanging trees, and the natural music of the birds, and the rushing waters, they are as cool and pleasant a retreat on a hot summer afternoon as any North-European has a right to wish for. In every one of these gardens there is sure to be a shed for playing skittles, which amusement may be enjoyed at about the rate of three halfpence an hour; it is a favourite both with the students and the peasants, and I never remember to have entered one of these gardens that my ears were not saluted with the rumbling roll of the heavy wooden balls: the rest of the afternoon is passed in strolling about the walks, chatting, smoking, drinking coffee or chocolate, or eating pancakes and salad, which mixture amalgamates better than we might think for, as the Germans use a good deal of sugar in the latter dish. By far the most beautiful of these places of resort is *Marien-Spring*, where the brook before particularized has its source. This spring has, I think, some good qualities attributed to it by the peasantry; I never remember to have tasted it, but its name, savouring of antiquity and Catholicism, as being dedicated to the Virgin, would seem to lead to such an inference. The scene is altogether a very romantic one; situated among sand-stone rocks, some of them running to a considerable height, and overgrown with birch and beech: up these rocks paths and steps have been cut, and seats erected on different platforms; from them the views are varied and delightful—here looking out towards the distant hills over a waving ocean of corn—here a glimpse is obtained of Göttingen, with its three tower-like steeples, and its slanting roofs rising from the trees that belt it, with the river seen before, and again beyond it; from another spot one gazes on a near oak-wooded steep, crowned with a tall, grey, round tower, and other ruins of a once large castle: the scene, too, within these walls of rock and tree, is often one of lively interest, for on holidays and certain anniversaries the towns-folk and the neighbouring farmers, with their respective wives and daughters, flock here to enjoy an afternoon of very harmless dissipation. A *Tanzboden*, (a floor for dancing,) has been built at the foot of the rocks, surrounded with lime-trees; musicians are stationed on one of the nearest platforms, and the national dance is kept up as long as there is light enough for one man to distinguish his

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boards are mostly grooved, and the figures painted singly on squares, to fit into the grooves. The German clergy, being Calvinistic, preach without any robes, and without book; notes are, however, sometimes used.



partner from another's:—the students are, it may be imagined, not behindhand in taking their full share in these *al fresco* revels; and I will not undertake to say that these meetings between them and their fair and youthful partners may not lead to others of a less innocent nature—but this is scandal. Waltzing on its native soil is a very different thing from the specimens we have transplanted here; it is, as its name imports, a whirling—and a whirling with a vengeance: if, as has been asserted, one of the main ends of dancing is exercise, that end is indeed most fully answered in the present instance; and though I am not aware of any such fact, I should not be surprised if a regular course of waltzing were now and then ordered by a German physician, on the same principle that fencing, or the more fashionable, because more modern, exercise of gymnastics, is resorted to with us. The *Tanzboden* is occupied, independent of mere idle spectators, by three tenses of waltzers, if I may so say—present, past, and future: to wit, those who are waltzing, those who have waltzed, and those who shall or will waltz; these parties are continually shifting their grammatical position, the future becoming present, and the present becoming past, according to the mutable course of all other terrestrial events; but unlike those events, the past in this case emerges from its inactivity, and again becomes future, and that again present, thus presenting a circular method of progression,—no inapt emblem of eternity, for almost endless does seem the perseverance of a German, with which, having begun a waltz, he goes through with the labour he delights in. When I made mention just now of the students' fair and youthful partners, I would not have it inferred that it is from necessity they are obliged to put up with such, or that plenty of elder and uglier ones may not be had for asking, but let a *Bursche* alone for that. The waltz is by no means an exclusive enjoyment; old and young are equally admitted to the charms of its magic circle; on the very *Tanzboden* which has led me this long, roundabout, digressive dance, I remember seeing a good dame waltzing with her husband, he nearly bald, and her grey locks dallying with the wanton breeze, both of them so fat that they could hardly get within the necessary arms-length of each other, whirling away, if not with the very vigour of sixteen, with a most earnest desire to get as near it as possible, and retiring out of the ring from time to time, to get a little breath, much in the condition so elegantly and pithily described on a like occasion by the accomplished Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs. The day on which Marien-Spring is most surely and fully crowded is the 18th of June; the Germans bring to the commemoration of this anniversary, (no Englishman, I presume, need be reminded of what event,) an enthusiasm and deep feeling which is quite unknown among us: they do hate the French indeed with a perfect hate, which they have proved, on more than one occasion, casteth out fear. This is not the mere hate of national rivalry, though we can testify how strong that feeling can be; theirs is of a deeper die, moulded by circumstances to which we have fortunately been strangers—by the indomitable sense of deadly injury, and the unsatisfied desire for revenge; and if the tales I have heard from the lips of the peasants and others be but half true, they have too just and natural a cause for these full feelings; for they tell of such wanton



outrages, such brutal excesses committed by the army of these "Tiger-monkeys" during their march through a country not even in arms against them, that the blood of every honest man must boil with indignation at the recital of violence so thoroughly unprovoked, and equally revolting with any that ever disgraced the sackers of a city. Marien-Spring on this day presents a scene of hearty joyousness; music and the dance below, merry laughter from the groups on all sides, and the loud chorus, and mountain-shout of the Burschen, sent pealing down from the old ruins above at the pitch of their manly voices, and mellowed by distance into harmony—all together have an exhilarating effect, to which I know of no English music that could produce an equal. Vauxhall, with its million many-coloured lamps, its atmosphere of punch, and its congress of harlots, is as beneath it as a grand *jet d'eau* of puddle-water would be to the fall of a natural cascade: some tastes, to be sure, might prefer the former in the one case, and the latter in the other. The ruin before spoken of, the Plesse, is of considerable extent, and has evidently been a place of some consequence; it must have been a tolerably strong hold in the iron times of chivalry, for the approach to it is very steep on all sides, and it is not overlooked by any other height; it commands a wide and pleasant view. There are one or two other ruins in the neighbourhood of Göttingen. The principal one, or rather *two* of these are *Die Gleichen*, (*The Two Alike* is the best translation I can offer for the name.) These are the ruins of two castles, situated on the tops of two moderately and equally high hills, "round as two breasts of mother earth," with a narrow but lovely valley as the bosom between them; they are to the south-east of Göttingen, about three English miles and a half from the town, and in the middle of romantically beautiful scenery. There is another extensive ruin in the gardens of Count Hardenberg, near the village of Noerten, on the road to Hanover; it was originally the dwelling-house, but has been left empty, and suffered to fall to ruins for some time past, as the family now resides in a modern mansion, built of late years in another part of the grounds. I have heard this admired as a handsome building:—it much reminded me of the villa of a retired citizen near Fulham, Putney, or some other Tibur of our yellow Tiber. Of these ruins I did hear a story, hardly to be called a legend, and it was to this effect:—that "some years ago" a duel had been fought among them by two students, with pistols, and without seconds; that one of the combatants, it was known, had fled, but whither no one ever could find out; that from his flight it was concluded he had "fought and conquered:"—the consequences of a *perduellium* differing thus by custom from those of any other fight, as according to the former the victor flies, whereas in any other case the vanquished does so—if he can;—there being no trace whatever of the other combatant, not even so much as of his running away, it was necessarily inferred that he had fallen. As soon therefore as the affair got wind, strict search was made all over and under the ruins of Hardenberg Castle, but no body was found there; and after people had duly wondered for nine days, the matter was allowed to go to sleep; but my informant told me that young Count Hardenberg had told him that it was very odd they had never searched in a certain well, over which part of a wall had tumbled soon after the



duel, and where perhaps to this day the fallen man's skeleton is buried! How this affair happened to escape the notice of the police, or how Count Hardenberg never mentioned it to them, I know not. "I cannot tell how the truth may be," perhaps the whole story is a story after all.

As soon as the *Ferien*, or holidays, begin, Göttingen becomes gradually less corpulent: whole bodies of students, exclusive of those about to leave the University for good, migrate into different parts of the country, either to their homes, on visits to friends, or on excursions of pleasure or profit. Among the latter I consider those tours undertaken by students of botany and mineralogy, for the purpose of picking up information and specimens. Hausmann, the professor of mineralogy, goes such an excursion with his class once or twice a year regularly. The fee on this occasion is, I believe, extra, but very moderate: each student, of course, pays his own expenses. I have heard that these scientific rambles with Hausmann are very entertaining and interesting. When a student is about to start on one of these tours, which are almost always performed on foot, he packs up his "little all" in a knapsack, for he does not cumber himself with much luggage. Three shirts, including the one on, will carry a man over a great extent of country; some reckon a third quite a superfluity, nor am I quite certain that even a change is not sometimes dispensed with. Many of the Burschen wear, on these occasions, shirts of silk (the luxurious dogs!) of various colours; some of black! and these shirts are not so frequently shifted as those of linen customarily are, so that it will be seen they are economical in their luxury. The knapsack is small and light; and with this at the back, a tobacco-pouch and schnaps bottle indispensably hung at the side, a pipe in one hand, and probably a stick in the other, the Burschen trudge over hill and dale—to the Hartz—to the Thuringian forest—to the Saxon Switzerland—and even to the genuine Switzerland itself. No one, who has travelled in any part of Germany during Spring and Autumn, but must have met with Burschen from some university or other; and in this manner, with light hearts, and often as light purses, do most young Germans, even of the highest respectability, in the course of their three or four years' stay at the University, travel over the greater part of their native land, —seeing every thing that is worth seeing,—becoming acquainted with the manners and habits of their countrymen of all classes,—and instinctively imbibing that love of father-land—that love for the very *land* of their birth—for which they are so remarkable, and which I hesitate not to say no one can feel who has not inhaled the feeling in like manner: We cannot truly love what we do not know.

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## SKETCHES AND RECOLLECTIONS, NO. III.

*Metropolitan Metamorphoses.—Sir Harry Highflyer : A Suicide's last Carouse.*

“ If sadly thinking, and spirits sinking,  
Could, more than drinking, our griefs compose—

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But since in wailing there's nought availing,  
And Death, unfailing, will strike the blow ;  
Then for this reason, and for a season,  
We will be merry before we go.”—CURRAN.

WHEN Lord Burlington planned his noble mansion in Piccadilly, he took credit to himself for equal taste, judgment, and foresight, in the selection of its local position. It combined various advantages : to the conveniences of a town residence it added the quiet and seclusion of the country ; being completely isolated, it was protected against the obtrusive observation of neighbours ; and as the space in front of it (and this was the grand point) was entirely open to St. James's Park, and it being next to an impossibility that any democratic brick and mortar should ever presume to start up betwixt his Lordship and Royalty ; a delightful prospect, extending even to the Surrey hills, was secured to him and to his heirs for ever. Lord Burlington is dead : Heaven rest his innocent soul ! In these days of alteration and improvement, when houses—streets—parishes—! are demolished, and re-constructed, with the rapidity of a change in a Harlequinade, I will not undertake to answer for any thing that may have occurred in the course of the six weeks I have been absent from London ; but I declare, that so lately as the sixth of last December, there stood the quiet, isolated, secluded, rural mansion, with the un-Arcadian Arcade clinging fast to it on one side ; the hundred windows of Albany peeping and prying into it on the other ; and, immediately opposite to it, were apothecaries' shops, confectioners' shops, tailors' shops, and shops of endless variety—to say nothing of the sphinxes and mummies of the Egyptian Hall. Once more—Lord Burlington is dead : Peace be to his innocent soul !

But not to go so far back as to the days of that well-meaning, but deluded, Lord, let us take a hasty glance at the changes which have been operated in the metropolis within the last *twelve years only* ! We have the indisputable evidence of our senses to attest the fact of such changes having occurred, else might we reasonably doubt its existence. But five lines in the way of illustration, will place these wondrous metamorphoses of miserable hovels into palaces, and blind alleys into splendid colonnades, in a more striking point of view than would fifty pages of description.

Who was better known about town, or who knew the town better, than Sir Harry Highflyer ? He was, as the phrase is, *in* every thing, and the best man *at* every thing—supreme in each pursuit that had fashion for its sanction. He was a member of the Four-in-hand Club ; and it was universally admitted that no gentleman could drive his own coachman to Salt Hill in better style. He was the best dresser in London ; and ruined three tailors by the disinterested readiness with which he exhibited their choicest productions on his own well-formed person. His dinners were the most *récherchés*, his wines the most exquisite that money could purchase—and certainly they had cost dearly



to the tavern-keepers whom he promised to pay for them. He was celebrated in the Fives Court: and if he was unable to *lick* young Belcher, who, from constant practice, had the advantage of him; or the boxing coal-heaver, who was his superior in weight; he had done all that could be required of a gentleman—he had tried. He was the best shot in England. Twice did he brush the morning dew from the grass of Mary-le-bone Fields in his way to Chalk Farm; and on both occasions had he the good fortune to kill his man. The first was Major O'Blaze, a scoundrel, as Sir Harry justly termed him, who had seduced the Baronet's mistress; the other, a Mr. Hardacre, a plain country squire, who had had the temerity to call Sir Harry a scoundrel for eloping with his wife. Here again had Sir Harry done all that could be required of a gentleman. But these were not his only claims to that title. In a single night he won seventeen thousand pounds of young Lackbrain, a tyro in those matters, at hazard. Finding that by selling his commission in the —— dragoons, drawing upon his agent to the uttermost farthing in his hands, and pledging his pictures, his books, and the lease of his chambers in Albany, young Lackbrain could raise no more than nine thousand pounds towards the amount of his loss; he generously, with respect to the remaining sum, declared that as he should hold it unbecoming a friend and a gentleman to press for its immediate payment, Mr. Lackbrain might set his mind perfectly at ease about it, upon signing a bond, for principal and interest, to be payable in twelve—nay, even fifteen months. Sir Harry began life with a fortune of eighteen thousand a-year. Having somewhat of a turn for arithmetic, he at once perceived that it would be imprudent to spend more than twenty thousand, and wisely resolved to limit his expenditure by that sum, or twenty-five at the utmost. But circumstances, which might have baffled the wisest calculations, so ordered it, that thirty was usually much nearer the mark; and however extraordinary it may appear to persons unaccustomed to investigate such matters, the consequence of these continued discrepancies between the income and the outgoing, was, that one fine sun-shiny morning his debts were found to amount to 102,357*l.* 18*s.* 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ *d.*—a very complicated and ugly-looking row of figures—whilst his assets were gracefully pictured forth by that simple and elegantly-formed symbol (0) representing NOUGHT. To use his own emphatic phrase, Sir Harry Highflyer found himself “most magnanimously dished.” It was towards the close of the London season of 1817 that he made this wonderful discovery. What was to be done? He could not at the moment determine. Free air and solitude were necessary to put his mind into a fit state for reflection: so, calling for his hat and gloves, he sallied forth, and, avoiding dear Bond-street, and all the more-frequented avenues, he crossed St. Alban's-street, sidled through St. James's Market, felt his way along a dirty, dingy defile, called Swallow-street, and after passing through sundry dark passages on the north of Oxford-street, he, at length, found himself in the Mary-le-bone fields. There he sauntered about for some time, but to no purpose: one-hundred-and-two thousand and odd pounds, shillings, and pence, were not to be picked up in the Mary-le-bone fields; and what else under Heaven could set him afloat again! The more he thought, the more desperate did his position appear to him. But there is an old French proverb that tells us that *à force de chercher l'on trouve*; and so



it happened to Sir Harry: for by dint of thinking and walking, and walking and thinking, he all at once found himself on the identical spot where he had killed his friends Hardacre and Major O'Blaze. Here, by that fine operation of the mind, called the association of ideas, an easy and certain mode of arranging his affairs occurred to him. "Is it possible!" he exclaimed, "that I can be such an ideot as, for nearly two hours, to have overlooked so obvious an expedient! Is it possible that I, a man of unquestionable courage, as this very spot can attest, should have been, for an instant, in doubt about the means of escaping from an exposure of my *cut up*—an event I never should have found nerve to encounter! Is it possible that I, a rational being, should have failed to think of the *very thing* that would have occurred to any ass in London, at the first blush of the affair!—What! shall I put down my four-in-hand? Shall I send my racers to Tattersall's? Shall I break up my snug little establishment at Kilburn, and confess to my pretty Julia that it is all up with me? Shall I tell my friends that I can squander no more thousands, for the reason that I have no more thousands to squander? No, no; thank my stars, I have too much courage to submit to that." It were needless to state in explicit terms what was the nature of the remedy intended to be employed by this "rational being," for the many ills which this "man of unquestionable courage" was too courageous to encounter; but, having settled the question entirely to his own satisfaction, he, upon his way home, suddenly put his handkerchief to his cheek, went into an apothecary's shop, complained of a racking tooth-ache, and purchased a phial of laudanum.

Courage and Rationality! How differently may the qualities implied by these terms be understood! Had Sir Harry presumed to rush uninvited into the presence of the Prince Regent, his courage would have been stigmatized as daring and reckless impudence, his rationality as sheer insanity. But Sir Harry would not have done *that*: he was too *well-bred* a man: his consciousness of the respect due from a subject to his prince; his deference to the forms of civilized society; nay, the very consideration of what was due from man *even unto MAN*, would have warned him of the *impropriety* of committing so gross an outrage as *that*! This is a mere passing remark, which, as it is not necessarily connected with the subject, the reader may consider, or not, at his discretion.

Upon reaching home, Sir Harry gave strict charge to Laurent, his valet, not to come to him till he heard his bell, nor to allow any one to interrupt him. He then went into his dressing-room, where he passed nearly two hours in writing letters.

He drew the phial from his pocket!!

"The ruling passion strong in death," he held it up to the light; and muttering "Bright as a ruby—a cursed bore though, for all that," he twisted out the cork, put the poison to his lips, and——there was a tap at the dressing-room door.

"Who the devil's that? Didn't I give positive orders that no one should disturb me?"

"Beg you pardon, Sare, but it grow late; you remember Milord Dashmore dine wiz you, and you not tell me how many I will order dinner for."

This reminded him that he had invited Lord Dashmore and a party



of friends to dinner for that very day. "They'll look upon it as a sneaking piece of business," thought he, "if I leave them in the lurch in this way: a few hours later will make no difference, and I shan't be in worse condition for my journey for a dozen bumpers of claret." Then added, aloud, to Laurent, "Order for twelve, and afterwards come and help me to dress."

"Mr. Maxwell is here, Sare; shall you see him?"

"Maxwell!" thought Sir Harry; "what whimsey has brought him here! I thought I had given him a surfeit of me, at his last visit, a twelvemonth ago.—Beg Mr. Maxwell to walk up."

Mr. Maxwell was the son of a clergyman who died of a very odd complaint—a broken heart for the loss of his wife—leaving this son an orphan at the age of two years. As this is an age at which a young gentleman is not very well qualified to take care of himself, the late Baronet, Sir Harry's father, thought that he might do it much better for him; and, acting upon this suggestion, took him into his own house. Little Master Maxwell and the Baronet's son being of nearly the same age, they were instructed by the same masters, sent at the same time to Westminster, and, afterwards, entered at the same college at Cambridge. Upon their return from College, Sir Robert Highflyer gave young Maxwell the choice of a profession; but as the young gentleman entertained an unbounded dislike of law, physic, and divinity, the army, and the navy, it seemed a matter of some difficulty how to provide for him.

"'Tis a lucky thing for you, Tom," said Sir Robert, "that I have the command of four votes, and can, *therefore*, obtain from ministers any thing in reason I choose to ask."

Now, although I am certain these were the very words used by Sir Robert, I never, for the soul of me, could understand what he meant by having the command of four votes; still less, by the most industrious application of my reasoning faculties, could I ever perceive the remotest connexion between such a possession, and a certain degree of influence with ministers, which he considered as its obvious and natural consequence. However, such was his expression.

Young Maxwell's inclinations tending towards politics, a valuable appointment in the office of the ——— for the ——— department, was procured for him, with an understanding that, at the first convenient opportunity, he should have a seat in Parliament. Shortly after this, Sir Robert died; and his son succeeded to the title and estates.

Between the latter and Maxwell as close a friendship had always existed as could exist between two persons whose habits and occupations were diametrically opposed; and Maxwell, presuming, perhaps, too far upon this, (and entertaining, as he did, a stupid notion that he could not better evince his gratitude to the patron to whom he owed every thing, than by endeavouring, to the utmost of his power, to save his son from ruin,) would sometimes take the liberty to make it *too* evident to Sir Harry that the system of extravagance he pursued must inevitably lead to the utter destruction of his fortune. The result of one of these remonstrances was an intimation from Sir Harry, that unless Mr. Maxwell could find more amusing topics for conversation, his absence from ——— Street would be particularly desirable; and Mr. Maxwell not being able to comply with the first condition, he very



coolly availed himself of the other. The Baronet's astonishment at the present visit is thus accounted for.

"Ha! Tom, how do? devilish glad to see you," said Sir Harry, holding out one hand, and with the other depositing the little phial of laudanum, together with the letters he had written, in a drawer of his dressing-table; "devilish glad, 'pon my soul I am; but no preaching, Tom."

"No, no; my preaching days are over."

"So much the better; and I'm glad to find that, in that respect at least, I have succeeded in reforming you, whatever may have been your success in——" He suddenly stopped—walked towards the window—returned—and continued.—"No matter——Stay and dine with me; you will meet Dashmore, and Leslie, and Colonel D——, and—in short, all friends of yours."

"To tell you the truth, Highflyer, I came for the purpose of billeting myself upon you. I met Leslie this morning, who told me of your party. And——" (here he made an unaccountable pause,)—"But since I am here, will you allow me to send a message to my servant to bring my things here to dress? 'Twill save me the trouble of going home."

"Ay, to be sure; Laurent will be here presently, and he shall send somebody to him."

Had Sir Harry been in a state of mind to think to any purpose, he would have thought that, considering the terms on which they had stood for some time past, all this was very strange.

By the time Laurent had finished dressing his master, Maxwell's servant arrived; and Sir Harry descended to the drawing-room to receive his guests, leaving his friend to perform the duties of the toilette.

"Another pin, Ward," said Maxwell to his servant. "Plague on the inventor of this tie! it requires as many pins as the frock of a boarding-school romp." But Ward having exhausted all the pins in Sir Harry's cushion, his master opened first one drawer and then another, till coming to that in which the Baronet had deposited the letters, he was astonished at perceiving that the letter on the top of the pile was addressed to Lord Dashmore, *who was to be of the party that very afternoon*, and the next beneath it to himself! In addition to these were letters addressed to his agent, to his solicitor, and to his aunt, Lady Mary ——, whom he had offended beyond all hope of pardon.

"This is very strange!" He continued his search. "Good God! —Ward—I have no farther occasion for you: you may go.—Unless I am at home by one, you needn't——yes—you had better be in waiting for me——that's all.—Stay—call a hackney-coach immediately—don't bring it to the door, but wait with it at the corner of the street."

The guests were all assembled, and Laurent announced that dinner was served.

"Let Mr. Maxwell know," said Sir Harry.

"Mr. Maxwell, Sare, beg you shall not wait for him. He go home for something he forget, but shall return before the soup be remove." A knock at once announced the return of Mr. Maxwell, so that no delay occurred.

Sir Harry Highflyer, as is well known, was one of the most agreeable



table-companions of the day. He was a man of ready and pleasant wit; and, whatever may have been his faults at other times and in other places, (and numerous and grave indeed they were,) he was faultless at the head of his own table. Never the retailer of other men's stories, and seldom the hero of his own, he entertained a mortal aversion for your mere story-teller. "The original sin," he used to say, "has entailed a curse on all the pleasures of life, and story-telling is the curse of conviviality. The nonsense of the moment is a thousand times preferable to the most exquisite piece of wit, ready cut and dried for the occasion, that ever was uttered, or the best ready-made story that ever was told." He held noise to be subversive of mirth (of cheerfulness it certainly is), instead of an assistant to, or an evidence of, it: and, strange as it may appear, he could not endure a coarse joke, or an obscene story. "Let us," he once said, "let us show some consideration for the necessities of our inferiors; let us abandon to tinkers such incentives to mirth—the poor devils require something as a relish to their beer; we shall lose nothing by the surrender; for, for my part, I can't fancy that they go well with the elegant, delicate flavour of fine wine." To do Sir Harry justice, he was not a *beast*.

The dinner went off pretty much in the same way as dinners of the kind generally do. But some circumstances occurred, of too remarkable a character to pass without mention. It is true that, with the exception of Mr. Maxwell, they made no very deep impression on any one present; yet, at one or two of those circumstances, not one of the party but felt, more or less acutely, what might, not inaptly, be termed a momentary shock of astonishment. No one could be a fairer talker than Sir Harry: he allowed opportunity to every one for taking his share in the conversation; he never, as it were, elbowed himself in; but availed himself adroitly, and apparently without effort, of the first opening. Upon this occasion, however, he *talked through* every one that attempted to speak; he talked almost incessantly; and, indeed, seemed to be uneasy when he was constrained even to a short interval of silence. He spoke, too, in a loud, overpowering tone of voice, altogether contrary to his usual habit; and his gaiety, ordinarily so distinguished by its suavity and its subordination to the dictates of good taste, was boisterous in the extreme, and sought to maintain itself by a recourse to expedients the most common-place. Again, it was observed that, oftener than once, he filled a bumper, drank it off, and filled again before he passed the wine.

There was some question about arranging a Vauxhall party for the following evening, and Mr. Maurice B——, not perceiving that their host was whispering Laurent, who had just entered the room with a message to him, turned round and abruptly inquired, "Highflyer, where shall you be to-morrow night?" Sir Harry, turning suddenly at the question, fixed his eyes (which seemed to distend to twice their natural size) on the speaker, set his teeth firmly together, and uttered a short, convulsive, fiend-like laugh, as his only reply; at the same time grasping Laurent by the fleshy part of the arm. A death-like silence ensued; not a soul present but felt a thrill of horror! Lord Dashmore, indeed, who was raising his glass to his lips, involuntarily threw it upwards with such force, that it struck the ceiling



and fell in fragments to the ground. Poor Laurent, sinking almost on his knees, while tears of agony were forced from his eyes, naturally and pathetically cried out in his own language, "*Mais, mon Dieu! Monsieur, vous me faites mal—vous me faites mal, vous dis-je.*" Sir Harry relinquished his hold, drew his hand across his forehead, filled a bumper, carelessly reproached Colonel D——, who was assisting him in the duties of the table, with exposing the bottles to an attack of the cramp for want of motion, and, quite contrary to his custom, volunteered to sing a song. All this occurred in infinitely less time than it has occupied to describe it; and notwithstanding the sensation was powerful, yet so rapidly had the scene which occasioned it passed, that it was extinct before the next bumper went round.

Sir Harry became—gayer? no—more boisterous than before.

Sir Charles F—— remarked that they were thirteen at table! "Then one amongst us is booked for within the year," said Colonel D——, laughingly.

"A hundred guineas to five, I am the man," said Sir Harry.

"Done!" exclaimed Lord Dashmore, at the same time drawing out his pocket-book for the purpose of entering the bet: "and in a twelve-month and a day, I shall wait upon you for a cool hundred—for you'll lose."

"'Tis no bet, Dashmore," said Sir Harry, with a bitter smile, which no one but Maxwell noticed; "'tis no bet, so don't book it: no man is justified in making a bet *when he knows himself sure of winning.*"

It was growing late. Some one looked at his watch and observed that it was almost time to break up. "Don't think of leaving me yet," said Sir Harry—"for God's sake." And he rang for more wine, together with anchovy toasts, broiled bones, and other provocatives to drinking. To most present, the form of his appeal seemed *odd*; to Maxwell it appeared awful!

But the last, and most striking occurrence, of the night, is now to be related. Sir Harry, it has already been said, exhibited manifest signs of impatience at even the short intervals of silence to which the give-and-take of conversation occasionally subjected him. They threw him back upon his own reflections. A question being put to Colonel D—— respecting the storming of Badajoz, he described just so much of it as had come immediately under his own observation (for he had been engaged in it); and with so much force, vivacity, and picturesque effect was his short narrative imbued, that it engrossed the attention of all present. It could not have occupied longer than three minutes; yet, when the Colonel had ceased speaking, it was observed that Sir Harry was leaning with his elbow on the table and his forehead in his hand. "The Baronet's off," said some one, and laughed. Sir Harry started at the sound, mechanically filled his glass, and sent the wine on.—"What the deuce is the matter with you, Highflyer?" exclaimed another; "your cravat is covered with blood!"—"Nothing"—replied he, putting his handkerchief to his mouth—"Nothing—a scratch—nothing—nothing—fill—fill, and send the wine about."—His appearance was ghastly: his features were distorted, his face was deadly pale, and the blood was streaming from his nether lip, which in the intensity of mental agony he had unconsciously bitten nearly through!



"I have not seen the Baronet so much cut," whispered Colonel D—— to Lord Dashmore, who was sitting next to him, "since the hard bout we had at Melton last year. Let's be off."

As the party retired, the successive "Good night" of each fell upon Sir Harry's ear like a death-knell! It struck like an ice-bolt to his heart! He was a man of "unquestionable courage," as we have seen, but he could not stand it; and as the three or four last were preparing to leave the room, he cut short their valedictions by hastily saying, "That'll do, that'll do." Maxwell was the last to retire. Sir Harry grasped his hand, and held it firmly till he heard the street door close upon the rest. "Now you may go, Tom; those are mere friends of the hour, but *you* and *I* have been friends from children. You knew my poor father, and he loved you. There"—and he shook his hand warmly—"there—now go—Good night; Heaven bless you, Tom, Heaven bless you. Go—go." Maxwell, as he went out, said to Laurent, "It is probable your master will not ring for you very early to-morrow; be sure you suffer no one to approach him till I come."

"*Ma parole*, Sare, I sall not be ver' glad to go to him ver' soon—endeed he make de blood come out to my arm. I take him for wild cat."

They were mistaken who thought that Sir Harry was *cut*—in plain English, drunk: excepting Maxwell—whose situation throughout the evening, by the by, had not been the most enviable—he was the only sober man of the party. The prodigious quantity of wine he had swallowed produced no more effect upon him, in the way of intoxication, than if it had been water: he carried an antidote to it in his mind. Left to himself, he filled a large goblet with claret, which he took off at a draught. He then desired Laurent to give him a taper, told him he had no occasion for his attendance that night, shook him by the hand, (which condescension the poor fellow conceived to be intended as a set-off against the gripe he had received,) walked steadily into his dressing-room, and locked and bolted the door. He then approached the dressing-table; took the letters he had written in the morning, and the phial of laudanum, from the drawer wherein he had deposited them; and having spread out the former in such a manner that they could not fail to be seen by any one who should come into the room the next day—he paused for a few seconds. He then uncorked the phial—swallowed its contents—stood motionless, as if transfixed, for nearly a minute—staggered towards a sofa—and fell senseless on it.

Now if any one should say that Mr. Maxwell, with the suspicions he entertained, or, rather, the knowledge he possessed of Sir Harry's intention, acted unwarrantably—heartlessly—wickedly—in leaving him to carry it into execution, the only defence I can offer for him is that—perhaps he had very good reasons for acting as he did. But to relieve him as speedily as possible from the odious charge of conniving at so horrible a deed, it will be as well at once to explain what those reasons were.

Although the friendly intercourse which had hitherto subsisted between these gentlemen had ceased for nearly a twelvemonth prior to the period in question, Maxwell, nevertheless, with considerable anxiety watched the proceedings of the son of his benefactor. He was aware of the ruinous modes of raising money resorted to by Sir Harry, whilst



any thing remained in his possession which he could either mortgage or sell; and he was now also aware of the distressing facts that not only even those means were exhausted, but that Sir Harry was inextricably in debt. It happened one morning that, being with his solicitor upon business of his own, that gentleman put into his hands certain papers left for inspection with him by one of his clients. They were documents connected with a transfer of some part of Sir Harry's property to a person from whom he had long been in the habit of raising the supplies. Maxwell presently perceived, what his Solicitor intended he should be informed of, that, in that transaction, an obvious fraud had been practised upon his inconsiderate friend. This discovery led him to examine into other transactions of a similar kind; and the result of his various investigations was a conviction that a vast portion of the property might fairly be recovered, since it had been obtained from Sir Harry by mal-practices of a much graver complexion than the mere infraction of the Usury Laws.

Having, after several consultations with his Solicitor, decided as to the course to be adopted, he resolved, in spite of their late estrangement, to pay a visit to his quondam friend, and communicate the pleasing intelligence to him. On his way thither he met Mr. Leslie, who told him of the dinner-party for that day. "I'm glad of it," said Maxwell, "for I have something to tell him which will give a zest to his wine." But scarcely had he entered the Baronet's dressing-room—(Sir Harry's astonishment at his visit, and his manner of receiving him, have already been described)—when he was attacked by one of those vague—undefinable—unaccountable apprehensions of approaching evil which every one, perhaps, has, at some time or other, experienced. *Why*, he scarcely knew; but he at once determined to delay the communication he had to make till the following day: and still less could he tell why, at the same instant, he resolved upon not quitting Sir Harry for the rest of that afternoon. It was upon taking this latter resolution that he requested permission to send for his things to dress there.

The rest is soon told.

We know very well that in cases of emergency, where we suddenly find ourselves thrown unassisted upon our own resources, and feel that something *must* be done, our thoughts succeed each other with such amazing rapidity that we seem to jump at conclusions without any intermediate train of reasoning. But it is not so; the process does take place; the difference is, our thoughts express themselves, if I may so say, in pictures instead of words. If any one who has found himself so situated will take the trouble to recollect his sensations at the time, he will find that he did not think in words, but that a variety of pictures,—scenes of various modes of action, presented themselves almost simultaneously to his mind's eye, and that by a sort of instinct he pounced upon the right one. This is something of what is usually understood by that rare quality called presence of mind:—a commodity which a certain worthy gentleman once declared never failed him, provided he were not taken by surprise, but had time to turn the matter over in his head.

Maxwell did not throw the poison out at window; nor did he rush into the drawing-room, with his face pale and his hair standing on-end; nor did he call upon the company to bind Sir Harry hand and foot;



nor did he remonstrate with him upon the folly as well as the wickedness of terminating his own existence; nor did he even betray the slightest hint that he was aware of his entertaining such an intention. *He knew his man*; and he was conscious, therefore, that his interference in any manner, though it might delay, would not prevent the act; he perceived, too, that he was not then, nor likely to be, for the rest of that day, in a state of mind to listen to his edifying expostulations; and he felt convinced that, by taking one means of self-destruction out of the hands of a man desperate and resolved like him, he should only be forcing him to the adoption of some other. But he took a much wiser course than any of those. He drove to the chemist's, whose address he found on the label of the phial, and procured a composing draught, which was put into a small bottle of precisely the same appearance as the more mischievous one he had removed. He then returned to —— Street, walked leisurely up-stairs into the dressing-room, placed the mixture where he knew it would be sought for, descended, and took his seat at the dinner-table as quietly as if nothing in the world had happened.

By eight o'clock the next morning Maxwell was in Sir Harry's room, which he entered by a side-door the baronet had neglected to fasten. He found his friend in a profound sleep, from which he did not awake till three o'clock of the same afternoon. It were needless to relate all that passed upon this occasion. Suffice it, that having explained to Sir Harry the hopes he entertained of recovering for him a large portion of his property, Maxwell found no difficulty whatever in persuading him to withdraw immediately from London, and to retire to a small place of his near the town of —— in Wales, till, by the exercise of a rigid economy, he might be able to relieve himself from his embarrassments. That he, a gay man of the town, should so readily have adopted a suggestion which seemed to imply the entire abandonment of the habits of his whole former life, will appear the less extraordinary when it is mentioned that he has been heard to declare, that he would endure starvation, beggary, misery in any shape, rather than again encounter *the horrors of that last carouse*.

“Well? and what has all this to do with it? You set out with something about the marvellous changes which have taken place in the metropolis; undertake to give an illustration in five lines which shall exhibit them in a more striking point of view than a long description; and instead of that, here have you been filling I know not how many pages with a story about a profligate baronet—who, so far as his own intentions were concerned, was a suicide into the bargain.”

“Well; and the illustration is coming, if you will but have patience. But pray remember what I told you a month ago, (and I am very sorry you oblige me to tell it you again;) I bind myself to no particular method, but sketch my characters as they may happen to start up before me, and relate my anecdotes, *à-propos des bottes*—which, faithfully translated, means how and when and wherefore it may happen to take my fancy. To let you into a secret, the character of my mind is any thing but mathematical, orderly; and if I were to set out with an essay upon the statistics of Nova-Scotia, (which haply you might find very entertaining,) I would not answer for it but that, before I had led you on half a page, we were together at the bottom of one of the tin mines in Cornwall. Mind—I do not entertain the slightest idea of de-



fending this practice; but, were it a thousand times more blameable than it is, I can't help it. Allow me to ask you, do you, when you go out to take your walk, stride along the high-road, from the forty-four mile-stone to the forty-seven mile-stone, and back again? or, do you cut across fields, jump over hedges, go up one green lane and down another, till you find yourself arrived at your own door—you hardly know how? For my part, an order stuck up at the entrance of a field to “keep along the foot-path,” inevitably excites my desultory propensities; and I dart across the enclosure—diagonally—from one corner to the other. So it is when I get a pen in my hand.—But you said something about an illustration; and I thank you for reminding me of it; for it is as true as that I did intend this paper to be upon a subject as remote as possible from Sir Harry Highflyer, that I had forgotten all about it.”

Well, then; once more for the illustration.

Sir Harry Highflyer, who knew all those parts of London which it is decent and proper for a man of fashion to know, as well as you yourself know them, quitted the metropolis in the year 1817. He has never visited the overgrown monster of a town, since. Next Tuesday he will return. Now pray bring him, blind-fold, into the neighbourhood of his old haunts. Set him down——Let me see; where?——In the broad part of Waterloo-place, with his face turned towards the County Fire-office. Ask him to tell you the way to a narrow, ugly street, called St. Alban's Street, which he formerly knew very well. Don't wait long for his answer, because he will not soon find one; but turn him completely round with his face towards where formerly stood the stupid, useless, unmeaning screen before Carlton House. Show him the United Service Club on one side, the Athenæum on the other, the splendid buildings about them—then ask him in what city of Europe he thinks he stands. I cannot tell you what he *will* say, but I am positive as to what he will *not* say—he will not say London. Then take him to any part of Regent Street you please—either near the Colonnade, or farther up, where specimens of elegant architecture abound. Ask him what is become of *dirty, dingy Swallow Street*. Proceed with him to the Regent's Park. Point out to him the Panthe—the Coliseum, the people call it—and place him on the uppermost step under its fine portico. Show him the magnificent buildings around,—the lakes, the gardens, the tasteful enclosures, the promenades, the admirable imitations of rural scenery—show him, in short, a more exquisite assemblage of the various beauties that belong separately to town and to country, than is to be met with in any other city of the universe, and ask him—which is the nearest way to the Mary-le-bone fields. He could have found his way to them—as he did, poor fellow!—*only twelve years ago*; but now—!!!

And this is the illustration I intended.

O, Mr. Nash! I once occupied apartments in Regent Street. There was not a room in the splendid-looking house in which you could turn, without getting your nose into a corner—in one of the rooms there were no fewer than *seven*,—there was not a closet, a cup-board, or a convenience of any kind—there was no chance of the light of day entering, for the goodly columns and exterior ornaments of the building, set all the efforts of the sun to pay you a morning visit, at defiance.



But I look around at the wondrous improvements you have effected in our red-and-black brick city; I look to Regent Street—(*outside* be it always understood,) and I look to that magic wonder of the day, the Regent's Park; and I not only forgive you my uncomfortable lodgings in Regent Street, but I shall honour you while you live, and would be the first to vote a lasting monument to your—but no; construct more Regent's Parks, live long, be honoured, and be happy! P.\*

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### RECOLLECTIONS OF BRAZIL, NO. III.

I HAD been six months in Europe when I was induced once more to visit Brazil. I quitted England with deep regret; under its genial climate I had gradually wooed back the health which had forsaken me under the burning sun of the tropic.

It was in the early part of the year of 1825 that I embarked at Liverpool, at the zenith of the bubble mania. I was detained six weeks by contrary winds in this Anglo-American town, and so completely *ennuyé* was I, that it was with feelings of delight I once again found myself dancing on the light blue wave towards South America. A fine run of thirty-five days brought us in sight of the palm-clad shores of Brazil. The place of our destination was a small town in the province of Peauhi, situated between the capitánias of Ceara and Maranhão.

São Luis de Maranhão differs but little in its external features from the other cities of Brazil. What most forcibly attracts the eye of the European on his first arrival, is the singular equipage of the inhabitants. On a gaily painted pole, borne on the shoulders of two negroes, is slung a hammock of net-work, in the centre of which, squatting *à la Turc*, rides the fair Brazilian. It requires no inconsiderable skill and long use to the swinging motion of the hammock, as it is borne rapidly and silently through the streets, to preserve an equilibrium. Over the pole is flung a mantilla of cloth, varying in its devices and costliness of material according to the taste or the wealth of the owner. The mantilla serves at once as a veil and as a defence from the fiery rays of the sun. I have often been fascinated with the ardent gaze of a lustrous dark eye, shining through its thick folds like the solitary star of evening which sometimes reigns in lonely loveliness in the deep blue sky. It is remarkable how simplified are many of the wants of this people by the universal use of the hammock. In the drawing-room, it is an ottoman; in the bed-room, a couch; and in the street it takes the place of the more cumbrous *Cadiera*, or palanquin, of the southern provinces. To the traveller, it is an indispensable appendage: slung to the branches of a tree, he sleeps in the midst of the woods comparatively in luxurious ease. On active service in warm latitudes, the hammock might be successfully introduced into our service as a substitute for the camp-bed.

As I was one morning lounging in the great square of the palace, and endeavouring to while away time by looking at the awkward evolutions of a party of recruits writhing under the torture of a drill-serjeant, I was accosted by a gentleman with whom I had been on terms of intimacy some years before in one of the Southern provinces: he pressed me to accompany him to a public ball, to be given on the fol-



lowing evening, under the immediate patronage of the President, the British and American Consuls, and a long list of other magnificoes.

From the high-flown description which he gave of this assembly, I put it down as another Almack's, and accepted the invitation with pleasure, as affording me an opportunity of mixing with the *haut ton* of the place. Having devoted more than usual time to the important duties of the toilette, I repaired at the appointed hour to the Theatre, in the saloon of which the "reunion" was held. How much do our opinions of things depend on first impressions: mine on this occasion, I must confess, were not favourable, for the first object which encountered my eye on entering the room was an *elegant du pays* in that anti-Terpsichorean costume, a frock-coat and Hessian boots: this was, indeed, a damper, but I endeavoured to philosophize myself into good-humour. It is doubtless the fashion of the place, thought I, and what absurdity will not fashion sanction!—touched by its magic wand, the grotesque figures of the Chinese painter please for a time more than the sublime creations of a Raphael or Michel Angelo. My friend was the master of the ceremonies for that evening; the duties of his office, therefore, left him no time to devote to me. I soon felt that no where does a man feel more lonely than as a stranger amidst the gay throng of the ball-room. There were several Englishmen in the room, but as yet I had not the honour of having been introduced to them; and of the two alternatives, of treading on the toes of a fire-eater, or of addressing a certain class of my countrymen without the previous formality of an introduction, I would, in nine instances out of ten, prefer the former. I believe I was thinking of effecting a speedy retreat, when I was politely accosted by a German gentleman. He proved an invaluable acquaintance; knew very body and every thing; in fact, was quite a *carte du pays*. There were some peculiarities of manners at this ball which forcibly struck me. Both the cavaliers and their dark-eyed partners danced ungloved. In so warm a climate, it occurred to me that there was something indelicate in this custom, and I failed not to express my opinion of it to my new acquaintance. "You will be much more surprised," rejoined he, "when I tell you the reason of it. To present a gloved hand to a lady would be taken as an insult, as inferring the existence on her part of some cutaneous disorder. You will perhaps imagine that I am practising on your credulity; but if you will take the trouble of extending your inquiries on the subject, you will find that I am not romancing." I did so, and to my astonishment found that he was correct. After the first sets were over, the company again took review order, which consisted in ranging the dancers, with a scrupulous regard to sex, on the opposite sides of the room. Suddenly, the strains of music were heard, a gentleman rose, and after capering about in a most extraordinary style, bowed to a lady, who in her turn got up, and having gone through the same evolutions, singled out a cavalier, and so on till nearly the whole company had passed the ordeal. As I sat wrapped in wonder at this singular scene, I was good-naturedly reminded by my new acquaintance of the necessity of gaining some unobserved part of the room. "As you are a stranger," said he, "you will be inevitably marked out." I felt desperately annoyed at the bare idea of making so ridiculous an exhibition of myself, and lost no time in profiting by his advice, which fortunately saved me from what I so



much dreaded. Not so a young Englishman, a stranger like myself; he was singled out by the *espieglerie* of a pretty little brunette. I shall never forget his look as he sat almost overwhelmed with confusion; and when, urged by the importunities of those around him, he at last ventured to make a forward movement, it was executed in such a manner that it elicited a burst of merriment from all parts of the room.

The political disturbances of which Maranham had been the theatre, only a short time previous to my arrival had reduced society to a very low ebb; I had therefore but very little opportunity of observing its peculiarities. As for the few English residents, they were almost on fighting terms, from some petty feelings of jealousy growing out of the similarity of their pursuits.

I bitterly regretted the accident which had led me to Maranham, for, independently of the loss of time, it entailed on me the alternative of regaining the place of my original destination by a long and tedious over-land journey, which at that period, owing to the excessive drought, which had prevailed for eighteen months without intermission, was an undertaking of some difficulty. But go I must. Having therefore provided myself with a *portaria* (a kind of firman), and a few letters of recommendation, I hired a canoe to convey me to a point on the main-land, and on the morning of the 1st of May bade adieu to Maranham. As I crossed the bar of the harbour, a feeling of gloom came over me, for I thought I was bidding a last adieu to the haunts of civilized man. After buffeting about for some hours in the Bay of St. Marcos, drenched by a pelting rain, we at length entered the Rio Mosquito. Scarcely had we passed its outermost entrance, when I could not help admiring the singular felicity of the name given to this stream. We were furiously attacked by myriads of mosquitoes, and their allies, the morisacoes; it was in vain to cover the parts most exposed to their attacks, some of their guerillas penetrated the folds of the covering, and almost maddened with their sting the invaders of their empire. The day, which had been stormy, was succeeded by a beautiful night; the moon rose in all the bright effulgence of a tropical clime, radiantly tipping with silver the graceful tops of the cocoa-nut trees as they towered above the forest, and bathing in a flood of light the richly-wooded banks of the river, in whose lustrous bosom were reflected the beautiful constellations of the Southern hemisphere. It was a lovely scene, and as I reclined in the bottom of the canoe, I was struck with the character of the motley crew, not two of whom were natives of the same land. The Patrao was a Portuguese, his second, a Venetian; two Africans, but of different tribes, and an American Indian, completed the complement. I could not help musing on the singular combination of chances that had brought within the narrow compass of a frail canoe six human beings from such different parts of the globe. The Venetian was a remarkably handsome man, and had been a gondolier in his youth, from which occupation he was torn by the French conscription. After a variety of adventures, this poor fellow found himself exercising his original avocation as a boatman under the far-distant clime of Brazil. He sang, with all the impassioned tone of his country, some stanzas from the Gerusalemme. "Ah, Venezia, Venezia!" he exclaimed, on concluding his barcarolle, "Non più ti vedrò;" this simple lament sounded like a solemn dirge over the fallen fortunes of his country.



It was late on the following evening when I reached the main land. After having been cooped up in a narrow canoe for upwards of six-and-thirty hours, I appreciated to the utmost the power of stretching my limbs on *terra firma*. Finding that the lateness of the hour did not admit the possibility of reaching that night the house of the Commandant of the district, to whom I had letters of introduction, I was obliged to take up my quarters in a hut. It was with great difficulty, on discharging the canoe, that I prevented a conflict between the Patraõ and the Venetian. The former, it appeared, had stipulated to give to each of the crew, according to his grade, a certain proportion of what I was to pay for the hire of it. This worthy, however, no doubt with a most tender regard to his own interest, had reported to his victims that the sum I was to pay was extremely trifling, and moreover he affected to regret that he had undertaken the voyage. The Venetian, who had no very elevated idea of the morality of his commander, took an opportunity of asking me what I had really agreed to pay; and on finding that it was five times the sum reported by the Patraõ, and more than sufficient to have purchased the canoe, he broke out into a violent paroxysm of rage, in which he was joined by his comrades, whose interest it decidedly was to make common cause with him. I was highly amused with the contrast which the expression of woeful disappointment depicted on the countenance of the Patraõ, thus unexpectedly, in the tenth hour, overreached in his diplomacy, formed with the fiery air and angry gesticulations of his enraged companions. I at last succeeded in quelling the tumult, and in settling the affair to the entire satisfaction of the whole party, with the exception of the Portuguese. I distributed to each individual his proportion, not of the fictitious, but of the real sum, and handed over the remainder to the Patraõ, who marched off venting curses on my interference, which floated on the evening breeze in singular juxtaposition with the benedictions of his grateful followers.

Early the following morning, the Commandant sent three horses for myself and baggage, accompanied by a polite invitation to visit his residence. A ride of three hours brought me to his habitation, in front of which, under the shade of a rustic verandah, in the simple undress of a shirt and pair of drawers, and solacing himself with a pipe, sat the Commandant in person. Every faculty of this man's mind appeared to be engrossed with one object—the weather and its common prognostics. ‘Did I think it would rain?’ was the first question with which he saluted me; and, on my answering him in the negative, he heaved a deep sigh, and resumed his pipe, apparently unconscious of my presence. For upwards of eighteen months had an excessive drought reigned with unabated rigour through the northern provinces of Brazil. At the period of my journey through the interior, its devastating effects were in full operation: the crops of mandiren and rice, the chief articles of subsistence, had failed; the cattle had died for want of forage; while famine, with its concomitants, misery and disease, were making fearful havock among the unfortunate inhabitants. To aggravate the evil, the dry season had now fairly set in, bringing with it the certain conviction of a farther continuance of their misery for some months.

An inhabitant of our northern climes can form no idea adequate to



the horrors of a long drought in these burning regions.—An excellent dinner was prepared for me, of which I, however, partook alone, for my kind host, with a refinement of respect, insisted on waiting upon me in person. I have often been struck with the peculiarity of this singular custom so prevalent among the Brazilians—anti-social it certainly is, in whatever point of view we consider it. On the repast being finished, mine host retired to one of the inmost recesses of the habitation, to dine with his family. Thus left to my own solitary meditations, I was delighted when the hour of my departure arrived. It was arranged that I should sleep that night at a cattle Fazenda, about six leagues distant, and proceed in the morning to Peria, where the jurisdiction of the Commandant ended. After a ride of four hours through a thickly-wooded forest, we entered upon a plain, in the centre of which I descried the Fazenda at which I was to pass the night. On our nearer approach, I observed a group of ferocious-looking fellows, whose tall forms and singularly wild costume were thrown out in fearful relief by the red blaze of a fire which was burning in the middle of the hut: a furious barking of dogs announced the approach of strangers, and brought out the whole party to ascertain the cause of the intrusion. On dismounting, I very inconsiderately threw my bridle to one of them, at which his personal dignity took fire: he was a man of colour; but I believe that my action proceeded more from habit than the pride of caste. On entering the hut, I evidently perceived that the disposition of the whole party was any thing but friendly towards me. A bottle of brandy, however, and a few segars, which I distributed among them, soon rendered us sworn allies. They were herdsmen, who had come from an immense distance in the interior with a drove of cattle for the Maranham market.

The morning's dawn saw me again in the saddle. The herdsmen, I believe, viewed my departure with regret. One of them, as I rode off, advised me to shorten considerably the length of my stirrup leathers, and I found that, by so doing, at the close of a long day's journey I was much less fatigued. About noon we entered a small Indian village, beautifully situated on a gentle eminence, at the foot of which ran a pellucid stream of fresh water. I determined on halting here for some hours, as both men and horses were overcome with fatigue. On entering a neat cottage, I immediately threw myself into a clean white hammock which was spread for me, and in the next instant was wrapped in the arms of the drowsy god. The sun was fast sinking in the West when I awoke from my slumber and found that a young Indian girl and myself were the sole inmates of the cottage. With a good-natured regard to my comfort, she had removed, while I slept, the pistols from my belt, had taken off my boots, and administered a refreshing ablution to my feet. My attention was forcibly arrested by my young hostess; she was a splendid specimen of Indian beauty, possessing a regularity of feature and faultless contour of form that might have recalled the conceptions of a Grecian sculptor. She was busily employed at work; and on my asking her why she did not join the other young girls of the village, whom I observed enjoying the pleasures of the bath in the stream below, she replied, that she was repairing her bridal garment, as she was to be married on the following Sunday. I was regretting that I possessed nothing worthy of occupying a place in



the rustic *trousseau* of this Indian belle, when I suddenly recollected that I had observed in my portmanteau a red handkerchief with a broad gold border, which some female member of my family had thrown in on my leaving home. I now drew it from the corner where it had lain neglected ever since I left England, to deck the head of this little Indian beauty. On presenting it, her dark eye danced with joy, and uttering a wild exclamation of girlish delight, she rushed from the cottage down to the stream, where she waved the handkerchief in triumph to her companions. The cooling pleasures of the bath were immediately forsaken by the whole party, who came up *en masse* to visit me: every article of my baggage was successively passed in review; a carpet bag, with its gay embroidery, powerfully commanded their admiration. I now gave orders for my departure. My young hostess and two of her companions accompanied me some distance on my journey, till I was obliged to insist on their returning. As I bade them adieu, I could not help thinking that my passage through this village would form a chronological epoch. In these sequestered regions, so tranquilly flows on the tide of human life, unmarked by any thing to vary its uniformity or embellish its passage from the cradle to the grave, that the slightest incident which breaks in on its undeviating monotony, produces an indelible impression on the mind. Without, therefore, falling under the imputation of vanity, I may perhaps indulge in the idea that the donor of the handkerchief still retains a place in the memory of this interesting Indian.

At two hours from midnight I at last reached the habitation of the Commandant of Peria. After partaking of an excellent supper, I had to play the part of a travelling newspaper. That strong spirit of curiosity which the celebrated Franklin so humorously complains of in his countrymen, is a peculiarity of character in equally full developement in this country; indeed, I imagine that, from the monotonous uniformity of their existence, it is a trait peculiar to the people of all colonies. Strong, however, as I found their curiosity, it was surpassed by their vanity. I with some difficulty preserved the inflexibility of my countenance on being gravely asked what the people of England thought of them? This question was repeatedly put to me, and generally in places too insignificant to occupy a space on a map. I met at the Commandant's the Portuguese with whom I was originally to have started from Maranham, but from which I was prevented by some informality in my passport. Although he was not exactly the "*compagnon de voyage*" I should, under other circumstances, have chosen, I now really felt glad to fall in with him. We started about two in the morning in a canoe for the Fazenda of St. Ignacio, where horses and guides were to be provided for us. So overcome was I with fatigue, that on entering the canoe I almost immediately fell asleep, nor did I awake till we arrived late on the following day at the Fazenda. It was a solitary house, standing in the midst of an extensive swamp. A more desolate abode I never beheld; and here was I destined to pass three of the most tedious days I ever remember in the whole chapter of my existence. The guide had no horses in a state fit to undertake a long journey. On the evening of the third day, on my return from shooting, my eyes, on entering the house, lighted on a book. I eagerly stretched forth my hand to seize this treasure. On



opening it, it proved to be "The History of Charlemagne and his Twelve Peers." At the moment I wished again to be a child to dwell with delight on the marvellous deeds of the heroic monarch and his doughty Paladins. I was just throwing down the book in a fit of disappointment, when I recollected "Que no ay libro tan malo que no tiene algo de buena;" in spite, however, of the justice of this aphorism of Cervantes, I found myself yawning over the battle of Roncesvalles, and in another moment should have been locked in the arms of Morpheus, when my attention was arrested by an animated colloquy between my travelling companion and the herdsman. The former had been in England, though I believe in no very dignified capacity; he was dilating in warm terms on the pleasures of an English alehouse. Through the net-work of the hammock I observed the bronzed visage of the herdsman, glowing at the recital like copper when exposed to the action of a furnace. "Corpo de Deos!" he exclaimed, "what a land! what a land! Give me the country that smells of tar;"—which he doubtless meant as a magnificent eulogy on commerce and manufactures:—"What could have induced this young Englishman to leave his home to wander through these inhospitable deserts?" Assuming the air of one in possession of an important secret, and advancing towards the hammock to ascertain if I really slept, the Portuguese, with peculiar emphasis of manner, replied, "To catch butterflies." The fact was, that not wishing the nature of my mission to be known, I had told him that I had undertaken the journey for the purpose of collecting specimens of natural history. To the untutored mind of the herdsman, such an undertaking appeared so extraordinary, that, after indulging at my expense in several no very flattering remarks, these two worthies came to the conclusion, that I was either a fool or a madman, or perhaps both.

On starting the following morning, I was forcibly struck with the figure of the guide. Mounted on a lean horse, on a high demi-pique Spanish saddle, his tall gaunt form cased in leather, which at a distance looked not unlike a suit of mail, his head surmounted with a hat of the same material, but in shape the very fac-simile of Mambrino's celebrated helmet, with a long lance in his right hand, which from habit he always carried—he reminded me strongly of the "Cavallero de la triste figura;" while the little Portuguese, mounted on a mouse-looking horse, with two huge alforgas, was no bad representative of Sancho Panza.

We halted about three o'clock at a hut situated on the verge of the sandy desert of the Leneros Grandes. I strongly suspected that the reason of the guide's halting here was to exhibit the extraordinary spectacle of a butterfly-catcher. On crossing a rivulet, one of the sumpter-horses had fallen, I had therefore given orders to my servant to expose to the rays of the sun that portion of the baggage which had suffered an immersion. Among other articles taken out to dry were three coats. "Ave Maria santissima!" ejaculated one of the herdsmen on perceiving them, "for a journey like this he has three coats,—how many," he added, "must he not have at home!" In China, a cup of bean milk from the Emperor's table, and a peacock's feather, are considered as the *beau ideal* of human grandeur: the German belle, as she drives through the Prater of Vienna, dwells with singular complacency



on the sixteen quarterings emblazoned on the pannels of her britscha : in the distant clime of Brazil, a coat throws a dignified halo around the person of the wearer. The period of his first assuming this garment forms a chronological epoch in the life of the Brazilian, on which his memory dwells with pleasing recollection. Not that he is unacquainted with those honorific marks of distinction so common in Europe ; I know no country where, of late years, ribands and crosses have been more prodigally lavished than in Brazil. Once in possession of the blushing honour of a riband, it is, whether in full court-dress, or in simple *robe de chambre*, the constant companion of the Brazilian ; nay, so fond is he of these glittering baubles, that I much doubt if even in his slumbers it ever leaves him.

When the moon rose, we struck into the desert. A sense of loneliness appeared to come over the small party, for we instinctively drew together. The solemn stillness which reigned throughout this desolate region was impressively sublime. The animated colloquies of my travelling companion and the guide gradually sunk into silence, and each of us rode on apparently wrapped up in his own thoughts. The morning was just dawning when we reached the sea-coast. We had not proceeded far, when I perceived, whitened by the action of the sun and rain, surmounted by a rude cross, a mound of human skulls and bones. It was the monument of a deep tale of woe. A slave-vessel, with upwards of four hundred unfortunate beings on board, had gone on shore here, and all had perished. " Poor wretches !" exclaimed the guide, " they were not baptized."

We reached by noon the banks of the Rio das Perguicas, (the river of Sloths.) We remained a considerable time ere the ferryman stationed on the opposite bank perceived us, and I was on the point of ascending the river to a ford about ten leagues higher up, when we descried the canoe pushing off. The ferryman excused himself by saying he was taking his siesta. On reaching the opposite bank, he again threw himself into his hammock. I was so exasperated at the inattention of the fellow, that I threatened to have him removed. " Deos he Grande !" said he, and in the next moment was fast asleep. As I rode off, I could not help thinking that he had imbibed much of the nature of his singular neighbours the Sloths.

It was late in the evening when we reached the small town of Tutria, situated on the banks of the main stream of the Fernaiba. I hired a canoe on the following morning to ascend the river to the place where I intended to fix my residence.

Nothing could be more lovely than the appearance of the forest on each side of this noble river. The gorgeous plumage of the feathered tribe contrasted beautifully with the rich and exuberant vegetation of the surrounding scenery. The wild cries of the inhabitants of the woods broke with singular effect on the ear : there was the plaintive moan of the monkeys, the screech of the parrots, as they flew high over our heads, and the houtou of the solitary bird ; while the eye was delighted with the dazzling plumage of the ara, and of the innumerable flocks of flamengos. Towards noon a death-like silence prevailed, through which broke the deep toll of the campanero, the hammering of the woodpecker, or the shrill note of the pipyro, varied occasionally by the deep splash of the alligator, which, aroused at our approach,



plunged into the river. At sun-down, the horrid vampire flitted round the canoe eager for its nightly meal, its hideous form thrown out in strong relieve by the scintillation of the beautiful fire-fly; while the ear was again astounded by the hoarse croakings of the frogs, and the incessant chirp of the crickets. When the moon rose, tipping with its silvery rays the leaves of the forest, and illuminating the glassy surface of the river, insensible, indeed, must have been the mind to the wild beauties of uncultivated nature that would not have glowed with delight in such a lovely scene.

I at length reached the place of my destination, where I was again hospitably received by the Governor-general, who provided a house for my immediate reception. My journey from Maranhão had occupied fourteen days, during which I had suffered almost every privation, our route for the most part lying through an uninterrupted desert.

The villa de Fernaiba, at which I fixed my residence, was a small town, situated on one of the minor branches of the river the name of which it bears; it was very thinly populated, and so extremely unhealthy, that at some periods of the year a deadly fever has swept off half the inhabitants.

A very short residence sufficed to convince me of the utter impracticability of realizing the views which had been the object of my journey; still, as several months must elapse ere I could receive the answers to the communications which I had forwarded to England, I made the necessary dispositions for wiling away in the best manner the tedium of a residence in this sequestered spot. I do not think it possible to have beheld a more miserable spectacle of indolence than was presented by this people: living on the banks of a mighty river, they might with ease, by irrigation, have neutralized the effects of the drought, which was threatening them with annihilation; to trouble themselves even with the care of their own subsistence was an idea which never entered their heads. Such determined votaries were they of the "*dolce far niente*," that I have observed them swinging in their hammocks to the sound of a guitar from morning till night. Like all indolent people, their pride was overweening. No Chinese mandarin carries farther his punctilious observance of ceremonious etiquette than the inhabitant of Fernaiba. On passing the house of an acquaintance, although not a member of the family was visible in any part of it, you were equally expected to remove your hat. They entertained the most extravagant notions of the supposed influence which their paltry little town exercised on the destinies of the world. Without any precise idea of its peculiar form of government, this little place had actually a few months before declared itself an independent Republic, which, however, the terror of Lord Cochrane's name soon dissolved. There was a knot of politicians, headed by the Padre Vigario, that, from morning till night, was revolutionizing every monarchical government in Europe. What most forcibly struck me, was the *mélange* of artless simplicity and monstrous depravity in the character of these people. I witnessed traits which reminded me of the primitive innocence of the early ages of mankind; and, on the other hand, several *coups de jarnac* came under my observation, which would have done honour to the most accomplished Escroc of the Palais Royal. Amid this singular antithesis of character stood the Governor, General Semplecio Dias de Silva, like the Gre-



cian pillar which towers in all the majestic beauty of proportion above the rude huts of the wandering Arabs. Educated at the University of Coimbra, he was a man of powerful intellect and of extensive and varied acquirement. His fortune was princely, and his estate, in extent, would have laughed to scorn the largest German principality: his style of living presented a mixture of European refinement and barbaric magnificence, which pleased from its novelty. Like the barons of the "olden times," he had his buffoons, with whose jests, and the strains of a fine band of music, he generally regaled his guests after dinner. His house was literally a world in itself. At considerable trouble and expense, he had collected all that could contribute either to studious retirement or refined recreation. It was melancholy to observe how often the effect of the Governor's fine taste was destroyed by the less cultivated faculties of the other branches of his family. In the furniture of the drawing-room it was strikingly remarkable. Perched on a gaudily-painted "Oratorio" stood a costly French *pendule*; and as a *pendant* to a superb engraving of Austerlitz, was a paltry-printed pocket-handkerchief of the battle of Vimeira. In one respect, however, he was a true Brazilian; it was in the management of the females of his family, who were kept in a state of worse than Turkish seclusion. Although, when not absent on a shooting excursion, I used generally to pass a great portion of the day in his company, I never, by any chance, got even a glimpse of them. The chief part of my time was passed in the pleasures of the chase, of which the neighbourhood afforded ample sport. So well-stocked were the woods with game of every description, that shooting here was like a *battue* in a well-filled preserve. I was frequently warned by the Governor, that, if I exposed myself so much to the sun, I should inevitably take the fever. What his Excellency had predicted was shortly after verified. On returning from a hard day's shooting, I was seized with so violent an attack of fever, that I fairly thought my passport for the next world was made out; nay, I much doubt if I should now be walking this earth, had I not obstinately refused the assistance of the only doctor in the place. On my recovery, finding that I still persisted in my favourite pursuit, the Governor good-naturedly resolved on gratifying me with the spectacle of a panther-hunt. Accompanied by his sons, we rode out early in the morning to an extensive plain, in the centre of which was a jungle; into this the Vaqueiros had succeeded in driving, on the previous night, a large panther, preparatory to the morning's sport. We took our station on an eminence which commanded a view of the entire field. The loud barking of the dogs, the wild cries of the huntsmen as they galloped round the skirts of the jungle cheering on the dogs, formed an animated scene. Aroused in his lair, the panther, furious with rage, sprang forth to meet its enemies. The Vaqueiro nearest to the point from which he had issued now advanced to the attack. He exhibited a beautiful sight, whirling in the air his lasso, and urging forward with the spur the spirited little steed on which he was mounted, whose dilated nostrils, fiery eyeball, and erect mane, proclaimed his instinctive dread of the enemy in his front. The panther crouched in the act to spring on his advancing foe, but he was forestalled by the well-skilled assailant, who, at the distance of twenty yards, threw his lasso with unerring aim. Scarcely had it left his hand before the well-



trained horse wheeled round and flew across the plain, dragging after him the already disabled panther; for with such beautiful precision had the lasso been thrown, that the fore-paw of the animal was fairly strapped to its neck. The whole party now dashed forward to be in at the death. The Vaqueiro, slackening his pace, gradually shortened the length of the cord till he brought his enemy within a few yards of him, and then, in less time than I can narrate it, I saw him leap from his saddle, his broad knife gleam in the morning sunbeam, and with the rapidity of lightning leaving the cloud, it was buried in the heart of the panther. I was highly delighted with this noble and manly sport, which required at once wonderful dexterity and uncommon self-possession.

The hour of my departure at length arrived. The fearful re-action which, at the close of the year 1825, shook the mercantile world to its very centre, the desolating effects of which were felt through almost every gradation of life, extended itself even to the narrow orbit in which I moved.

I proceeded down the river to join a small coasting-vessel which was to convey me to Maranham.

My stay in Maranham was extremely short; for taking advantage of a vessel sailing for England, after a voyage of seventy days, I once again landed at Liverpool, and found

“That the first best country ever is at home.”

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SONG — ROUSSEAU'S DREAM.

*E'l dolce lampeggio dell' angelico riso.*

STILL let me sleep! in dreams like this,

Thy spirit yet may speak to mine,

I would not for a world of bliss

Exchange that shadowy smile of thine!

It comes, the moonlight of my soul—

It fleets and leaves my thoughts still bright,

As waves that in the twilight roll

Reflect the farewell look of Light.

Thy form is yet of mortal birth,

But gently freed from hopes and fears,

Thy look is sad, yet not of earth,

Love's tenderness—without his tears!

I would not one frail murmur give

To stay thy spirit from the sky,

When thou with Love hast died to live,

Oh! who would darkly live to die!

I cannot wake again to weep,

From dreaming thus of heaven and thee,

Would that my soul could pass in sleep

With thine to Immortality!

There should we love as Spirits love—

All essence, life, and purity,

As mix the starry fires above

Soul wrapt in soul eternally!

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## LONDONIANA.

*Smoke.—Pestilence.—Localities.*

WHEN the gloomy December comes with its canopy of fogs and clouds, hiding for weeks the cheering, though sickly sunbeam of a northern winter, which the country is enjoying—when metropolitans are forced to transact all business by candle-light even at noon-day, they have still the consolation left, that they are in the most vast of metropolitan cities, and that if smoking chimneys contribute two-thirds to the inconvenience (for a genuine Londoner will not admit it to be any thing more) of the blackness of darkness which envelopes them, they must pay for their sublimity accordingly. If a man will be seven feet six inches high, he must submit to be weaker than other men, from the too great extension of his frame. Yet there is something grand in being a giant notwithstanding; and to have it to say that London is the largest city of Europe is, to an indigenous inhabitant, ample recompense for dwelling half the year in clouds and darkness. The sulphur breathed has the virtue of diminishing fever and ague, to which, in former times, the Londoners dwelling in the midst of marshes were peculiarly subject; and if it double or triple diseases of the lungs, still these latter are not contagious, and are, therefore, an advantageous exchange for sweating sickness, the plague, and the dead-cart. I am not sure whether in this latter position, if it can be proved the commissioners of sewers have nothing to do in the affair, the arguments of the cockneys have not the advantage.

In touching in my present article, therefore, upon any thing gloomy, let not my readers imagine I selected my theme from the sombre character of the time, but rather from the consolatory part of the argument before mentioned. A large portion of my life has been passed in the mighty city, though I was born far beyond the sound of Bow-bells, and am now writing in the sunbeams at noon this 6th of December, when I dare swear no inhabitant of Fleet-street, on the Temple side, can espy St. Dunstan's Church opposite, not ten yards distant. The subject of each of my lucubrations is dictated by the accident of the minute, and a mention of the accustomed fogs in the newspapers has, in the present instance, excited my pen to action. Furthermore, I had lately been looking into historical statements of the visits which pestilence seemed almost periodically to pay to the metropolis in the olden time, and I fancied that I saw in the stratum of smoke which in winter always lies beneath that of the stinking marsh-fog, and at other times mingles with it, the great preventive of those ravages which formerly made London as fearful a residence as the plague does Grand Cairo at present. There is not a garment, nor a thing capable of imbibing atmospheric particles, that is not saturated with coal-smoke, so that the inhabitant of the country, ever so far distant, can easily nose out the article or letter that comes from London—the smell alone detects it.

I should be uncandid, however, did I not admit, in opposition to this my theory, that the pest which formerly visited Holland and destroyed thousands in its cities, is no longer heard of in that country. This would seem to intimate that the superior warmth and dryness of dwelling-houses and clothing have arrested the progress of the marsh-fever in both countries, and that its great friend was the want of comfort



and luxury. Let the good people of London or Amsterdam use earthen floors again, covered a foot deep with damp rushes, mats for beds, and the hard coarse fare by which life was formerly supported, and perhaps the marshes of Essex and Kent would again generate in London a more exasperated disease than their present intermittent, (fatal as it now is within its limits,) while that of Walcheren, and the Dutch levels, would change into a severer character in the crowded cities of Holland, so that a northern plague would appear, sweeping off its thousands of victims upon every attack. In the isolated dwellings of the country the simple intermittent will not change its character; but introduce it into a vast mass of human beings, in the midst of its natural location, crowded, ill-fed, filthy, in houses exhaling dampness, and it is to be presumed that its character would assume a deeper virulence. The plague of London attacked the plump, well-fed citizens last; it began its ravages, and raged fiercest, among the poor in the dirtiest alleys.

It is not foreign from the plan of my "*Londoniana*" to go a little farther into a subject which involves a good deal of mystery, more especially as the pest of 1665 was said to have been different from that which preceded it, termed the "sweating sickness," and was evidently communicated by contact only; for such as shut themselves up in perfect seclusion in their houses, escaped with impunity. The City fire could have had nothing to do in preventing its return, for the City was attacked last, and the out-parishes in which it began, and where it raged most fiercely, were untouched by the devouring element. I am of opinion we must look to other causes for the non-return of this terrible scourge; and one of its greatest foes, whether it was generated in the metropolis, or imported from abroad, was the smoke of the coal fires, which, it is curious enough, were anciently forbidden to be used; there is an edict of Edward I. to this effect. Thus, depressing to the spirits, and odious to the senses, as the masses of dense smoke are, which hang over the metropolis in a fine frosty winter's day, there is the consideration that they are useful, to compensate for the evils they occasion.

London was originally built in fens and marshes, the rising grounds near being covered with forests. The Surrey side was a morass, connected by a slip, more or less narrow, with that of Woolwich, stretching down towards the mouth of the Thames; while the fens of Finsbury were connected with the Essex marshes on the opposite bank. A huge sea-wall, the gigantic labour of an unknown era, prevents the marshes from inundation by the Thames; yet of this work, more useful than the Pyramids, and perhaps as durable, tradition has left no name of the author. Thus the site of the modern Babylon was like the ancient, and particularly liable to fevers, which in hotter climates would have borne a type of greater exasperation. The effect of the marshes is observable at different seasons in the eastern part at present. Their fever approaches into suburbs nearest the marshes; sometimes but a few houses breadth in, at others the length of whole streets, as the atmospheric agency is more or less favourable. In like manner, in the warmer climates of Rome we find the marsh nuisance traversing within certain bounds that can be there more accurately defined. Who, then, will say it is not possible that marsh-fever, introduced into a



crowded, filthy, ill-fed population, might not alter its character, and a contagious pestilence arise from the seeds it may sow, appearing perhaps in a season when the customary presence of the marsh disease could scarcely be perceived, or in other words, in the season of the year least favourable to its action.

The first attack of pestilence on the metropolis which I recollect to have read a record of, was in 961, and it is described as a fever. Its visits were very frequent. In 1348 it is said to have destroyed eight out of ten persons. This pest is farther said to have devastated Europe, and not to have subsided in this country for ten years. In 1407 the metropolis was again visited with a more than common attack of mortality, and thousands perished. In 1487 the pest is called the sweating sickness, and said to destroy life in twenty-four hours. By many this disease was said to be new, but it is probable it was the old pestilence in a different form. In 1517 it is said again to have made dreadful ravages. From this time the City began greatly to increase. It was nearly half a century afterwards, in 1564, before the sickness attacked the City formidably again, and 20,000 persons were carried off by it. It came again in 1603. Its violence was greatest between March and December, and it destroyed 30,561 persons, which was a far less number than in many preceding visitations, in proportion to the increase of population. It is said not to have been extinct until 1611. Yet in 1626 and 1627 it appeared again, and destroyed 35,000 persons in twelve months; and in the great plague of 1665 no less than one hundred thousand persons perished from it.

It appears evident that from 1603 to 1665 the disease was never wholly extinct, and the same thing had probably been the case for ages before. How are we to account for these singular visitations but by the supposition that the causes were inherent, or local, always existing, but only capable of extended action under particularly favourable circumstances, which are no longer in existence? It is in this view of the subject alone that we can reconcile these visitations. The contagionists will tell us that it was imported in a bag of cotton, or a bale of cloth, but common-sense revolts at such an absurdity; how comes it that for 165 years since, our merchant-ships have trafficked in the very focus of the most terrible diseases, in all climes, and have never imported any of them? The real truth seems to be, that such diseases everywhere exist, with favouring circumstances in the mode of living, in site and temperature, to call them into action, but that they are rendered inert by the operation of incidental causes, and that one of the great annoyances in London has been one of its greatest benefits. I do not mean by this that founderies and steam-engines should not be made to consume their own smoke, but that a reasonable quantity of the sulphurous annoyance is a positive benefit, and, combined with superior cleanliness, street-draining, and dry floors and roofs, completely excludes the probability of any future visits from the most terrible of human calamities.

The streets of London formerly excluded a free circulation of air, unless when high winds were prevalent. The houses almost met and touched at the roofs, each story projecting over the one beneath it, and all being built of wood. Then the streets were so narrow and crooked, that an old writer inquires whether they were not built



before carts were invented, as wheelbarrows could only be used in them. The houses were totally unlike each other in size and ornament, a hovel standing next to a palace. In one thing only they agreed,—namely, their overhanging floors; so that the people in the garrets could almost shake hands across from window to window. The stories, or rooms, too, were so low, that a very tall man with his hat on could hardly stand upright. The lower floors of the houses seem to have been the bare earth, on which it is probable the rushes were trodden in, and always in a state of decomposition, while dirt was everywhere observable. In the reign of James the First, the precincts of the Court were so filthy, that the ladies who were in the habit of attending it, complained of bringing away with them certain insects which are now found only on the backs of the filthiest poor. I mean no disparagement to this most high and mighty prince as a native of a northern country, the inhabitants of which are said not to be famous for too many ablutions. I believe dirty habits to have been prevalent among our city ancestors, and a distinguishing trait in the character of the “good old times.” Then there were few or no sinks or sewers in the great city; and every species of filth accumulated in corners, and even in the middle of the streets. Coal was only partially used as late as 1640; it caused the fashionable inhabitants of the court part of town to let slip many a jeer at the City people on account of their adopting it. Old Fish-street is distinguished, on the authority of Sir W. Davenant, for its peculiarities of every kind, and all seem favourable to the spread of disease, if not to its generation. The effluvia of the sick in one house could hardly escape into the atmosphere without a portion of it entering into another. Thus the ravages of the pestilence were more extended than would otherwise have been the case; and Death doubled the victims which were daily borne to the gulphs that had been dug to receive the festering remains of his victims.

This recalls to my recollection the localities noticed for their connexion with these fatal visitations, for some cause or other, but principally as the scenes where the hurried rite of sepulture was performed by the living with fear and trembling, lest during labour at the common grave

“The buried drag the buriers.”

This is by no means partial exaggeration. “One cart,” says a recorder of the great plague, “going up Shoreditch, was forsaken of the drivers, or being left to one man to drive, he died in the street, and the horses going on overthrew the cart, and left the bodies, some thrown out here, some there, in a dismal manner. Another cart was, it seems, found in the great pit in Finsbury-fields, the driver being dead, or having gone and abandoned it, and the horses running too near, the cart fell in, and drew the horses in also.” The driver’s whip being found among the bodies, it is most natural to suppose he died among them. One must, however, admire the dauntless spirit of the survivors; for dead bodies never remained unburied for want of persons to fulfil the last offices of humanity.

But to the localities connected with the plague—the upper end of Drury-lane, or some one of its alleys nigh Long-acre, seems to have been the spot where the last great pestilence broke out. Odious and filthy enough now, it was probably ten times worse then. St. Giles’s



was the original seat of the infection, and much mention is made of the spotted fever and plague raging there first: a fit soil, if we may judge from appearances, for a pestilence at present. There can be no doubt this spotted fever and the plague were the same; the former was only a milder type of the latter.

The principal record left of the burial-places of the dead, now forgotten by the public, as they tread over them with unreflecting footsteps, informs us that, in 1348, no less than fifty thousand persons were interred on the spot where the Charter-house stands. They perished during a pestilence that scarcely left a tenth person alive out of the population. "In the parish of Aldgate," says Defoe, "in the churchyard, they dug a great pit forty feet in length, fifteen or sixteen in breadth, and nine deep;" this was afterwards increased to twenty feet deep, for they were tired of digging holes in which only fifty or sixty bodies could be interred, and no bodies were allowed to be nearer the surface than six feet. Into this great pit one thousand one hundred and fourteen bodies were flung in a fortnight only. "The mark of this pit," says the foregoing writer, "was many years to be seen in the churchyard, on the surface, lying in length parallel with the passage which goes by the west wall of the churchyard, out of Houndsditch, and turns east again into Whitechapel, coming out near the Three Nuns Inn."

Bunhill-fields, still a burying-ground, was another spot first used, from the churchyards being filled to an overflow. This vast cemetery is well worth a visit from the curious, being the largest in the metropolis. A history of it, and the most noted individuals interred there, was not long ago advertised, but has never, I believe, been published.

Many of these burying-grounds were soon covered with buildings, exemplifying how soon the fate of our common nature, even under the most striking circumstances, ceases to interest survivors. A piece of ground in Goswell-street, used for interment during the Plague, was soon built over, and cannot now be traced; and this is the case with another spot in Shoreditch. "The upper end of Hand-alley, in Bishopsgate," says Defoe, "is a place I cannot mention without much regret. It was, I remember, but two or three years after the plague had ceased, that Sir Robert Clayton came to be possessed of the ground. It was reported, how true I know not, that it fell to the King for want of heirs, all those who had any right to it being carried off by the pestilence; and that Sir Robert Clayton obtained a grant of it from Charles the Second." He then goes on to say, after observing how soon it was built over, "that the first house built upon it was a large fine house, still standing, which faces the street or way now called Hand-alley." He farther says, that the houses northward, in the same row, "are built on the ground where the poor people were buried; and the bodies, on opening the ground for the foundations, were dug up, some of them remaining so plain to be seen, that the women's skulls were distinguished by their long hair, and of others the flesh was not quite perished, so that people began to complain loudly against it, and some suggested that it might endanger a return of the contagion." The writer then farther observes, that these bodies were thrown into a deep pit, to the number of two thousand, "which is now to be known, in that it is not built upon, but is a passage to another house at the upper end of Rose-



alley, just against the door of a meeting-house, &c. and the ground is palisadoed off from the rest of the passage in a little square." There, it appears, lie the two thousand at this day.

Five or six other locations are named by the same writer in the parish of Stepney. It is curious that, during the whole time, the Quakers continued to bury in their own grounds: when Solomon Eagle, who had predicted the plague as a judgment, (running naked through the streets crying, day and night, "O the great and the dreadful God!") had lost his wife, she was interred in the Friends' burying-ground.

One word upon this singular work of Defoe's. It is extremely probable that he either put together what he heard from his parents and relatives, and picked up from the accounts of parish officers, or that he obtained from some one a rough journal, giving it that verisimilitude which is so singular a trait in his works; for he does not mean to say that he saw these things himself. He places the initials H. F. to show that another than himself is supposed to speak. He says, moreover, in giving an account of the new places of interment used during the pestilence, when mentioning a piece of ground in Moorfields, "by the going into the street now called Old Bethlem," "that the author of this journal lies buried in that very ground, being at his own desire, his sister having been buried there a few years before." How came this passage into the body of the book, if it relates to Defoe? If it does not relate to himself (who died in 1731), it can only have relation to some one ("the citizen") from whom he obtained the memorandums and information he lays before the reader, and which he most likely embellished and put in order for the press, or wholly recast. There was no motive for this interpolation by others. If it exists in the first edition of the history, which mine is not, being that of 1754, it was hardly necessary for the purpose of deceiving his readers, who must have known that Defoe was but two years old at the time of which he writes. I think it probable that as he had Selkirk's adventures for the hint of Crusoe, he had some diary, or memorandum of another, for this celebrated, and justly-celebrated narrative, to which he added what facts he recollected to have heard in his early life, and what he could obtain from others. The story of Hayward and his wife, of the piper, and of the joiner, are not inventions, but bear the impress of fact. He was not trying at fiction in it, because he gives the parish returns, and many particulars in which he might be contradicted by living individuals. There were doubtless many persons living in London when the book appeared, in 1722, who were eighty years of age, and such must have been between twenty and thirty years old at the time of the pestilence, and many others had heard the minute details of its horrors from their parents. However this may be, we are indebted to Defoe for one of the best, and I believe most authentic, records of such a scene in existence, though he himself could not have witnessed what he describes. His picture of London, at that terrible time, is most striking.

I fear my reader may think this is digression, but the subject is London still, and consequently nowhere more appropriate than under the universal title of "*Londoniana*."



## THE BRITISH EMPIRE IN 1829.

IN our review of the state of the British Empire, the National Debt, among the objects of importance that the title of this paper brought under our notice, was the most prominent. We then stated, what no person of common honesty or common prudence, we think, will venture to deny; that the whole fee simple of the land, every thing that is upon or under it, and the personal responsibility of every individual in the country, are liable for the payment of the public debt; and if the advice of individuals of such questionable probity as those who would recommend a sponge to be applied to it were taken, the burden that this advice would entail upon the national industry would be greater than that borne for the payment of the dividends to the creditors of the state; for there would not only be those persons who would be directly ruined by this iniquitous course to be maintained, but all those collaterally affected by it, the individuals dependant upon the expenditure of the fundholder for support; and the scanty pittance of even one shilling a day to those parties would by several millions exceed the annual amount of dividends now paid. That this burden in a new shape, with its augmentation, would fall upon the productive classes with destructive influence is as certain as that the amount of revenue required would be increased; for, by this iniquitous policy, every acre and oak, roof, rafter, and all, would be taken out of that power that now holds them for the payment of the debt, and consequently the Aristocracy, the great landowners, those who are now rich beyond compare, would alone be relieved by the sponge system, and the new pressure occasioned by it would fall with dreadful force upon those who are already oppressed almost beyond endurance; upon those by whom the wealth of the empire is produced; and consequently it would wither that industry which alone can enable Great Britain to meet and overcome her difficulties. The foundation of the advice to *liquidate* the debt by cancelling it, and to break faith with every creditor of the state, is the continuance of every incubus which at present hangs so heavily about it; the Corn Laws, the Tithes, and those objects of a similar nature that Ultra Tories deem so beautiful and gloat upon with delight, but that every other individual in the United Kingdom considers as noxious excrescences, that will, if not removed very soon, destroy the trunk of the British oak. If this policy were adopted, it would be through ultra Tory influence, for the maintenance of that constitution of things that experience teaches us has thrown the "burden and heat of the day" upon the productive classes; and, if this faction could so far triumph, the people may judge from that accurate monitor what share they would have to bear of the new imposts to preserve from starvation the ruined fundholders and those who are dependant upon their expenditure for support. Ultra Tories, in triumph, having got their land out of pledge for the payment of the National Debt, would show much of the milk of human kindness to their fallen antagonists!

The question of the sponge to the National Debt, however honest-minded Englishmen may doubt the fact, is so much a subject of discussion in certain quarters, that we could name as the only means now left of preserving the good old system of the predominance of jobs in their various shapes and public abuses, that it is time to bring the question



in a tangible shape before the public. Even since we commenced our last paper upon this subject, the plot has thickened marvellously, and a bolder tone as to the necessity of the measure has been adopted, because a more decided expectation has been entertained that the Government, in the course of the next session of Parliament, will propose some great financial measure. This being the case, we will, for a moment, enquire farther into the operation of this policy; into the progress of this embryo in the minds of high Tory landed proprietors, were it brought to maturity. The great bulk of the fundholders in this country do not receive dividends exceeding 100*l.* per annum, and a large proportion of the number are paid that amount, which is the chief source of their subsistence. If ruin were in this manner brought upon these individuals, and the parties who are maintained out of their incomes, upon whom would the duty of preserving them from utter destitution rest? Upon lordly proprietors and wealthy commoners? No; but upon the other portion of that class of the community which in that case must be so extensively destroyed. The chief body of the fundholders are of the middle rank in society; and to whom could they look for eleemosynary support,—ashamed as they would be to ask for it from their respective parishes, and unable, in many instances, to work for their living, and in still more to procure employment,—but to their own relatives in that rank, who, having been fortunate enough to hold no property under the nation's guarantee of repayment, were still out of the pale of that desolation which the guarantee in question had brought upon those who were craving their aid? In how few cases would assistance be required from the opulent, under this measure of dishonest dealing, for their connexions. In a few straggling instances a younger son, or brother, or a jointured dowager, might have their incomes curtailed by it, and might require pecuniary supplies out of the superabundant Funds, still farther overloaded by this disentanglement from the taxes, consequent on the payment of the dividends, of the head of the family; but wherever this did occur, it would come out of increased means to meet the demand; whilst the chief proportion of assistance to be afforded to the injured and ruined Fundholders must come out of the pockets of those whose means had been previously exhausted by the unfair pressure of taxation upon them, and who would then be weighed down by efforts to save from destruction and despair their near and dear connexions. If the individuals who derive the whole of their small income from the Funds, without any struggle to maintain, even in outward appearance, through the pecuniary intervention and good-offices of friends, their former station in society, and without hesitation or reserve obtained that relief which all persons in England who cannot maintain themselves are by law entitled to, how would the case be altered? Out of whose pockets would this source of support for the plundered Fundholder flow? Why, for the most part, out of those who remained of the middle class; for it is that class which at present mainly bears the grievous burden of the Poor Laws, which, by the notable expedient of the sponge to the public debt, would become intolerable; whilst labourers, be it recollected, would be enabled to maintain their families upon a smaller amount of weekly wages, by reason of their being relieved from the imposts upon tea, tobacco, and other excisable articles they consume.

No one who has carefully thought upon the subject of the Poor



Laws, probably, has doubted as to their pressure, in common with other taxes, falling upon persons in the middle station of life; but, until very recently, there has been no statistical proof of it, that we are aware of. The indefatigable industry, however, of an individual, residing in a manufacturing district, who has been long engaged in parochial affairs, and whose name we should gladly mention had we his permission to do so, has placed this question beyond a doubt, as far as regards the district in which he resides. In that part of the country, sixteen-twentieths of the assessments collected for the relief of paupers, are paid by the inhabitants of the two lowest grades of houses subject to that assessment; so that the wealthy in the town and neighbourhood in question are relieved in such a degree from the operation of the poor's rates, as few persons who have not attentively considered the subject would believe; and even those who have turned their minds carefully to it, would scarcely credit the amount stated. But if we look to agricultural parishes, and all the ramifications connected with the management of the local imposts for the maintenance of the poor, which we have, in former papers upon the subject of the national industry and commercial relations of the country, had occasion to advert to, the distinction will be still greater. By a communication from the individual whose labours we have noticed, we are happy to find that it is his intention to extend his inquiries in his own neighbourhood, and to endeavour to stimulate others, in more distant parts, to pursue the useful task.

Having endeavoured, very concisely, to show the effects of the application of the sponge to the National Debt, and that the leading one would be to destroy the middle class of society, our next object shall be to notice the capability of Great Britain to meet her pecuniary engagements. In looking at this question, it is necessary to separate it from the popular opinion, that the debt could only be paid in the precious metals; that gold and silver are the only agents that can be employed in this operation; and undoubtedly, if this doctrine be sound, nothing can be more Quixotic than to regard this country as solvent, because all the gold and silver upon the earth would not, and even that under it, might not, be sufficient for the purpose. The vulgar error of regarding the precious metals as the national wealth, is carried far into the calculation of clearing off the public debt of the United Kingdom; and a more dangerous one cannot be entertained, because it leads to the belief that the attempt is visionary and success impracticable, and consequently, that the only method left to us of relieving the burdens of the empire is by breaking faith with the creditors of the state. The origin of this error is to be traced to the use of money as a measure of value, more than as a medium of exchange. An individual possessed of a variety of different property, in land, houses, cattle, plate, carriages, furniture, &c. is considered rich; and the clearest method of stating his comparative wealth, is to mention the amount in a round sum of money, for which all this property would sell. It is said, that perhaps he has 100,000*l.*; intending thereby to convey the idea that such is the aggregate amount of the sums of money for which all his possessions might be sold. This language is understood when applied to an individual. We understand by this, that the person whom we have described as possessed of property to the amount of 100,000*l.* does not, in fact, possess 50*l.*; that he does not hold within his immediate



reach as much money as the lowest tradesman he employs. But in reasoning upon national wealth, men seem to forget that it is merely the aggregate of the wealth possessed by individuals; their minds are confused by its magnitude and complexity; and because there is not an amount of the precious metals in the country to pay a tithe of her debt, they take it for granted that she is bankrupt. They forget that the wealth of a nation, like the separate masses of which it is composed, may be computed in money; but the calculation is too vast to be commonly made, and the only tangible shape in which this question presents itself to men in general, is to regard the debt with reference to the quantity of gold and silver that can be brought to bear upon its liquidation. That quantity is found totally inadequate to the purpose; and the chicanery of some, and the ignorance of others, would force this fact as a reason for a declaration of insolvency appearing, to blast at once the character and the hopes of the British Empire. In referring to the means possessed by this country as a set-off against the debt she owes, or, in other words, as a security for those to whom it is due, it will simplify the case to bring the instance of an individual with large property, but deeply in debt, under review. If such person be in possession of property to the amount of 100,000*l.* but out of that has not at his command 500*l.* in gold and silver, and owes 20,000*l.* would any man be insane enough to assert that this individual is insolvent, and does not possess abundant sources of wealth to secure his creditors from loss by reason of their connexion with him? He has not twenty thousand sovereigns, it is true, in his strong box to meet the debt he owes, but he has a superabundance of other descriptions of property; he has land, houses, cattle, carriages, mines, and all the concomitants of wealth and luxury, and the opportunity of turning them to the best advantage. So it is as regards England and her debt: she cannot pay it in the precious metals, but her means of securing her creditors from loss are as proportionably ample as those of the individual we have described. To go into close calculations upon this important point, or to deal with it with precision, would lead us into a course of reasoning far too wide for an article of this nature; but even a general statement will be quite sufficient to show the superabundant power of Great Britain to protect her creditors from the disgraceful act that so many of her children are urging her to adopt. In looking at the situation of an individual with large property in his possession, but still under pecuniary embarrassments, we should regard all parts of that property, and see how it could be made available to the removal of his difficulties. If he were extensively concerned in business, either agricultural, manufacturing, or any other, we should look to his steam-engines, his threshing machines, and his other implements of industry, by which his profits are to be made; we should also look to what is technically termed the plant of his business, his warehouses, and various other objects, which, although not actively employed as steam-engines and different kinds of machinery in the direct production of wealth, are equally necessary for the conducting of his business; we should make inquiry into the skill of the artisans that he employed, and their value to him in consequence; and if we found, after these and many other inquiries, that the business might be carried on with profit under more vigorous and better management, and there was a superabundance of property to satisfy every de-



mand that could be made upon it, should we be justified in recommending him to quit all these advantages, declare himself insolvent, and thus disentangle himself of his creditors? Nay, farther, to keep up the parallel between the nation and an individual, the property of the latter must be suffered to go to total destruction, which, under other circumstances, would be very much more than sufficient to give satisfaction to all those who have claims against its possessor, thereby causing him to become a bankrupt in character, as well as in the means he had, under another course of conduct, of preserving it. The folly and dishonesty of such advice to an individual are so glaring, that to argue upon it would excite ridicule and impatience: but in what degree is the case altered when it is referred to the affairs of the nation? If it be folly and dishonesty in the instance of an individual, the aggregate of these would be fully made up in the instance of a nation similarly situated with Great Britain, that possesses a large excess of property beyond the incumbrances she is saddled with. It has often been tauntingly said, that the whole fee simple of the land in the United Kingdom would not be sufficient to pay the amount of the National Debt. Be it so; but we would ask if there is nothing upon the land, or under it? And before that question is answered, let it be considered what this short sentence comprises; the mass of wealth it comprehends, in mines, in buildings, in cattle, in articles of luxury, in articles of necessity, in the generally high state of cultivation of land throughout the Empire, and in various other objects of positive value! Then, again, if we turn to those objects that will not be inaptly designated as the implements of industry, and the plant that has been created, and subsequently established with so much care, labour, and expense, and which is absolutely necessary for carrying on the trade of the country, and consequently for the production of wealth,—what valuable stores shall we meet with in roads, canals, bridges, wharfs, shipping; the skill, enterprise, and industry of the people; the facilities for the manufacture of machinery; and all those widely-extended ramifications for the increase of the capital of the nation, to be found in the firm establishment of manufactures, in mercantile connexions, in agricultural excellence, in the nucleus that is formed for the enlargement of commerce by unfettering it, in the individual wealth of merchants, and though last not least, in the catalogue of those means that the British Empire possesses for the increase of her capital, and her consequent capability of keeping faith with her creditors; the political tranquillity they enjoy, and the certainty that no capricious interference will ever militate against their projects of advantage and their enterprise!

These are the objects which afford security for the payment of the debt that Great Britain has incurred during a long period of wasteful expenditure, which embrace property far exceeding in amount that debt, and resources capable of increasing the national wealth to an incalculable measure if they be rightly directed, and not frittered away in dishonest and futile attempts to proceed in a course of policy that must inevitably, sooner or later, destroy the political existence of that portion of the community which produces wealth, and the pursuit of which must of necessity leave the objects, long and widely established, which assist the industry, and encourage the activity of those who increase the capital of the nation, unprofitable and useless.



If the classes that produce national wealth should be virtually destroyed, their implements of industry become necessarily valueless, and those sources and means of profit we have enumerated, would sink into mere objects of accommodation to the opulent few. That such must inevitably be the case, should a dishonest effort be made at any time to get rid of the public debt, is quite certain. That measure will inevitably, in its result, leave only two grades in the British community. The opulent landowners will remain, but all classes under them, taken as a body, must sink into pauperism. There may be an opportunity for a certain number of individuals to retain their station for the supply of luxuries to the opulent, and necessities to those who are employed by them, but the general effect must be positive pauperism; and those who escape it of the middle class will be so oppressed by the maintenance of the individuals who are fallen, that their lot will be scarcely more enviable. If an attempt were made to cheat the public creditor, such a state of things must rapidly and inevitably take place. The result would come home to the mind of every man, it would be too glaring to be unperceived by the most inattentive observers of national events, for it would sweep the most efficient portion of the community out of political existence.

But although the effects of this measure of infamy would be more prominent to the view and be instantly perceived, it does not follow that there is no process now in operation, more subtle and tardy in its progress, but equally certain in its final issue of destroying the productive powers of those classes of the community from whence national wealth emanates. It is now no time for half measures and smooth speeches; and the fact neither can nor ought to be disguised, that taxation presses with overwhelming force upon the industry of the country. The burden is most unequally divided between the unproductive and opulent, and their fellow subjects whose labour brings forth wealth to the country. We have, in a former Paper, shown somewhat in detail the operation of the present taxes; and by that statement, made up from official documents, it appears that with the exception of the land tax, and a portion of the assessed taxes, the great pressure of the unprecedentedly heavy imposts levied upon the inhabitants of Great Britain is borne by the middle class and the operatives of the country. These grades of society are met at every turn by the taxes. Meat, it is true, is not taxed; but put that aside, and the labourer and the man in the middle class of life can scarcely go to market for a single article necessary for the consumption of his family that he does not pay a tax upon—tea, sugar, soap, candles, beer, tobacco, spirits, &c. The latter there can be no doubt he would be better without; but be it remembered, he has been driven in a great degree to the consumption of these, by reason of the inordinate duty that is laid upon his natural and wholesome beverage—a beverage that may be regarded as indigenous to the Englishman's fire-side. Last of all, the chief article of life is taxed, and the corn-laws interpose between the poor man and cheap bread. But if the opulent paid in the like proportion with the mass of the people, if the essentials of luxury were as extensively burdened with imposts as the articles of the poor man's consumption, the hardship of the case would not be removed. The tenth of incomes of 100,000*l.*, 50,000*l.*, 20,000*l.*, 10,000*l.*, or 5,000*l.*, a-year, taken for the public service, is not felt; but the tenth of 500*l.* a-year is felt, and seriously too; the tenth of 200*l.*



still more severely ; and the deduction of the tenth part of an income of 50*l.* a-year presses beyond endurance. It is here, to use a homely adage, that the shoe pinches ; it is this indirect as well as positive inequality of taxation, that withers the national industry, and must ultimately destroy it. There is a fine opening before the country for the increase of her wealth, but the load of taxation pressing more heavily every day upon those who are to produce it, will prevent her from taking advantage of it ; and unless the course of taxation be changed, Great Britain, with the finest capabilities any nation ever enjoyed for the augmentation of her resources, will sink under a general decay occasioned by impolicy and mismanagement.

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THE LAND OF CAKES.\*

*St. Andrew's ; or, the "Aged City."*

WHEN morning had brought me my cicerone, whom I found to be none other than one of the heads, or professors of the college, though he appeared newly caught, and not yet settled down to the strict academic rule, I discovered that there were more ruins in the city than those of buildings ; that if I wished to say any thing of political greatness, of which a wreck of time, or, as he called it, a penumbra, had remained from the gay days of Beaton to times comparatively recent, I must go back a few years ; and that if I wanted to connect the place with any thing very brilliant in talent, I must seek it among those who had gone to other places.

The incumbents, he said, were "all solid," plain schoolmasters, who, when they had classes, and when these were assembled, repeated with little change the same courses of lectures which had been "heirlooms" in the college since better times ; and that, when the summer came, they went, "one to his farm and another to his merchandise ;" except a few that seldom had any classes, and with these "golf" seemed as necessary as atmospheric air. He complained much of the aristocracy of the place, which he designated as the aristocracy of Time or of Ruin ; and he assured me that the state of the buildings gave a far more certain indication of that of the people, than the bumps of Gall and Spurzheim do of the dispositions of the mind. From some cause or other, that he did not pretend to understand, (I have seen it so often that I look upon it as an ultimate fact,) the learned persons, how good soever in the first generation, fell off woefully in the second, and became quite addled and useless in the third. It was not till the second, however, that they were made free of the aristocracy of the "Aged City," or admitted to the "tea-and-turn-outs," unless the new-comer happened to be a bachelor, and there were what a jury of the knowing would call unequivocal symptoms of his uniting himself to one of those gaunt and stringy figures which I had observed in my passage along the south street ; and that, from the number of these that often belonged to the same coterie, the power that the mass had over the members, the dictatorial manner, the perpetual gossip, and the nightly

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\* Concluded from p. 31.



cards, the problem became one both of *maxima* and *minima*; the former as to the risk, and the latter as to the advantages; and before that could be valued, the man had either become a confirmed bachelor, or had united, for better or for worse, with some more blooming lass from another part of the country. "Thus," said he, "our only grandeur is in our ruins, and the furrow seems as deep, and the wall-flower as yellow, upon the one as the other." After a good deal of remark, in which there was, I thought, more of the sarcastic than the case called for, the gentleman took his leave, adding, that he had to go and attend the sacrament at his parish church, some ten or twelve miles distant, which would occupy him a week; and that there would be no meeting of the "Flistie-flastie," and no "tea-and-turn-out," till his return to the city. He wished me to accompany him to his parish; but as I knew that the sacraments were much more interesting in other parts of the country than in the kingdom of Fife, I declined, resolving in the interim to make my own observations upon the "Aged City."

I soon found that, other than what it derived from the University, the city had nothing worthy of notice. A few of the neighbouring farmers resorted to it for the purpose of selling their produce for exportation; there were two or three broken-down squires, who could not afford to reside anywhere else; and one or two little chieftains from the Perthshire Highlands came down for a week in the summer to get a dip or two in the salt waters; but even these had all their circumstances and relations so thoroughly discussed by the old spinsters of the place, that they must have been any thing but comfortable. I never, in short, saw a place to which nothing had happened, so very replete with all incentives to the blue devils. And yet such should not be the case: the neighbourhood is fertile; the sea on the land side is productive; the situation is elevated and dry, and must be healthy; and, from the width of the principal streets, and the size of many of the houses, it should be commodious; but the streets are paved with bowls as round as shot, and there are holes in which carts might be lost; while heaps of rubbish are in all the streets; and the odours where the fishermen live, over which the wind comes every morning, are abominable.

I found that, though this be one of the places that are entitled to copies of all the books that are published, they might almost as well be put in leaden chests and buried in the bay. Nobody reads them, except the novels and the reviews. I know not whether they sell a part and divide the money, but I know that is done at some other places; and here the collection of recent books looked small.

In winter, when the classes are open, and the students there, the place must be more crowded, but I very much doubt whether it will be more interesting; and though, *à priori*, one is apt to suppose that St. Andrew's is a very eligible place for education, *à posteriori*, I have my doubts. It is cheap enough, I believe; the professors also, I make no question, have quite as much scholastic learning as they have any occasion for; and there seems to be a most efficient police against peccadilloes in womankind. But there are no stimuli either to professor or student, and no model on which the latter can form their manners. The citizens can hardly be looked upon as intellectual beings at all, either by the one class or the other; and thus the young



men, instead of having, as they should have, the world expanded to them, have it narrowed to a mere nothing. They see no honour in any race of beings but students, and the offices to which St. Andrew's studentship leads—parochial ministerships and manses to those who have a hope of patronage; and parish schools, with twenty pounds a year, to those who have none.

If the advantage of such institutions apart from, and independent of society, were capable of demonstration in any way, it is clear that the "Aged City" would be the very place where to find it; because there the people out of the University, with whom the students come in contact, can have little influence upon them in any way, farther than in the way of comparison, as has been stated. Now, instead of there being any superiority about the students that have attended the "Aged City," of whom I have seen and conversed with many, there is a great deal of narrowness and prejudice; a lamentable ignorance of every thing, save the few elementary and "by rote" matters that have been conned in the classes; and a most injurious tendency to despise and neglect all other matters for the sake of these. But that is the very essence of a monastic system—the very cause that kept the mass of the people in ignorance, till they found out a philosophy for themselves, that arose from the things around them, and was calculated to point out to them their uses. I have farther observed that, unless the education which is got at those places not only bears upon the profession, but actually be that very business itself, the very first thing that is done is to forget it. A parson, when he gets inducted into a manse, and makes certain that his term of tutorage is over, leaves the five books of Euclid without the gate; and, in my pilgrimages in the Land of Cakes, which have been general and varied, and, though I say it myself, observant, and with a desire to come at the truth, I have more than once seen a parson who had been renowned for scholarship at College, and continued renowned for eloquence in the pulpit, sadly put to his shifts when, at the annual examination of the parish-school, he had to make trial of the acquirements in the rudiments of mensuration and algebra of the son of some substantial farmer, with whom the parson wished to stand well, both as to courtesy and erudition, the which elements had been communicated by some one more recently off the irons than himself, and who had taken the school for a year or two, as a stepping-stone to the manse of the next parish. In like manner, when I have met with any of those nurslings of the "Aged City," that have left the channels into which they naturally run, and followed the plough, or posted the ledger, as it might be, after the manner of their fathers, I have in general found that they have doffed the whole of the College lore, as an incumbrance and impediment. Therefore I am compelled, after a very long and careful induction, to come to a conclusion the very opposite of that to which I expected, and indeed wished to come; but such is the tendency of the facts, and I cannot alter it.

I am aware that the doctrine that I have now stated will be deemed a heresy; and I do thank the chance-medley of events that I am not now upon the scores of St. Andrew's—at the place where the learned of the olden time were wont to burn the witches, while the Scottish court looked on in complacent enjoyment. Not that I should have had any thing



to dread in the shape of a charge of wizard-craft : but there is little question that I should have undergone a severe Scotching from the claws of the tabbies. As it is, if they hear what I say, (and they must hear it,) they will come down upon me with a long array of “the dawn of knowledge in those sacred abodes ;” of “the lights of every age that have emanated from them,” and the whole will be rounded by something about “venerable with years,” and “hallowed by time,” like a roll of drums in the rear of a battalion. But the truth will bear all that—and more.

That learning has been preserved, and also disseminated by those institutions no one denies, and no one refuses them the merit which may be due to them on that account ; but the monastic institutions did the same in ages of greater darkness, and therefore the same, if not greater merit, is due to them. When all knowledge, that had any pretension to be scientific, was contained in words only, and the knowledge of things was very imperfect and empirical as far as it went, there was no keeping the former but by classes of men set apart for the purpose ; and as there was little connexion between the two, perhaps the more completely the keepers of the verbal knowledge were separated from the people, the better. When all books were written, and a copy of a small one cost a fortune, the art of reading would not have been of much use to the people at large, because they could not have afforded to put it in practice ; and, therefore, previous to the invention of printing, the close system did well enough for the only men that could be readers. Even after the invention of printing, and till the active part of the people had been so educated as that they could combine the knowledge of words and things, and put forth books that could inform other people, the colleges were of great use ; and even now, I have conceded that those classes of persons that have, as it were, grown out of the institutions, could not be continued unchanged without them. But the doctors must not deceive themselves : the science of modern times,—that which has filled all countries, and this country more than any other, with contrivances of utility and ornament,—has really very little to do with colleges. It has made more progress in the last fifty years than they have done since the first day of their existence ; and during that period, at least, they have been “as they were.” The steam-engine has become a wonderful thing within the last hundred years ; from a mere notion, and rather a confused one, it has come to be the nearest approximation to life. And who have made it so ? Why sometimes skilful mechanics, and at other times idle boys, in order that they might enjoy their play. And what have the doctors of the “Aged City” done the while ?—Why, they may, like the Rhodian, have “ate many beeves, and drunk many flagons of wine ;” but if they have contrived so much as a mouse-trap, in the way of the useful arts, or a knot of the cravat in the elegant ones, the record has been treacherous. Let them have their due, by all means ; nay, let them have a little more ; but do not let us, the people, stand wondering at them ; for we may be well assured that if any practical good is to be done, we must do it.

“But the great men issue from the colleges.”—“So they do some of them, and some not ; but do they get their greatness there ? What college gave Smeaton his mills, or his Eddystone light-house ? or Ark-



wright his spinning-machinery? or Davy his chemical discoveries? or Telford his bridges and canals? Which of them gave Newton his theory of light and colours? and in which of these classes (and there was a Barrow at Cambridge then,) did he pick up the *Principia*? Upon the concession usually made to the doctors, and they take it readily enough, the man that taught Shakspeare his letters, or the woman that first fed him with pap, might claim the merit of "*The Tempest*."

I have heard a great deal of boasting among the doctors of the "*Aged City*" about the great men that have been there, and profited by so being; but whenever I have come to the analysis, I have found that they had marvellously little merit in the matter. The recent instances which I have found them the most forward to cite, have been Dr. Leyden, Professor Lesslie, and Dr. Chalmers. Now, I have access to know, that in no one of those three cases is there any merit whatever due to the doctors. Leyden, who had acquired his poetic talent before he was a student of any college, was an *élève* of Edinburgh, and went to St. Andrew's in the capacity of tutor; and then his acquirements were so extensive and varied, that he got the name of "*The University of Leyden*." That he was both delighted and instructed by the philological powers of Dr. Hunter, there can be little doubt, for that was a wonderful man; and if St. Andrew's could have conferred immortality upon him, she would have thereby conferred it on herself. But the giant mind which conquered the languages of the East, at the rate of a dozen per month, was matured in the cottage at "*stormy Ruberslaw*;" and if any human being called it into action, that being was his mother's blind uncle, at whose tales of martial adventure little Leyden used to be thrown into ecstasies. One cannot help lamenting the untimely fate of Leyden, in whom there was quenched, perhaps, one of the brightest spirits that ever lived; and it is no exaggeration to say, that when he fell a victim to the pestilence of Java, a darkness settled down upon the literature of India, and many centuries may pass over before a successor worthy of him be found.

It was at St. Andrew's that Leyden studied divinity, and was licensed as a preacher of the Scottish kirk; and the envy of the parsons at talent so gigantic, made him the object of rather a ludicrous piece of waggery.

Every one who knows any thing about the Scottish clergy, must know what sort of meeting a Presbytery dinner is. More than usually grave and starched upon other occasions, that is the time when they unbend; and though I never saw, or even heard, of any great breach of decorum, nothing can exceed the glee and fun of their reverences. The frisks of a greyhound that has been tied up for a month, or the gambols of a cow that has been confined to a stall for the livelong winter, are nothing to those of a Scotch minister when the second Presbytery bowl is ebbing. In proportion as those gentlemen are more restrained than others in public, their love of fun seems to accumulate in private; and one part of their study (the sermon-making commonly costs them very little) is to have at least one bright thing to play off at the Presbytery dinner; and among them a Johnny Raw runs the gauntlet as hard as he does in any other place, or among any other class of persons.



It was the fate of Leyden to be licensed at one of the Presbytery taverns, where the bowl is of noble size, and the brethren are of course very prone to mirth. They knew that Leyden beat them all in learning and eloquence, but they did not much mind that. There was a root of bitterness, however; Leyden beat them all at golf; and Crail or Kingsbarns had no chance of being captain and toast-master for the season while Leyden was in the neighbourhood. As they had no chance with him in the field, they resolved to work him at the Presbytery; and his own unsuspecting nature gave them an ample opportunity. Before the meeting, Leyden took one of the more experienced brethren aside, and asked him if there was any thing particular required of him in evidence of qualification for that clerical office which he that day sought to attain. The parson put on a face of more than wonted gravity, took Leyden by the arm, drew him aside, and told him that he had so arranged that the public trial should be as easy as possible; but that there was a voluntary display in which Leyden was expected to excel, and that was, saying grace before dinner, the length and fervour of which were the real tests of a young minister's talents; and that, though expected upon all occasions of the kind, it was never asked.

The business of the Presbytery, which proved more than usually tedious and lengthy, was got through, and the brethren repaired to the dining-room, each more prepared and eager to do justice to the dinner than another. The covers were removed, and as glorious a display of the choicest viands as parsons could desire, smoked before their distended eyes and watering mouths. The moderator had the knife and fork half-raised to transfix a sirloin of beef, and the croupier was aiming his steel at the bowels of a haggis, when up started Leyden, and began his grace, in a strain of fervour that had never been witnessed on a similar occasion. The whole were held by the ears: the two operators suspended their weapons in mid air, and though all eyes were still riveted upon the dinner, all were silent and motionless as the grave, equally astonished at the storm of eloquence, and anxious that it should blow over. But Leyden got warm with the subject, and, pleased with the silent and wondering attention with which he was met, became louder and more lengthy; and the people of the house came into the room to profit by the unwonted display of pious fervour. They bore it for about twenty minutes, but as there was no appearance of a close coming even then, the moderator rose and said, "Mr. Leyden, this is out of all order; do as you please upon other occasions, but when we meet we have always short graces and long dinners, so sit down and let us all ply the carnal weapon." Leyden sat down in utter confusion, amid peals of laughter; and it is understood that the disgust that he felt at the trick thus played upon him, was the real cause of his abandoning divinity for letters, and thereby, though his untimely death abridged it much, conferring a benefit upon literature.

Professor Lesslie, too, owed not a great deal to St. Andrew's; and that he went there at all was the effect, and not the cause of his abilities. The minister of Largo, the parish in which he was born, found out by accident that he had taught himself some parts of the elements of geometry, and he was sent to college more because it was the fashion than any thing else. While at Etruria, and when travelling with the



Wedgwoods, Lesslie learned far more than at St. Andrew's ; and if his peculiar views in philosophy are not altogether his own, there can be little doubt that they were imparted or elicited by the elder Wedgwood ; and there is no question that it was at Etruria that he first attended to the nature of heat, the foundation of his first and greatest fame. He had no means of acquiring any chemical knowledge at St. Andrew's, for there never was a chemistry class there regularly connected with the college, and so little was known of it (except gastro-chemistry), that two years after the publication of Lesslie's essay, the Principal of the philosophy classes was collecting the whole country side to see mercury boiling in a barometer tube, as if that had been a world's wonder ; and even Chalmers himself, who began his public career as a chemical lecturer at St. Andrew's in opposition to the college, and even in hostility to a part of it, then spoke of " ebullition in a glass vessel " as something to be wondered at. In the whole of Lesslie's mind there is nothing St. Andrean ; and it would be easy to trace the whole of his acquirements to the circumstances under which he has been placed. With Chalmers the case is still more prominent, as his career has been more versatile and more upon popular grounds ; and, indeed, if we were to take *any one* of the great men that have been at St. Andrew's, we should be able to trace their acquirements to a source very different from the prelections in the " Aged City." Twenty months of study, of which every five are at an interval of seven, and where the student has no impulse, and no literary society, are not very likely to stimulate the mind to any thing ; and therefore the conclusion is, that the " Aged City " manufactures parish ministers and schoolmasters, but, with the exception of golf balls and *reports*, nothing else.

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SONG.

Rise from thy pillow, my Lady fair,  
 For the sunny sea looks bright,  
 Braid the dark folds of thy glossy hair,  
 And robe thee in vestments white ;  
 Splendid attire, and the courtly wile,  
 May grace the vain haunts of glee,  
 But in simple garb, and with artless smile,  
 Hasten, sweet Lady, to me.

I met thee last in a glittering throng,  
 Flatterers knelt at thy shrine,  
 I could not breathe 'mid the dance and song  
 A vow so fervent as mine ;  
 But the azure sky, and the dawn of day,  
 Shall witness my love for thee,  
 Come then, beneath the sun's glad ray,  
 Listen, sweet Lady, to me.

M. A.

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## ORIENTAL LITERATURE.

WE consider it due to the society, or institution, by whose assiduity the mines of Oriental literature have been thrown open to the gaze of the Western world, to give such a sketch of its origin as we have been able to collect, that the public may appreciate properly the spirited efforts of the learned individuals who compose the Oriental Translation Committee, and the liberal and munificent patronage with which its illustrious and enlightened subscribers have fostered its incipient labours. We believe that the idea of forming a society for the purpose of making, and procuring to be made, translations of Oriental works, hitherto unedited, originated with Colonel George Fitzclarence, (well known as the ingenious author of "A Journey overland from India to England," "Essay on Muhammedan Mercenaries, employed in Christian Armies," &c.) and that long before it was matured in shape or design, he proposed a rough plan to his friend Sir Gore Ouseley, who greatly approved of it, and promised his subscription and warmest support. In time, having engaged the active co-operation of Sir George Staunton, Sir Alexander Johnston, Mr. Professor Lee, of Cambridge, Mr. Colebrooke, and other learned Orientalists, the plan was discussed at the meetings of the Royal Asiatic Society, which, like a fond parent, encouraged the attempts of the infant scion, generously gave it the use of its house and library, and nobly ceded to it an annual donation of one hundred guineas from the Honourable East India Company. Thus the Oriental Translation Committee acquired a form and a name, and Sir Gore Ouseley was called from the country and requested to accept the office of chairman, which his long residence in the East, and intimate knowledge of many of its languages, most happily qualified him to fill with credit. Through the unceasing and zealous exertions of Colonel Fitzclarence, subscriptions poured in, and enabled the Committee at once to commence the culture of an interesting field of literature, hitherto nearly locked up from our hemisphere. On the 7th of May, 1828, the first general meeting of the Oriental Translation Fund took place at the Royal Asiatic Society's house, which we cannot better describe than by giving a few extracts from the report then read by the chairman, Sir Gore Ouseley.

"The members of the Oriental Translation Committee, in meeting the members of the Royal family, the nobility, and gentlemen who have subscribed funds for the translation and printing of interesting Oriental works, indulge the hope that their preliminary proceedings, and the regulations they will have the honour to submit for consideration, will receive the approbation of this meeting. It is their particular wish that the statement they now present to the subscribers may be received as an account of the proceedings of an institution still in its infancy, and not less requiring time than fostering care to bring it to maturity. The members of the Committee being individually interested in Oriental pursuits, and being also highly gratified by the liberal support their plan has received, have a double incentive to exertion, and hope, by their collective endeavours, to add considerably to the stock of information respecting Asia, which Europe now possesses. They feel assured that time alone is required to prove that the generous support of the subscribers will lead to important results; and that the confidence reposed in their zeal has not been misplaced. Their arrangements, however, cannot be considered complete, until corresponding Committees have been established in various parts of Asia, and are actively engaged in the execution of the plan developed in the prospectus. Under these circumstances, connected with the fact that little more than four months have elapsed since their formation, they are not able to report having made much progress. They feel anxious, however, to make the subscribers acquainted with what they have done up to the present time, and with their future intentions, prospects, and hopes. The Committee have great satisfaction in stating that the most liberal support has been afforded to them by the Royal Asiatic Society, not only by their allowing the Committee's business to be transacted



in their house, but also by their handsome transfer to the Oriental Translation Fund of the Honourable East India Company's munificent annual subscription of one hundred guineas. The English Universities have expressed their favourable disposition towards the undertaking, and received in the most friendly manner the hopes expressed by the Committee, of considerably diminishing the expense of printing by the assistance of the University presses. Although essentially assisted by the enlightened views of the great literary bodies in England, the attention of the Committee has been directed to obtaining aid from distant quarters also; and they confidently hope that another annual meeting will not pass without the communication of gratifying accounts from various parts of Asia and Africa. Considerably within a year copies of the prospectus will have been received at the capitals of Turkey, Persia, Egypt, and the Barbary States, and by the numerous consuls and mercantile firms existing on the Eastern and Southern shores of the Mediterranean. The opportunity offered by the intimate connexion of this country with Asia has been eagerly embraced by the Committee, who have sought every means of communicating with Europeans, residing even in its most inland countries. The Presidencies of India will be centres from which prospectuses will be forwarded to every Indian court, and to the confines of the Punjab, Tibet, and China; every where, it is hoped, awakening among our distant countrymen a desire to become known to the learned in Europe, through the means offered by this Committee. Intimations of our object will also be forwarded to every mart and settlement of the Eastern ocean, extending to the most distant havens of its Archipelago, and to the coasts of China and Japan.

“The various Missionary establishments, whether in India, Palestine, the Caucasus, or the Malayan peninsula, and the enlightened employés of the Russian Government, extending along the extensive southern frontier of the Russian empire to the further limits of Kamtschatka, will also be made acquainted with our existence and objects. The majority, however, of these communications has been addressed to natives of Britain; and it is from them the Committee principally expect co-operation and support, in the attainment of their truly national object.

“Letters have been addressed to the Governor-General of India, the Governors of Madras, Bombay, Ceylon, Prince of Wales's Island, and Mauritius, and the Presidents of the Literary Societies at the three Presidencies and Ceylon, proposing the formation of Corresponding Committees, to consist of the principal Oriental scholars residing in or near Calcutta, Madras, Bombay, Columbo, George Town, and Port Louis.

“The Committee have great pleasure in informing the subscribers that they received from Lord William Bentinck, Governor-General of India, before his Lordship's departure, the most gratifying assurances of his Lordship's intention to forward their views to the utmost extent of his power, on his arrival at Calcutta.

“Although zeal and efficiency may be confidently expected from all the Committees in Asia, it is impossible not to contemplate with peculiar satisfaction the auspices under which the Corresponding Committee will be formed at Bombay.

“Few gentlemen occupying stations of authority and influence possess such means of effectively assisting the Committee as Sir John Malcolm, whose Oriental learning, and activity in promotion of knowledge, are brilliant examples for every person, not only under his own, but also under every other Indian Government, to endeavour to imitate.

“It is now the agreeable duty of the Committee, to announce to the subscribers the encouraging prospects which have been created by their munificent support. The prosperous state of their funds, the advantages presented by the English Universities, and the Royal Asiatic Society, and the gratuitous aid tendered by many Orientalists, warrant the belief that the subscribers, in addition to enjoying the honour of fostering an important branch of learning, and rescuing the national character from the charge of neglect-



ing Oriental literature, will annually receive books greatly exceeding their subscriptions in value.

“The Committee are desirous to avoid attributing too much effect to their labours, but they feel bound to state that they know that the circulation of their Prospectus has already stimulated some individuals to undertake translations of Oriental works, and has attracted much attention to Asiatic literature.

“The inquiries of the Committee have already brought to light several translations which had long remained unnoticed; and they have received a valuable collection of Oriental manuscripts, which were collected by the late Sir Charles Malet, Bart. during his residence in India, and presented to them by his son, Sir Alexander Malet, Bart. as soon as he was informed of their establishment and objects.

“Although, in selecting works for publication, the Committee’s principal object will be to increase historical and general information, yet, in order to meet the taste of every class of the subscribers, they have considered it proper to have some works of fiction translated, particularly as the East has furnished many highly-interesting specimens of that species of literature, if even it is not the parent country of apologues and romances.”

The meeting was attended by a great many illustrious and noble persons, as celebrated for their love of literature as their rank and talents; and in the absence of H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex, occasioned by illness, H. R. H. the Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg took the chair, and conducted the business of the day with equal urbanity and ability.

After the Right Hon. the Chairman of the Committee (Sir Gore Ouseley) had finished reading the Report, resolutions, 1st, of confirming the appointment of the Committee; 2d, of adopting the report of the Committee, and approving and confirming their proceedings; 3rd, of confirming the regulations of the Oriental Translation Committee; 4th, of offering the grateful thanks of the Meeting to H. R. H. the Duke of Clarence for his zealous patronage of the fund; 5th, of requesting Sir Hutton Cooper, Bart. to become Auditor of the fund; 6th, of requesting Colonel Fitzclarence to be Treasurer; 7th, of offering grateful thanks to the Royal Asiatic Society, for the use of their house, and their liberal transfer of one hundred guineas donation from the Hon. East India Company; 8th, of printing the proceedings, prospectus, and regulations for distribution; 9th, of presenting the thanks of the Meeting to H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex for his kind intention of presiding; 10th, of offering thanks to Colonel Fitzclarence, for his zealous exertions in favour of the Institution; 11th, that the Earl Spencer should be added to the Vicepatrons of the Oriental Translation Fund; and, 12th, the warmest thanks of the Meeting to H. R. H. Prince Leopold for his able and condescending conduct in the chair,—were severally put and seconded by various distinguished noblemen and gentlemen, and unanimously carried.

On the 30th of May, 1829, the subscribers and members were again called together at the Royal Asiatic Society’s house, when a still greater assemblage of rank and talent, than that of last year, filled the rooms to overflowing. H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex was in the chair, and conducted the business of the meeting with his usual ability and gracious condescension. It was easy to perceive, in the animated countenance of the Right Hon. Chairman of the Committee (Sir Gore Ouseley), that the report which he was about to read contained that which would give unmixed gratification to his audience. We have often attended the assemblies of literary societies, but honestly confess that it never has been our good fortune to hear so triumphant an annual report as that which was read on the 30th of May, 1829, at the meeting of the Oriental Translation Fund; and certainly, as far as we could judge, our feelings of gratification and delight were in unison with those of the whole assembly.

The Report, after noticing the appointment of efficient corresponding Oriental committees at Calcutta and Madras, through the zealous co-operation of the Governor-General Lord William Bentinck, the Right Hon.



Stephen Rumbold Lushington, Governor of Madras, and the Asiatic Society of Calcutta, and stating that the absence of Sir John Malcolm from Bombay prevented the necessary communications from that Presidency, proceeds, with feelings of legitimate satisfaction, to direct the attention of the subscribers to the first fruits of their liberal patronage,—to five translated works. They say, “they are much gratified in having had the good fortune, through the kindness of the Rev. Professor Lee, to commence their labours with so curious a work as ‘The Travels of Ibn Batuta.’ That translation, although only an abridgment of the Travels of the Mohammedan Marco Polo, of the fourteenth century, gives an accurate idea of the extent and interest of the complete work, which, unfortunately, is not to be found in any library in Europe. The Committee, however, have strong reason to hope that their endeavours to obtain a copy of the unabridged original will be crowned with success.

“‘The Autobiography of the Emperor Jahangueir,’ presented to the Committee by Major Price, the indefatigable author of the ‘Memoirs of the Principal Events in Mohammedan History,’ can only be compared with the Memoirs of the Emperor Baber. The Committee hope that the subscribers will agree with them in considering this book as not less curious than valuable, as it lays open to our view not only the daily occupations of Asiatic princes, but, occasionally, even their secret thoughts and feelings; and enables us to contrast their actions and opinions with those of the princes of Europe, at its most characteristic epochs.

“The Chinese tragedy which Mr. Davis has kindly given to the Committee for publication, is distinguished from ‘The Orphan of Chaou,’ and ‘The Heir in Old Age,’ the only two other dramatic pieces hitherto translated from Chinese into English, by its dignified simplicity, and the entire absence of all degrading and revolting images.

“‘The Travels of Macarius,’ for which the subscribers are indebted to the learning of Mr. Balfour, furnishes many curious details relating to the ceremonies of the Greek church, and accounts of countries that are peculiarly interesting at the present period, through the military operations that are being carried on in the eastern part of Europe.

“The valuable work translated by Dr. Dóru, not only gives the history of the mountain tribes of Afghanistan, whose conquests have spread far east and west of that region, but also contains very curious traditions connected with Scripture history.”

The Report does not dwell upon these valuable additions to our scanty stores of Oriental literature so much as we hope to be able to do in our future Numbers, but goes on to state the titles of other works which are shortly expected to go to the press, and the names of the learned translators. It also promises the offered services of those very eminent Oriental scholars, Klaproth of Paris, Kosegarten of Griefswald, Charmoy of St. Petersburg, Fleischer of Pirna, and Neumann of Munich.

The very interesting account next brought to notice of a native of Persia, Mirza Alexander Kazem Beg, who is to translate the history of the Khans of the Crimea, under the auspices of the Committee, we shall not at present touch upon, until we have an opportunity of reviewing the work itself; nor have we time or space to notice the very curious fact incidentally mentioned of another native of Persia, Mirza Muhammed Ibrahim, who is actually engaged in preparing for his countrymen a translation of Herodotus into Persian, from an English version.

For a similar reason (want of time and space), we shall forbear at present to touch on the merits of the works now in the press preparing for publication, or even to give a list of them, but content ourselves with stating that, exclusive of the five works already printed, and in the hands of the subscribers, the Oriental Translation Committee have six others in the press, and twenty-eight in progress of translation or promised.

The Report notices the rewards given to the learned translators of the different works, and concludes thus:—“The Committee, in concluding the



report of their proceedings during the past year, return their cordial thanks to the subscribers for the confidence that they have placed in them, and which, they trust, has not been unworthily used; and express their hope and belief that at the next anniversary they will have the pleasure of reporting having made still greater progress in the attainment of the objects for which the Institution was established, than they have made during the year that is past.

“The Committee cannot close their report without fearlessly predicting that, should they be aided by a continuance of your patronage and support, they will be able to raise this Institution to a level with the most powerful literary societies in Europe.”

In allusion to the last paragraph, we cordially agree in the prediction, and venture to affirm that the patronage of the subscribers will be not only continued, but increased, to a Committee, which has, by uncommon perseverance and assiduity, more than fulfilled the sanguine expectations of its distinguished patrons, and performed the duties of the trust delegated to it in the most able and satisfactory manner.

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#### THE GONDOLA.

'Twas as a lovely dream of our young sleep,  
Before our thoughts have wither'd and grown pale,  
A dream of starlight, and of waters deep,  
And the far music of the Nightingale.

'Twas as a dream—whose fine and tremulous joys  
Have being but in slumber,—which a breath,  
A touch of rude reality destroys,—  
For life too tender—too intense for death!

Oh! who hath felt the moonlight of the mind,  
Oh! who hath felt the silence of the soul?  
When like the hush'd wave in the moveless wind  
Still, in their depth, the tides of feeling roll!

There was no motion on the heaving wave,  
There was no passion in the heart's full swell,  
But a calm wish—those waters were our grave,  
So we might rest with those beloved so well.

And heaven and ocean were so still and bright,  
So musically still, so brightly fair,  
Seem'd as if Heaven had lent his starry light  
To deck the wave—such magic lights were there:

That whether our light bark should dare the sky,  
Which seem'd to mingle with the onward main,  
Or sink in Ocean's calm eternity,  
We reck'd not—so it sought not earth again.

'Twas as that hour, the last and loveliest,  
That man in Eden drew the life-gale's breath,  
Sigh'd o'er the withering roses of his rest,  
And drank its beauty, though the draught was death.



## MR. DICKSON'S NARRATIVE.

*Mexican Banditti.*

[Our readers will recollect in the newspapers, about a twelvemonth ago, the account of an attack made upon a party of travellers proceeding from Mexico to the coast, in which all but one were destroyed by banditti, the survivor, Mr. Dickson, having miraculously escaped with numerous wounds: the following is that gentleman's narrative of his preservation.]

THE carriage rolled on through a shaded ravine, on our journey to the coast. All my companions had gradually dropped asleep; I, too, was dozing and waking at intervals. I have some confused recollection of being asleep and dreaming; whatever it was, my eyes were closed in perfect forgetfulness. Suddenly, the discharge of fire-arms in front aroused me. The holster pistols were lying on the cushion at my side; I grasped them instinctively, and sprang from my seat.

One, two, three, half a dozen horsemen, armed and masked, were in a moment round the carriage.

"*Alto! co—jos!*" they vociferated; "surrender, surrender, ye dogs!"

"Ha!" cried I, levelling my pistol, and in an instant the foremost of the band staggered forward and fell; his horse bounded past the carriage with an empty saddle. "N——, there goes one!" I exclaimed, "now for the other;" and ere the words parted from my lips a second of the brigands shared his fate.

I saw them for a moment cowering on their saddles—in the next, a second discharge took place, and two more fell on N——'s side. The smoke filled the carriage. I disengaged another pistol from the sash pocket, for we were well prepared—not a word was spoken—a moment of intense interest succeeded, it was but a moment,—when, dashing wildly on, came a whole troop of horsemen, masked and armed, filling the air with horrid yells and imprecations.

"Now!—now, N——!" cried I hoarsely, "we shall have it; but they shall buy us dearly."

"For God's sake, Santiago, fire not," shrieked R——; "we are lost men;" and in the instant came a crashing volley from their carbines, dashing the panels of the carriage to pieces, and the shouts and tramp of horses, and forms half seen, came rushing upon us.

Again and again were seen the straggling flashes in front, in rear, on every side of our devoted carriage. The air resounded with the yells, and groans, and shouts of the brigands that encircled us, even as their forms gleamed amid the smoke. Curses were heard, loud and furious, as a comrade fell by our fire. Enveloped in the smoke, unable to see, and half suffocated, I stood with one knee resting on the cushion, my carbine in my hand. All at once there was a hush; not a sound was heard; till the current of air sweeping through the carriage wafted away the smoke which filled it, and displayed their lances and sabres glistening in the sun.

Oh that moment!—I feel it even now: the blood rushed to my heart, retreated, then closed with icy coldness in my veins—my carbine dropped—I raised it again in indecision. I glanced around me—my eye fell on N——; I started in horror and surprise, for the blood was issuing copiously from a wound in his head.

"Good God!" I exclaimed, my carbine falling from my hand. "N——!"—but he spoke not; he seemed dead; and the warm blood



was streaming from his countenance: he had fallen back on the seat—he almost seemed smiling—poor fellow! he was quite dead.

I tore my cravat from my neck,—it was the work of a moment—and I tried to staunch the wound in his head. I thought I had succeeded—alas! again the blood came oozing, and gushing through the bandage with increased vehemence. I became very sick and faint, and as I turned in anguish from my friend, I staggered and fell backward—my heart felt icy cold.

“*Picaro, co—jo!*” cried one of the bandits, making a thrust at me through the window with his sabre; “your arms, *co—jo!*”

Mechanically I raised my carbine and handed it to him, for I felt incapable of defence. As I lifted up my arm to give it him, something pressed against my side. I heard the discharge of fire-arms, and a sudden blow against my breast, which sent me bounding up against the roof of the carriage. I staggered on one side, fell against the corner of the cushion, and writhed for a moment in horrid pain.

I then thought I was shot, and imagined that the brigands seeing me still standing up in the carriage would fire again. I had presence of mind left to fall down among the bodies of my companions, where I lay for the time nearly suffocated with shortness of breath and dreadful thrilling pain.

The order to form was now given, and the whole of the robbers came round the carriage in silence: the curtains of the windows were drawn, and the mules moved on: they did so for a few paces, but the road becoming very stony, the carriage paused, unable to proceed. The brigands, finding that the mules were not capable of drawing it over the stones, dismounted, and some of them applying their shoulders to the wheels, tried to proceed; the others got infuriated by the delay, and commenced abusing the postilions.

I heard one of them, named Juan, reply, in a dogged manner. “Cut him down,” cried one; “*Abajo con el co—jo,*” vociferated another; then instantly came the clashing of swords, and the groan of some one wounded. I saw nothing of it, for I was lying bleeding at the bottom of the carriage, and the curtains were close.

They at length succeeded in extricating the carriage from the stony ground—and away it rolled towards the forest hard by without farther interruption.

I had been hurt in the breast, and the pain seemed concentrated in one part, so that, had I not heard the report of fire-arms, I should have imagined it only a stunning blow from some blunt instrument.

I was completely breathless for a few minutes, so much so, that I panted dreadfully for respiration; however, as the carriage proceeded, my breathing began to feel somewhat alleviated, and the pain became gradually less acute. I now for the first time considered the dangerous position in which I was, and felt an inclination to look cautiously around me.

I glanced upwards at the countenance of poor N——, he was quite dead, and had fallen a little out of his former position, from the motion of the carriage. I turned away my gaze in horror and sorrow to Juan R——; he was breathing heavily, the blood was issuing from seven or eight places of his body, his eyes were quite shut. I remained looking



at him in a fixed stare, till soon his breathing became almost imperceptible; his eyes slightly opened, and then he breathed no more. The bottom of the carriage was swimming in blood; my hands and knees were amongst it. My wound was bleeding fast, and in order to staunch it I pressed in part of my dress; in doing so I made a slight movement of my person; in that instant the females with us, who appeared to be unwounded, perceiving it, whispered me for God's sake to keep motionless. I remained so for a moment, listening to their ejaculations of "Ave Maria! audi nos peccador que soy yo.—Senora Guadalupe de nuestros pecados," and running over their paternosters. Then, for the first time, I thought of religion, and I too tried to pray. The words of olden time passed from my lips hurriedly, but my heart was not with them, even as I strove to pray. I found myself beginning over and over again, till I gave it up in despair:—again I resumed—I tried to repeat the Lord's Prayer—the first few words issued from my lips—and then a sudden motion of the carriage sent a thrilling sensation of pain through my body. I stopped instantly in feelings of horror and desperation. "Oh! I cannot, will not, dare not die," groaned I to myself; "impossible! I cannot die!" And then I thought of every mode of escape which I could possibly have a chance of. I thought of all the banditti scenes that I had ever read, but none seemed like this, and I gave up my hope of escape in despair. I even recollected that Gil Blas had joined the banditti he met with, and that I might do so too with these. "But will they spare my life after killing so many of them?—No! but why should they know that you killed them?" and I then thought, or it occurred to me, that if I hid the pistols I had fired they could not distinguish who fired. Full of that idea I slowly raised my arm and grasped the pistols which were lying on the cushion and thrust them one by one among the dead bodies. Again I thought of offering to enlist in their band, but then it occurred to me that being wounded I could be of little service to them, and they too might think so and kill me;—but if they did consent to spare my life on condition of becoming a member of their band, I could retire with them to their haunt in the woods, and, at some future time, contrive to make my escape from them. At that instant I recollected a deep ravine, shaded over by pines, near Rio frio, and I thought the present banditti might have a cavern in such a place as that, for it had been pointed out to me as the haunt of Gomez's band. I had nearly brought my mind to the resolution of offering my services to enlist amongst them, when a pause in the motion of the carriage took place, and all the preceding scene passed hurriedly through my mind and half defined. The curtains of the carriage were drawn, and a stern voice cried loudly, "Are they all dead?"

"*Si Señor,*" replied the lady, trembling and weeping, "*Si Señor, son todos muertos.*" Oh! have mercy, good caballero, and spare our lives!" The curtains were hastily drawn, and the same stern voice commanded them to hasten their pace.

At the instant that the curtains were opened, and I heard the harsh voice inquiring after our death, I felt a cold thrilling sensation spreading slowly but strangely over my body—it came and retreated, leaving, as it passed away, an undefinable feeling of fear and horror and anguish. I trembled like an aspen leaf, for I thought the sword already thrust



through my back, and plunged repeatedly into my body, with the demoniacal expression of revenge the robber used, as he looked in amongst us the victims of his rapine.

It was then I felt a fear stealing over me that any hope of admittance to their band would be futile—that they thirsted too eagerly for our blood to spare us; for many of their comrades had fallen. I thought with horror what might be now the fate of the defenceless females; but it was but a passing thought, for selfishness had seized upon me with an iron grasp, and again I tried to cherish a hope of escape. I saw none; and then I felt shame burning within me that I should have for a moment yielded, through base cowardice, to the ignoble idea of saving my life on such terms as mingling with a horde of desperadoes and villains.

But yet the thought of death! “’twas very bitter to die unprepared.” I clenched my teeth together in my agony, and felt I would not die. Oh! those dreadful moments—wild, horrid moments!

I tried again to pray, “God have mercy on my soul! Christ Jesus have mercy!”—’twas useless; even as I strove with myself bitterly, I knew my thoughts were not with the expression of prayer I offered up to the Almighty: the words fell like the barbed arrow on the shield of adamant; they touched not my heart, for ’twas busy with my wounds and the anguish of my body. How often I strove eagerly to repent, to offer up my fervent prayer, alas, I know not; but many a moment flew away till I resigned it in horror and despair. Alas, my heart felt cold, and fearful, and desperate. After a time I tried again to think of the danger that surrounded me. “We might be met and rescued;” but then, too, the brigands were numerous and well armed. Oh! how ardently I listened for some sound of hope, of rescue; but none appeared. Away we were rolling fast into the forest, and all was gloomy silence save the ominous tramp of the robbers’ steeds. “Is there no hope of escape? None! Would to God I had never travelled—that I had never left my native country!” groaned I to myself. “To die thus—to be butchered in cold blood—to have the dagger pointed to my heart—to feel it slowly pressing into it, till at once it burst, and I die horridly—O God! O God! Would that I had died fighting—shot like poor N——. Is there no hope of escape?—alas! none. I would care not, had I but vantage ground and arms, and power to use them, twenty to one. I should at least then die fighting—but to die thus; dreadful! horrid!” and I groaned deeply in anguish and pain.

Farther and farther we rolled into the woods, and I even heard the howling of the blast through the forest, and among the pine-trees. I was perfectly myself. There I lay, the warm blood oozing from my side at every motion of the carriage.

“Yes!” thought I, a sudden idea striking me, “there is one chance yet left me. I must feign myself dead. They may suppose me killed like the others; and after they are gone, I may crawl away for assistance.” Grasping at the instant thought, I seized convulsively the cravat still wet with N——’s blood, and steeped it in the gory pool which swam on the bottom of the carriage. I raised and rubbed my face and hands with it.

The blood came gushing from my side with the fresh exertion I had made. I held both my hands close to it, and catching the blood in the



hollow of my hand, bathed my face and hair in it. I then paused in a mingled feeling of horror at what I had done—disgust, sickening, and wild, at the blood—and joy that I had some hope of escape. Convinced that I had now sufficiently disfigured myself, and that the robbers would certainly conclude me dead, I remained motionless, except when trying to staunch the wound by pushing against it part of my dress. In this I nearly succeeded, for afterwards I felt but a few drops trickling away at intervals. I awaited with anxious expectation the moment which was to decide my fate. At last I heard the cry to halt, and then came the heavy tramp of numerous feet as the thieves alighted.

“Place the videttes,” cried one loudly; “see if the Captain is returning, and the rest of you form quickly round the carriage to pillage the bodies and equipage.” “Now!” thought I, “courage and presence of mind for a moment, and all will be safe.” They came in silence to the carriage door, and while it turned on its hinges I fell back as if motionless. I was caught by some one; his hand was thrust and twined among my hair, which was long and in ringlets; he paused for a moment. I remained still and without motion, as if I had been actually dead. It was a horrid, suffocating effort; for he grasped my hair with one hand, while perhaps with the other he was ready to plunge his dagger to my heart, if I betrayed the least sign of life.

He seemed on the instant satisfied with his scrutiny, for he raised my body up and commenced searching for doubloons and money. He found a few pieces on my dress, and then searched with his hand round my waist for the belt where travellers generally conceal their treasures. I now found an opportunity for breathing, but so slowly and imperceptibly, that the brigand remained in ignorance. Finding no belt as he had expected, he muttered an imprecation, and with his open hand struck me a severe blow on the face; then grasping me by the limbs, he lifted me up and threw me with violence out of the carriage on the grass.

I fell with a severe blow on my head; but instantly mindful of my stratagem, composed my limbs as if they had lost all power of motion. The brigands came round me as I fell. “*Es un Ingles, co—jo!*” said one, triumphantly, as he turned me over with his foot. “*Un Ingles?*” cried the other inquiringly; “*Maldito herege!*—he seems quite dead—’twill teach him to fire again,” observed some of the others, laughing.

As these words were spoken, the bodies of my comrades were heaved out of the carriage, and fell with a severe blow and concussion upon my breast; that of Rodriguez was placed by the fall across my breast, and I lay almost covered by them, while the blood ran streaming from their wounds over my dress and breast.

I now heard the cutting of ropes and traces, the tumbling on the ground of the equipage, as it was cut loose and thrown from the carriage.

“Where is the black box?” cried the same stern voice which before had inquired whether we were dead, when the curtains were drawn on the journey.

“Which?” asked one of the brigands. “A small wooden case, which ought to be somewhere in the carriage, and which contains jewellery and silver.” They found it after some search, and by their expres-



sions they seemed to deliver it to one who, vaulting on his horse, galloped off with it into the forest.

"*No podemos romper este co—jo de cajon!*" cried one; "I cannot break the box open—who has got a *machete*?"—"Agui hay," said another, riding forward past us. So they commenced breaking open the trunks with their cleavers, and in a few moments dress, linen, and camp-beds, &c. were strewed around.

I was still perfectly myself, and now had an opportunity of reconnoitring cautiously. I gazed around me. I started involuntarily on observing the great number of the brigands. Some fifteen or twenty were breaking up the equipage, and narrowly scrutinizing every package. I saw one of them seize a fine double portmanteau of mine, and most unceremoniously hack away at the Bramah lock with his machete. He succeeded in making a passage into it through the thick leather; then, grasping at the glittering Mexican dresses, threw them, after examination, upon the ground; while others immediately picked them up; some taking one thing, some another. He next found some rare specimens of gold, which I had procured at the mines; these he threw away, after once slightly looking at them. He pursued his search: at last he reached the bottom of the second partition, and found but a few dollars. No words can express his rage, or the imprecations of disappointment he made use of, when he found only a small quantity of them; he turned rapidly away to the carriage, lifting up the seat, and examining every part for gold. Some twenty men were lying on the grass, with the lassos of their horses near them, pistols stuck in their belts, and their swords drawn and attached to their wrists by a black thong of leather. Many were stationed in groups on horseback, under the shade of the pine-trees.

In one hollow glade, where a few straggling trees stood forward, on the open space stood about a dozen horses, with the dead bodies of such of the brigands as had fallen, slung over them.

There were four men pacing with drawn swords before two trees, to which they had tied the females, with their faces from the scene of pillage; while some seven or eight were tying up the two young positions to the wheels of the carriage. Most of them wore masks, though some had taken them off. All seemed to have artificial beards; indeed, their appearance was most stern and ferocious. They at length ceased to pillage, but seemed little contented with the booty they had obtained; seemingly, from the expressions they dropped, they had expected more. Several of the horsemen came riding in from a short distance, and cried out aloud, "Did any one hear the Commandant say whether we were to await him here, or disperse to the haunt?"

"No!" cried one, quite close to me, and who seemed to be overlooking the baggage; "we must remain here till his return; he cannot be long now."

"Where is he carrying his brother?" asked he who had spoken first; "was he much wounded?"

"Shot in the forehead—dead by this time—long ago. He went to the nearest hacienda to see if he could procure assistance; he cannot be long coming now."

"*Ojala!* would he were; this *maldito* firing will inevitably bring out the troops from Acajete; we shall have the soldiers upon us."



Every thing now resumed its former silence, and I heard nothing but the tramp of the sentinels and the whispering of the brigands. I had closed my eyes when the robbers came near me; but at the instant that I heard their step retiring a little farther off, I again tried to reconnoitre. I looked towards the deep glade where I had seen the dead bodies slung across the horses; and when I perceived the number, I was for a moment surprised to find so many dead, for scarcely as many shot had been fired by our party in the conflict. It seemed to me that they must have wounded each other in the *melée*, and I felt quite delighted for the moment in the idea, and gazed upon them with warm spirit and feeling of revenge. As I looked upon the brigands awaiting in silence the return of their chief, I thought how easy it might be to surprise them and take them prisoners. "And then, too," I said to myself, "I would not spare their lives—no, not one." My reverie was interrupted by the rapid riding-in of one of the videttes, who cried, "To horse! to horse! The troops of Acajete are out and scouring the forest; we must be gone!"

Oh! how eagerly I listened for the moment of their obeying the mandate; and a sudden joy thrilled through me when I heard them vaulting into their saddles on the moment; but they did not otherwise move. "We must wait the Commandant; he will be here soon," cried several voices near me.

"*Bien!*" replied the new comer; "have you pillaged every thing? And what shall we do with these dead bodies?"

"Let them remain there—*que son.*"

"'Tis strange," said one, "that we have found so much less gold on the Ingleses than we expected; they must have it concealed somewhere yet, I think."

"You had better look and see," observed a few of the band, laughing; "you will get little now from them; but remember, fair play—we go shares." One or two of them dismounted. I immediately closed my eyes, and with a palpitating heart, awaited their approach.

"We will make sure that they have nothing about them," said they, lifting up the bodies of N—— and Rodriguez; "let us strip them." They soon performed the office, and I lay trembling, momentarily expecting them to commence with me. I feared now they would discover that I was alive; for my breath was more hurried and short than at first, so that I scarcely hoped to restrain my breathing. One of them, in a few minutes, laid his hands upon me, and tried to pull off my military jacket; but I had got so faint from loss of blood that, as I had feared, I could not refrain from breathing. The brigand, instantly perceiving it, started up with an exclamation of surprise.

Finding by his cry that I was discovered, I now opened my eyes, and saw a wild-looking being, with black beard and mustachios, bending over me. "Hola!" cried he, while a fiendish smile gleamed on his countenance, "here is one of the *co—jos* alive yet."

"*Diablo!*" cried the others, starting, and approaching me hurriedly—gazing at me with eyes in which exultation and rage were blended.

I said not a word, but lay quietly expecting instant annihilation. I had become so desperate and hopeless now that I cared little for death; at the same time, I knew it a needless effort to ask for quarter.

"Curse the heretic!" said one of them, furiously making a thrust at



me with his lance. I started aside to the utmost stretch of my power, and the weapon sunk into the earth at my side.

"*Hombre! hombre!*" cried one; "*no le matas, el pobre!* Do not kill the poor fellow!"

"*Maldito herege!*" exclaimed another; "let us kill him; we have lost too many of our brave comrades through their maldito firing."

"No! *hombre, dejalo*; leave him—'twill be less scandalous; we have killed enough to make the place too hot for us; *dejalo, sera menos escandoloso!*"

The latter exhortation seemed to have some influence with the band, and I almost began to think my life would indeed be spared, when the swift tramp of a galloping horse attracted their attention, and they left me for a moment; while instantly came up the Commandant, whom the banditti were expecting.

"*Hola!*" cried he, as he rode up; "*vamonos, pronto!* quick! let us go; that cursed firing has brought the soldiers out."

"Here is one of the Ingleses alive yet," said one of the band; "what shall we do with him?"

Oh! that moment! how my heart palpitated, as I turned my eyes from one brigand to another to discern some traces of a merciful feeling; but I met alone the ferocious glances which seemed each a dagger pointed to my heart. "Alive!" repeated the captain in surprise, and dismounting from his horse; "who is he?"—"No sabemos."

I saw him approaching—he drew his bota-knife from his deer-skin boot—he paused for a moment as he passed the female attendant who was tied to one of the trees, and asked her fiercely "if I was one that fired?"—"Si, Señor!—yes, Sir," cried she, terrified, and quailing under the glance of the brigand.

"Ha! the *co—jo!*" muttered he fiercely; then he sprang towards me, and in an instant was at my side.

"For God's sake, give me quarter—*quartel por el amor de Dios!*"

"Ask quarter from hell!" said the brigand, aiming a stab at my breast. I tried to rise, but staggered back and fell on my side, crossing my breast with my arms and hands. In a moment, his knee was on my chest, and the knife passed through my right-hand deep into my breast. I saw the knife draw back my hand—it glittered before my eyes—one stream of blood gushed out, and then the murderous blade descended again and again. I have some faint recollection of a struggle, and then all became darkness and confusion—I fainted away.

A long forgetfulness was varied only by dim recollections, which came and went like the fitful dreams of delirium. Slowly and gradually I regained my senses, but a long time must have ensued. At first, strange fleeting images of darkness and light flashed before my mind—then a confused recollection of horrid forms struggling with me and overpowering me, and fearful cries and shouts were ringing in my ears—I felt a heavy, overpowering sensation oppressing me, then all seemed chaos and darkness.

How it came to pass that I first awoke from this state of insensibility I could never recollect, nor could my memory ever distinguish the cause of my first opening my eyes; but I remember well the confused vacant stare with which I gazed around me. It was long ere I could penetrate through a sort of film which enveloped my vision with an obscure haze. At length I was slowly able to distinguish sur-



rounding objects ; I looked upwards, and saw some dense body above me ; but so confused were my ideas, that it was long ere I recognized the carriage. Still undecided as to where I was, I gazed around me as I lay motionless, and then espied the pine-trees, and the gloomy recesses and dark glades of the forest. In the instant the whole of the horrid scene flashed across my memory, and I lay panting for breath ; my respiration seemed abandoning me.

“ Oh, God !” exclaimed I to myself, “ what dreadful sensation is this I feel,” experiencing, for the first time, a burning thirst, which seemed to consume my very mouth with fire ; and, in the eagerness of the moment, my lips moved tremulously, as if to ask for water, but my voice failed me. I essayed to move, but could not—I seemed chained to the earth—my arms, head, limbs, all refused the usual offices.

It might have been a moment only, to me it seemed an hour, when hearing nought but the shrill cry of the coyote, and judging by the silence that the banditti had departed, I tried again to speak ; the words died away upon my lips, and I gave myself up to despair. I thought of nothing but the awful scorching thirst that oppressed me. I heard a rustling sound—I listened—but it was only the sweeping of the blast as it passed through the trees. I at length felt able to articulate, and I murmured out an indistinct prayer for water.

“ Hombre !” said I, slowly pausing between each word ; “ hombre—give—me water—for the sake of the Virgin !” No one replied.

“ Is there—no one to give me water ?” moaned I again bitterly.

“ Callate, be silent !” whispered a voice close to me ; “ they are not gone yet.”

“ No ! that we are not,” cried some one sternly, and a trio of the brigands stepped out from behind the carriage and asked who spoke.

“ ’Twas I,” replied the same voice which had whispered me silence.

“ No ! there was some other : speak—*pronto*.”

“ ’Tis only one of the Ingleses moaning.”

“ What !” cried they, “ still alive ? *El co—jo tiene mas vidas que un gata*,—he has more lives than a cat.”

One of the men came close to me ; I thought he was going to stab me again from his threatening attitude, so I murmured out to him to spare my life.

“ Leave me to die—I cannot live long now—take all, take every thing,” said I, imploringly. “ Oh ! leave me to die in quietness.”

“ Why did you defend yourself, madman ?”

I did not answer. One of them said quickly, “ You must have more doubloons somewhere ?—where did you hide them ?—we know you had more—speak—tell me—or I stab you.”

In the instant it occurred to me that I distributed my money, the gold and silver, in different portions of my equipage, in case of accident, that some might escape ; and so I had placed some five and twenty doubloons in a carpet travelling-bag ; I thought, perhaps, these might have escaped the plunder of the carriage. I accordingly hinted that there was more gold.

“ Where ? where ?” cried they eagerly. “ *Adonde esta ?*”

“ But will you spare my life ?”

“ *Si, si, si*,” said the brigands, “ quick—where is the gold ?”

“ Swear by the Virgin you will spare my life.”

“ We swear.”



They went, and after some difficulty found the bag, and tumbled out its contents; but could not find the gold. "Where is it, you rascal?—you have deceived us," said they in a threatening manner.

"No!" murmured I, "the doubloons are in a rouleau."

They seized their prize, and, instantly vaulting on their saddles, they bade me "*adios*," and "*a buen viage à los infernos*." They rode rapidly off, and the sounds of their horses' hoofs soon died away in the distance.

Partly re-assured by the departure of these the last of the brigands, I again, after a short pause of anxiety, cried out for water to quench my burning thirst; it was with difficulty I could utter a few words expressive of my desires, when the same voice that had before addressed me, and which I now found to be one of the postilions speaking, who had been tied to the wheel, replied hastily, "I cannot assist you, for I am tied by the arm to the spoke of the wheel; we must wait till the military come up; the robbers have gone off, because they were afraid of remaining longer."

I was at that moment lying with my breast underneath the hinder wheel, so that if the carriage moved it would have passed over my body and soon terminated my existence, and thus a new cause of anxiety crossed my mind, "Good God!" said I, "if the mules move, I shall be killed; can you not remove me?"

"No," replied he, "I cannot aid you; be silent, and there is no fear that the animals will move."

Finding that patience was my only remedy, I lay still and motionless in the fear that the slightest movement of the carriage would cause instant destruction to me, and suffering dreadful agony from the consuming thirst which burned within me. Oh! that long, almost eternal seeming period, when moments passed as years, and minutes as ages, till the tramp of horses sounded on the ground approaching nearer and nearer.

My hurried breath I drew more quickly, and my heart palpitated more violently; an indescribable feeling of hope and joy shot through my frame, and flushed with pleasure my languid features. "Ha!" exclaimed I to myself, "I am not to die yet!—No, the troops of Acajete will soon come up. They will find me—carry me to the village—bind up my wounds; I shall recover, and then, my own dear England, I shall see you again."

So powerful now was the tide of recollection that rushed in one overwhelming stream over my memory, that it drove away for the time all thoughts of my dangerous situation, or even of the excruciating thirst which still held its sway over me.

But suddenly the sound ceased—I heard no longer the former sounds—minute after minute, time after time passed away, and no one came: cold, and thirst, and fear, and despair, now held possession of me, and my firmness and presence of mind were fast ebbing away.

Already had the shadows of evening come on, and my eye rolled over the obscurity in which the glades were wrapped in vain search for the coming aid. It was then I felt the awful bitterness of hope springing and still delayed. All at once, I heard again the tramp, and the shouts, and discharge of fire-arms ringing in the air; and presently a numerous troop of desultory soldiery and Indians came dashing on



into the open space where we were lying, and a carriage whirled rapidly amongst us.

"*Carrai!*" shouted the foremost, as they came in view of the slaughter. "What the devil is this?"

"What is this? *Que es este?*" cried the soldiery, leaping from their horses, and some of them untying the postilion and the females. "Who are these? and how has it happened? Oh! they are Ingleses; they were fools enough to defend themselves, and so—"

"They have all been killed," said one of the troop, interrupting him. "Had they much money with them?"

"Did the Ingleses kill any of the ladrones?"

"Yes;—*han matado algunos*—but their comrades have carried off the bodies."

I had at the moment of their approach remained silent, for I was not altogether sure whether they were the banditti themselves come back to finish me, on hearing from their comrades that I was still alive; but when I heard the many voices inquiring into the affair, I took courage, and tried to speak; but the numerous exclamations of "Capital booty!"—"Lucky fellows!"—"Paid handsomely for it!"—and sundry laughs and expressions of "*Esos Ingleses han peleado como diablos*—These English have fought like devils,"—rendered it impossible for me to make known my existence for a considerable time. At last, taking advantage of a sort of pause in the noise, I called out for aid to remove me from under the wheel.

No one moved. I cried again, but no attention was paid. "Well, then," said I to myself in despair, "I will try if this does not make them;" and I murmured out for a Padre.

"*Hola!*" cried one, "some fellow is alive, and calls for a priest."

"Impossible," said the other; "the English are all pagans."

"No," remarked another, "they are heretics."—"Well," replied the other, "all pagans are heretics."

I cried again for a priest. "He must be a Cristiano," said they, communing with each other; "let us pull him out from under the carriage."

Two or three then came around the wheel. "*Curdado!*" said I to them imploringly; "Take care—softly—for I am badly wounded." They lifted me up softly in their arms, and conveying me a little way off, tried to place me on my feet; but I was too weak, and besought them to put me down, and give me some covering, for it was very cold. They wrapped me in a serrape, and carried me towards a pine-tree, and placed me on the ground with my back to it. My head fell down upon my breast—I implored them to hold it up, for it nearly suffocated me; and then I prayed for water. They had none with them, but went to search for it in the wood.

I had now time to look at a carriage with them which contained some females. They told me they were the G——. They were weeping very much, for they thought we were all killed. One of the military approached the carriage, and told them that one of the Ingleses was alive and asked for a Padre.

"It will be poor Santiago," said they, addressing a priest who had found his way into the carriage. "You had better go and see him, Señor."



"*No puedo!*—I cannot," said the Padre, refusing to go.

"We will take him into the carriage, and will carry him to Acajete now," said the ladies.

"That cannot be," replied the soldiers; "he must not move from hence till the Alcalde comes up and takes the depositions."

"Good God!" thought I, "what barbarians! I shall bleed to death." I then entreated them to take me away from the spot; but it could not be.

The Padre was again applied to by the Indians, "telling him that one of the English was a Cristiano, and wished to confess."—"I want none of your confession; I only wish to get to the village," murmured I to myself. The Padre still refused, and I must say I was glad he did; for I had little inclination to be kept any longer where I was. In a few moments, the G——, perceiving that they could be of no farther service, drove away in the carriage through the forest. An Indian woman now returned from the wood, and brought me some water in the hollow of a gourd. She knelt down by my side, and put it to my lips. "Drink," said she, "*pobrecito*—here is water."

I took a long draught, but interrupted by my hard pantings for breath. The water passed over my throat without cooling the thirst I felt. It seemed to me like drops of water on a red hot iron. I eagerly emptied the gourd, and asked for more. She told me there was none; that this she had brought along with her when her husband joined the soldiery in the search.

"Oh, for God's sake, put the gourd to my lip once more—only one drop of water to quench my thirst!" I again tried, as she put it to my lips, but I had drained it empty. I turned away in angry, feverish disappointment.

Oh, that dreadful horrid thirst! But those alone who have felt its power on the battle-field can have an adequate conception of a fire which seemed to scorch the very brain. It is too deeply imprinted on my memory ever to forget that awful, consuming sensation.

The poor Indian woman, after I had in vain tried the gourd, rose up and stood gazing at me with expressions of commiseration. "*Pobrecito Ingles!*—and so young too—to die,—*Pobre Inglesito!*—and you have a mother among the Europeos," said she, bending over me and arranging the serrape: "your poor madre, what will she say of this, when she hears that you died a cruel death in a far country?"

"Mother!" ejaculated I, bitterly, as I thought of all I held dear—and I felt that burning scorching of the eye, when no tear presses from the parched eyelids—"Mother!" repeated I in anguish—it was as if an arrow had pierced my soul. I hung down my head in bitterness of spirit, for the darkness of despair and desolation oppressed me.

The painful current of my thoughts was turned aside by the hasty arrival of the Alcalde, or magistrate of the village, who, riding up, dismounted near me.

"Where have the ladrones gone?" said he; "disperse and follow them." "Twill be too late now,—too long since they are gone," replied the younger of the postilions."

"Which road did they take?"

"That which leads towards the mountain; but they rode off rapidly—'tis impossible to find them now—and the evening is approaching; 'tis almost sunset now."



"Let some of the military follow you, and go upon their traces," said the Alcalde. The troops rode hastily off, and the magistrate inquired who we were. Being told we were English, and that one was alive, he came to where they pointed me out, and thus addressed me:

"Where are you wounded?"

"Every where—side, breast, arms—*todo el cuerpo*."

"*Tiene Vm. balazos?*"

"*Si Señor*—a ball has entered my right breast, but I am dreadfully cut, and bleeding about my shoulders."

I looked at my right-hand—it was covered with coagulated blood, and swollen greatly; as I gazed at it mournfully, "'Twill have to be cut off," said I coolly; "'twill have to be cut off."

"I hope not," said the Alcalde; "you must try and keep up your courage a little longer, while I take the evidence and depositions of the affair."

"But I shall bleed to death," remonstrated I, hoarsely and imploringly; "can I not be carried to the village? I shall bleed to death if I remain long here."

"No, no!" said he hurriedly; "you cannot bleed any more now; 'tis too cold—the blood has clotted over your wounds—I must fulfil my duty. *Paciencia*, for a moment. Here!" cried he, turning himself away, "look after the *Inglese*, and you others come and give your evidence that I may put it on paper."

I felt very cold, and I shivered much, for as I was seated under the shade of the pine-tree, the wind came blowing past me with a piercing coldness. I saw that the last rays of the sun were shining on the opposite side of where I was, and entreated them to carry me there. They lifted me up and placed me, as I requested, near a small tree of the acacia mimosa, two of the Indians sitting down by my side, and sustaining me in their arms.

I now had a full view of the scene before me. The sun was setting clearly and coldly behind the lofty volcanic mountain of Puebla, while its lower disk seemed resting on its snow-clad summit. The last gleams of the sun were glistening on the forest of the Pinal. I gazed long on the sunset, with the troubled eye of a man taking the last look of his friend when the grave is closing over him; and as the brilliant orb sunk slowly down, I felt a sensation of bereavement heavy and keen.

"And is this to be the last sun I am to look upon? Alas! am I never to see another? Little did I think last night when mingling in the dance at Puebla, that the next night-fall would find me dying, weltering in my blood." I turned away my gaze in wild, heartfelt sorrow, and threw my eye on the fitful gleam of light which fell around me. "Oh! 'tis hard to die—alone, without friends, consolation, or religion; 'tis hard to die in the spring of life! To die so young—unprepared—oh! God have mercy on me!" murmured I, as a fleeting faintness thrilled through my frame. "Oh! God have mercy!" I recovered once more to gaze around me. I now found myself asking, why should I die? What is in a wound? many have recovered, I may too; *coragio*, defy the body, my spirit! I may yet live long to remember the forest of the Pinal."

Gradually fortifying myself by the hope of soon leaving the place, I



remained watching the hasty effort of the postilion to arrange the coach and tie the traces together. The alcalde soon finished his investigation, during which they examined the bodies of N—— and R——, whom they found quite dead. I had now begun to suffer less from the thirst that before tormented me; perhaps my hope of soon getting to the village made me feel it less.

At length I heard the joyful news that the cavalcade was going on to Acajete, and the Indians immediately raised me up to carry me towards the vehicle. They lifted me on my feet, and dragged me slowly towards the carriage. Just as they were assisting me in, they made me stand upright for a moment; one of my supporters was hastily called away, and, thinking I might be strong enough, he let me go. Unable to support myself, I staggered upon the other Indian, and, had he not hastily supported me, I should have fallen to the ground.

To such a state of weakness had the vast loss of blood reduced me, that the movement had a great effect on my nerves; so much so, that when they raised me up again, my eyes began to swim round and round; blue and green shades flashed before them; at first the persons, then the trees, became indistinct, and floated before me.

“Dreadful!” thought I at the moment, “if I faint now, ’tis all over. I shall never recover. I shall die;” and in the strong convulsive energy of a last moment, I gnashed my teeth, and strained my eyes on an object.

I succeeded—again I beheld distinctly every thing around me. The moment I appeased my panting for breath, I tried to speak to implore them to stop a moment. I found it impossible to give utterance; but I fixed my eye on the countenance of the Indians; they seemed to understand my wishes. I remained motionless for a short time, and having regained sufficient strength and recollection, I was placed within the carriage, and away it rolled to Acajete.

LETTER FROM MISS AMELIA JANE MORTIMER, LONDON,  
TO SIR HENRY CLIFTON, PARIS.

DEAR HARRY,

You owe me a letter,  
Nay, I really believe it is two;  
But to make you still farther my debtor,  
I send you this brief *billet-doux*.  
The shock was so great when we parted,  
I can't overcome my regret;  
At first I was quite broken hearted,  
And have never recover'd it yet!  
I have scarcely been out to a party,  
But have sent an excuse, or been ill;  
I have play'd but three times at *écarté*,  
And danced but a single quadrille!  
And then I was sad, for my heart ne'er  
One moment ceased thinking of thee;  
I'd a handsome young man for my partner,  
And a handsomer still *vis-à-vis*.



But I had such a pain in my forehead,  
And felt so ennuied and so tired ;  
I must have look'd perfectly horrid,  
Yet they say I was really admired !  
You'll smile,—but Mamma heard a Lancer,  
As he whisper'd his friend—and, said he,  
The best and most beautiful dancer  
Is the lady in white—meaning me !

I've been once to Lord Dorival's *soirées*,  
Whose daughter in music excels,—  
Do they still wear the silk they call *moirées* ?  
They will know if you ask at Pradel's.  
She begg'd me to join in a duet,  
But the melody died on my tongue ;  
And I thought I should never get through it,  
It was one we so often have sung !

In your last, you desire me to mention  
The news of the Court and the Town ;  
But there's nothing that's worth your attention,  
Or deserving of my noting down.  
The late carried Catholic Question,  
Papa thinks, will ruin the land ;  
For my part, I make no suggestion  
On matters I don't understand !

And, papa says, the Duke has not well done  
To put his old friends to the rout ;  
That he should not have quarrell'd with Eldon,  
Nor have turn'd Mr. Huskisson out.  
And they say things are bad in the City,  
And Pa thinks they'll only get worse—  
And they say the new bonnets are pretty,  
But I think them quite the reverse !

Lady Black has brought out her two daughters,  
Good figures, but timid and shy ;  
Mrs. White's gone to Bath for the waters,  
And the doctors declare she will die.  
It's all off 'twixt Miss Brown and Sir Stephen,  
He found they could never agree ;  
Her temper's so very uneven,  
I always said how it would be !

The Miss *Whites* are grown very fine creatures,  
Though they look rather large in a room,  
Miss Grey is gone off in her features,  
Miss Green is gone off—with her groom !  
Lord Littleford's dead, and that noodle  
His son has succeeded his sire ;  
And her Ladyship's lost the fine poodle,  
That you and I used to admire.

Little Joe is advancing in knowledge,  
He begs me to send his regard ;  
And Charles goes on Monday to College,  
But Mamma thinks he studies too hard.  
We are losing our man-cook, he marries  
My French *femme de chambre*, Baptiste ;  
Pa wishes you'd send one from Paris,  
But he must be a first-rate *artiste*.



I don't like my last new piano,  
 Its tones are so terribly sharp ;  
 I think I must give it to Anna,  
 And get Pa to buy me a harp !  
 Little Gerald is growing quite mannish,  
 He was smoking just now a cigar !  
 And I 'm fagging hard at the Spanish,  
 And Lucy has learnt the guitar.  
 I suppose you can talk like an artist,  
 Of statues, busts, paintings, *virtù* ;  
 But pray, love, don't turn Bonapartist ;  
 Pa will never consent if you do !  
 " You were born," he will say, " Sir, a Briton,"—  
 But forgive me so foolish a fear ;  
 If I thought you could blame what I've written,  
 I would soon wash it out with a tear !  
 And pray, Sir, how like you the ladies,  
 Since you 've quitted the land of your birth ?  
 I have heard the dark donnas of Cadiz  
 Are the loveliest women on earth !  
 Th' Italians are lively and witty,  
 But I ne'er could their manners endure ;  
 Nor do I think Frenchwomen pretty,  
 Though they have a most charming *tournure* !  
 I was told you were flirting at Calais,  
 And next were intriguing at Rome ;  
 But I smiled at their impotent malice,  
 Yet I must say I wish'd you at home !  
 Though I kept what I fancied *in petto*,  
 And felt you would ever be true :  
 Yet I dreamed of the murd'rer's stiletto,  
 Each night—and its victim was you !  
 I'm arrived at the end of my paper,  
 So, dearest, you'll not think it rude,  
 If I ring for my seal and a taper,  
 And think it high time to conclude.  
 Adieu, then—dejected and lonely,  
 Till I see you I still shall remain,  
*Addio, mio caro*,—Yours only—  
 Yours ever,—

AMELIA JANE !

P.S. You may buy me a dress like Selina's,  
 Her complexion's so much like my own ;  
 And don't fail to call at Farina's  
 For a case of his Eau de Cologne.  
 And whate'er your next letter announces,  
 Let it also intelligence bring,  
 If the French have left off the deep flounces,  
 And what will be worn for the Spring !

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## PARLIAMENTARY ANECDOTES.

A STRANGER, who takes his seat in the gallery of the House of Commons, on the discussion of an important question, will find in it a striking resemblance to the representation of a piece upon the stage. A favourite actor meets with a like reception in both places. The expectation in the audience to hear him speak is intense; the House is hushed in mute attention when he begins; his speech is interrupted by plaudits, and, when it is finished, the House rings with acclamation. There is a slight difference in the mode of its expression. In the public theatre, approbation is expressed by the clapping of hands; in the House of Commons by cries of "hear, hear, hear," a symbol continued rather preposterously after the orator has concluded his speech. In the case of a performer, who has not the good fortune to please his auditory in the theatre, disapprobation finds vent in hisses; in the House of Commons it throws itself off in a fit of coughing. It is an influenza. The moment it breaks out it is diffused through the House with the velocity of lightning; it is a plague—each man communicates the infection to his neighbour. This peculiar mode of expressing disapprobation in the House may be variously accounted for. The act of hissing is voluntary, and might be made a ground of personal quarrel. Coughing admits of explanation—it may be an involuntary convulsion. The sufferer, against whom it is directed, has no right to presume that it is not the natural and necessary effect of a cold. In the Roman amphitheatre the vanquished gladiator was doomed to destruction by the signal of turning down the thumb, but this symbol is equally spontaneous with the fatal hiss, and, therefore, would be equally objectionable in the senate. In whatever cause may have originated the preference given to coughing, as the Parliamentary mode of dispatching a condemned orator, custom has reconciled him to it, and he learns to bear it patiently without complaint, although satisfied that it is just as voluntary as the hiss, or the turning down of the thumb.

In the composition of the House will be also observed a close similitude to that of a theatrical establishment. Both have their tragic and comic performers of all rates, their walking gentlemen and actors of broad farce. The member who expatiates upon the dangers and difficulties of the country in a splendid style of declamation; who feelingly deplores the distress of the times, and inveighs against the conduct of the minister, with forceful and impassioned eloquence, may rank with a first-rate tragedian. The member who ridicules his ominous forebodings, makes light of his complaints, and laughs at his tears, may be considered a leading comic actor. The members whose parts are limited to a silent vote, or who delight in the laconic style of "ay" or "no," and never move except when the House divides, may rank with the walking gentlemen on the stage. The resemblance might be traced farther, but these points will suffice. The composition, in both cases, may exist in greater perfection at one time than at another, but the organization is always the same. Both have boasted their Augustan age. The galaxy of talent which shone forth in the persons of Pitt, Fox, Burke, and Sheridan, marked the Augustan age of eloquence in the House of Commons; contemporaneous with them, Kemble, Siddons, Farren, and Palmer, adorned the stage.



The pieces performed in the Senate, tragic or comic, being of a serious description, requiring relief, the orator who contrives to throw into them some genuine wit and humour, or, in their absence, to excite merriment by illegitimate or secondary means, whether by that species of false wit denominated a pun, or that figure of speech of Irish extraction called a blunder, is always received with favour, and deservedly held in high estimation. In the reign of James I. when punning was the universal fashion, when clergymen punned their way to the Episcopal bench, and a pun was the password for a statesman to the council board, we may presume that peculiar and highly favoured species of false wit was not rejected in senatorial eloquence, and the little jingling tinkling sound of the puny pun was heard amidst the thunder of the House of Commons. It is not beauty, convenience, wealth, nor talent, but the Court that decides the fashion. The wry neck did not find more sedulous imitation among the followers of Alexander the Great, than did the pun at the Court of the first of the Stuarts in England. From the very imperfect reports of Parliamentary debate in those days, amounting to little more than dry notes of the heads of the business, no correct idea can be formed of the extent to which it then prevailed. In the reign of Charles II.\* a memorable instance of it occurred, which, from the character of that age, we may presume was not a solitary case. This hit, however, was more properly a stroke of satire—more an ironical effusion, than a pun.

The late Mr. William Woodfall may be regarded as the father of newspaper Parliamentary reporting in a full and satisfactory manner. Mr. Woodfall did not take a note. He relied entirely upon memory, the retentive power of which, as evinced by the fidelity of his reports, obtained for him the character of a very extraordinary man. So jealous was the House at that time of a practice now not merely tolerated but encouraged,† Mr. Woodfall, when he visited the gallery, was obliged to study concealment, under the apprehension of being turned out if seen by the Speaker, or any member particularly adverse to his purpose, and zealous to maintain the rules of the House.‡ It was his practice, upon such occasions, to smuggle himself into the gallery, under cover of one or two friends, and to take his station on the front row, immediately behind the clock, where he remained out of the sight of the body of the House. The newspaper reports

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\* A resolution having been proposed in the House of Commons to lay an imposition upon the play-houses, the courtiers objected, that the players were the King's servants, and a part of his pleasures. Sir John Coventry, a gentleman of the country party, asked "whether the King's pleasure lay among the *male* or the *female* players;" alluding to Mrs. Davis and Nell Gwynn, two actresses and mistresses of the King. This sarcasm gave great offence, and some officers of the Guards, to ingratiate themselves with his majesty, waylaid Sir John Coventry and slit his nose to the bone. The Commons were inflamed by this indignity offered to one of their members, and passed the Act commonly called the Coventry Act, or Black Act.

† The back row in the gallery of the House of Commons is now reserved exclusively for the reporters, by order of the Speaker. They also enjoy facilities in ingress and egress withheld from other strangers.

‡ It is a standing order of the House, that no stranger shall be present during a debate. Any member may, therefore, enforce it at his pleasure, and it is not in the power of the House to prevent the gallery from being cleared should he persevere in his motion.



of Parliamentary debate since Mr. Woodfall's time, afford a tolerably fair account of what has been spoken in Parliament; indeed, at the present time, that portion of a daily journal is executed with surprising fidelity, but the representation is imperfect in a very important point: the great variety of matter taken in at the eye is wanting; the drapery, the embellishment, the action of the scene, so interesting a feature in oratory, are absent from the report. We hear the thunder, but see not the lightning, whether it plays in a lambent, harmless flame, or, flashing furiously, marks its fiery course with destruction. This deficiency will be explained in the scenes hereinafter described, in which a few of the light and comic parts are represented with the respective performers, but rejecting all grave and serious matter.

Of all the orators in the House of Commons within the interval mentioned, Mr. Sheridan most excelled in exciting merriment, and thus relieving the sombre character of grave and serious debate. He sought to amuse with as much avidity as to convince; he never rose in the House without producing laughter by some stroke of wit before he sat down; and the audience would have been disappointed in his speech, however eloquent, had he concluded without making the attempt. With all the resources a fruitful genius and brilliant fancy could supply, he did not disdain to resort to even a practical joke to effect this purpose. An instance of this kind occurred in a debate upon the Dog Tax, in which he either had, or made occasion to pass on the floor between Mr. Pitt and the table. Mr. Pitt was sitting in his usual seat on the Treasury-bench, and in his usual attitude, with his head thrown back and his legs projecting, which not being withdrawn, Mr. Sheridan, as he approached, stooped down, with intent as it were to nip them, accompanying the action with the appropriate canine bark of "bow, wow, wow!" sounds well imitated, and loud enough to be heard in every part of the House. This sally, so aptly associated with the subject of debate, had the desired effect. The House was convulsed with laughter.—Mr. Sheridan's wit, however, both in and out of the House, has been so common a subject of conversation, it may be necessary to pass it by without farther notice, and proceed to matter of inferior merit and quality, but which may be more acceptable, as being less known to the reader.

On the secession of Mr. Fox and his friends from regular Parliamentary attendance, a new Opposition, or, more properly, the shadow of an Opposition, appeared in its place in the House of Commons, like a fungus in the forest growing from the seat of a fallen tree. This little Opposition consisted of Messrs. Robson, T. Jones, and a few other gentlemen. Although small in number, it was complete in organization. Mr. Jones applied himself chiefly to the conduct of the war, and Mr. Robson to our domestic economy. Under their auspices, and supported by their talents, the House of Commons abounded with comic scenes more than at any other period of its history; and the old adage, "when the cat's away the mice will play," was thus completely verified. The paper money, introduced by the bill suspending cash payments by the Bank, was at that time a subject of frequent and repeated complaint. It was condemned by its adversaries as a hollow, deceptive expedient. Its friends extolled it with extravagant praise, as "a



solid system of finance.” Among the former was Mr. Jones. Having witnessed the effect produced by Mr. Burke’s dagger-scene,\* when denouncing French Jacobins and the French Revolution, Mr. Jones armed himself with a one-pound Bank of England note, and, having indulged in a furious attack upon the new system, with a view to give it more effect he fluttered the note in the face of Mr. Pitt, exclaiming with great vehemence, “There, there is your solid system of finance!” while he pointed with an air of triumph to the flimsy rag, which, purposely all worn and torn, hung in tatters from his hand. Mr. Jones was a stout robust figure, with a gruff stentorian voice, which he generally exerted at its highest pitch. The energy of his manner, the roughness of his tones, and the indignant expression of his eye, gave a fine effect to this scene; but at the moment when the House expected to see him in a paroxysm of rage, suiting the action to the word, fling the despised bit of paper in the face of Mr. Pitt, or certainly at his feet, the orator, suddenly pausing, folded it up very deliberately, and deposited it in the bottom of his right-hand breeches pocket, which he buttoned with extraordinary care, thus confirming the views of his adversary, and affording a practical refutation of his own. The House, amused with this extraordinary denouement, was convulsed with laughter, while the orator, unconscious of the cause, stared with astonishment at an effect so little corresponding with the impression which he meant to produce.

Upon another occasion, Mr. Jones gave notice of a motion for papers on which to found a censure upon the Minister for ignorance or incapacity displayed in the conduct of the war. The day appointed was now arrived. The honourable member and his friends, anticipating a strong resistance and a hard-fought battle, were early in the field, and drawn up in hostile array upon the Opposition-bench. At five o’clock, the Minister and a chosen band of his friends entered the House, and marching up with stately step, ranged themselves upon the Treasury rows, presenting an adverse front to the enemy. Mr. Jones rose, and after having spoken for some time with his usual vehemence, concluded by moving for the papers. The Minister, contrary to the expectation of the party, nodded assent, and the motion was carried without a debate. An amateur of the pugilistic science, who has been jolted fifty miles across the country in a wretched chaise drawn by two tired jades, in hopes to witness a fight between two celebrated professors,—who has been content to make the crazy vehicle his bed-chamber for the night, and next morning fought his way through a sturdy mob to the inside ring, and, at the moment when the combatants have entered and are preparing to set-to, has all his prospects blasted by the sudden and unlucky appearance of a magistrate with his posse, who peremptorily forbids the fight,—may possibly form some faint idea of the chagrin and disappointment excited in the breasts of Mr. Jones and his friends by this unexpected issue of his motion. Mr. Robson rose in anger: elevating his voice to its highest pitch, and summoning up all his energies, he exclaimed—“Is it to be borne, that gentlemen shall come here to do their duty, and that they shall hear nothing but silence?” Loud

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\* Mr. Burke, in one of his speeches on this subject in the House of Commons, suddenly pulled a dagger from his bosom, which he had provided himself with, in order to give more effect to a particular passage in his speech.



laughter shook the House through all its benches, and amidst its peals might be heard the voice of Mr. Jones, as he sat at the side of his friend, hoarsely grumbling in affirmation, "Oh, it is too bad, it is too bad!"

The navy was so favourite a branch of service, its estimates were always voted cheerfully, while the army estimates as uniformly met with opposition, and produced debate. The latter were now brought before the House; and the new Opposition, true to the trust they had undertaken, were resolved to do their duty. Mr. Robson, working himself up into a fine fit of constitutional and patriotic enthusiasm, his eye in a fine frenzy rolling, like one inspired, arraigns the extravagance of the Minister, and laments the bankrupt state of the country, the Government being unable to pay so small a sum as 19*l.* 10*s.* At the word "bankrupt," the Minister appears amazed. There is, as a French reporter would say, "a violent movement" on the Treasury-bench. A general cry bursts forth from that side of the House, "Take down his words, take down his words." Mr. Robson is alarmed. The old woman, when she broke the looking-glass, and saw in its fragments twenty ugly faces instead of one, did not betray more astonishment and dismay. Armed, however, with his authority, he resumes his courage, and the uproar having subsided, he is allowed to explain. In fact, a bill for that amount had been presented at the Sick and Hurt Office, but, not having been brought during office hours, or from some other irregularity or informality, it was not paid, and the fact of non-payment having been communicated to Mr. Robson, he thence drew the conclusion of national insolvency, without inquiring into the particular circumstances of the case. Those who for the moment adopted Mr. Robson's error were not altogether free from blame, being accessaries after the fact to the misconception. It was observed at the time, that "the growing taste for Italian music had made John Bull's ear too delicate, else why such clamour and discontent about a single note out of time in Mr. Robson's *bravura* on the Army Estimates?" Don Quixote was not more sincere when he proposed to break a lance with the windmill, than was that gentleman in the attack with his nineteen-pounder upon the Treasury. To the enthusiasm of that hero of Romance, that flower of chivalry, he added all his sincerity and singleness of purpose. A tall figure, with a dark, dismal countenance, completed the likeness.\*

Since Mr. Robson's time his line of acting has never been adequately filled. Mr. Martin of Galway excited some expectation,† and two or

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\* The year 1799 being a period of great scarcity, a considerable portion of the time of Parliament was occupied with devising the means to supply the deficiency. Potatoes then came into general use as a substitute for bread, and Mr. Robson, complaining of the great consumption of oats by the cavalry, (pronounced by him "cavalery,") recommended that the grain so used should be reserved for human sustenance. From the pertinacity with which he advocated his proposition, and his constantly harping upon the "cavalery" and the oats, Mr. Canning designated him "Titus Oates." Mr. Jones, in his various motions on the conduct of the war, was accustomed to dwell upon "the monstrosities" of Bonaparte, and was thence familiarly called "Monstrosity Jones."

† Upon one of these occasions Mr. Martin excited considerable merriment in the House by the following story:—"A certain man," he said, "having been condemned to death in Turkey, he had it communicated to the Grand Seignior, that, if indulged with a respite for a given time, he would undertake to teach his Sublime Highness's favourite lapdog to speak Greek. The Grand Seignior," added Mr.



three nights of his performance appeared to justify it, but he ultimately trained off, and evinced a predilection for parts of a sentimental character, as may have been observed in his speeches upon cruelty to animals, though not distinguished by much pathos. The late Sir Frederick Flood also tried his strength in the same cast of parts, but upon one night alone did he effect any thing approaching a *hit*.\* All his other attempts were decided failures. This department in the House of Commons is now without a representative. There is not one member possessing the happy knack of enlivening the dulness of debate, of relieving the dark masses of political argument by the sparkling coruscations of wit, or even the glimmering of a pun, or disposed to make the attempt, and who would not feel hurt at the merriment produced by being betrayed into a blunder. And here we trace a farther likeness between the composition of the House of Commons and the establishment of a theatre. In the theatre, as in the House, there never is a lack of candidates for grave and serious characters, but the comic performer, who can set the audience in a roar, is not often met with. Every season produces aspirants to even the first-rate parts in tragedy, but how very seldom do we hear of any one venturing to rival a Mathews or a Liston!

Some affected critic may denounce this comparison of a scene exclusively devoted to the representation of fiction with the House of Commons as derogatory to that national assembly, and inconsistent with the respect due to its dignity. An obvious answer to every such captious caviller here presents itself. A similitude in some points between two things cannot, by any fair mode of reasoning, be made to imply a similitude in all. The most celebrated of the ancient poets did not hesitate to compare their gods and goddesses with mortals; and their successors of the present day, when they would extol the charms of modern nymphs and belles, do not consider them affronted by imputing a similitude in certain points to inferior works of nature. One has the eye of the gazelle, another the stateliness of the stag, another the innocence of the lamb, another the breath of a cow, or of new-mown hay, another the colour and the coldness of snow; if the poet be a lover, he sees all these qualities combined in his mistress, and the lady never regards the comparison as a disparagement of her virtue or her beauty.

The Irish House of Commons being similar in its organization to that of England, it naturally presented something of a similar aspect and mode of operation. The late Sir Boyle Roche was the member on

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Martin, "being anxious to see this *lusus naturæ*, that is, a dog taught to speak Greek, granted the respite, and the criminal was thus enabled to prolong his life."

\* In 1815, during the riots produced by the Corn Bill, several members, on their way to the House of Commons, were surrounded by the populace, who obstructed the avenues, and insulted those who were known to be friendly to the measure. One member, on entering the House, exhibited his torn coat to the Speaker, complaining of the want of protection. Another lamented the loss of his hat; another had been hustled in the crowd, and if not really hurt, seriously frightened. Sir Frederick Flood, who was a supporter of the Bill, and equally entitled to the displeasure of the populace, boasted his superior address in the following terms:—"Mr. Speaker, they surrounded me too, and inquired my name; now, Mr. Speaker, I hate prevarication, but, my name being Flood, I felt myself at liberty to answer 'Waters,' and so they let me pass without molestation." The story excited great laughter.



whom, towards its close, devolved the task of supporting the light and comic parts in the nightly performances of the Session. It was he who was destined to relieve the dull and sombre character of political discussion, and convert the House into a scene of merriment,—if by legitimate means, so much the better, if not, by any substitute calculated to produce the desired effect. Sir Boyle was a staunch courtier, who voted uniformly on the Ministerial side, and it was universally allowed he did it more essential service by his address, than many others of equal zeal, and perhaps greater ability. “I wish,” said he, one day, when opposing an anti-ministerial motion, “I wish, Mr. Speaker, this motion at the bottom of the bottomless pit.” At another time, in relation to English connexion, he observed—“England, it must be allowed, is the mother-country, and, therefore, I would advise them (England and Ireland) to live in filial affection together like sisters as they are and ought be!” A question of smuggling practices in the Shannon being under consideration—“I would,” said Sir Boyle, “have two frigates stationed on the opposite points at the mouth of the river, and there they should remain fixed, with strict orders not to stir; and so, by cruising and cruising about, they would be able to intercept every thing that should attempt to pass between.” These effusions never failed to excite laughter; but though that national figure of speech, vulgarly called a *bull*, was that in which he most delighted to indulge, and which flowed most naturally from his tongue, he sometimes displayed, if not genuine wit, yet something akin to pointed satire and repartee. This was exemplified in his remarks upon a speech of Mr. Curran, containing the following passage:—“The honourable and learned gentleman boasts that he is the guardian of his own honour; I wish him joy on his sinecure.” It was an opinion that much of his blundering was affected, and resorted to as a substitute for argument when the merits of the question could not be successfully met by his friends, and were thus sought to be avoided. Mr. Yelverton, afterwards Viscount Avonmore, when in opposition to the Government, was expected to take a leading part on a particular question; Sir Boyle had spoken on the debate, and had been called to order by that gentleman, who followed him; but he had not advanced far in his speech, when Sir Boyle started up and called him to order. Mr. Yelverton sat down; a pause ensued, after which Sir Boyle said, “Sir, you may go on.” Mr. Yelverton resumed, and had just arrived at an interesting part of a powerful, eloquent, and impassioned appeal, when he was again called to order by Sir Boyle. The latter, as on the former occasion, did not attempt to point out where the orator was disorderly. Mr. Yelverton, who was a man of a warm temper, with difficulty restrained his passion within the bounds of decorum, and remonstrated loudly against such extraordinary conduct; but Sir Boyle, as before, observed with perfect composure, “Sir, you may go on.” Mr. Yelverton was now approaching the close of his speech, when Sir Boyle rose again, and called him to order in a still more earnest tone. This was too much for human endurance. Mr. Yelverton arraigned this irregular conduct in the most indignant terms. The Speaker expressed strong disapprobation of these interruptions, and Sir Boyle was peremptorily required to explain, which he did, by simply stating, and without the least apparent emotion, “Mr. Speaker, I do not conceive



in what my conduct is more disorderly than that of the honourable member. He called me to order, and why should I not be at liberty to call him to order in my turn?" The gravity and apparent simplicity with which this excuse was offered, had the desired effect of exciting laughter, in which the friends of Sir Boyle heartily joined, conscious that by the course which he had pursued their formidable opponent had been perplexed, and the force of his speech impaired, if not frittered away.—Sir Boyle was a tall, handsome man, of mild and very gentlemanlike manners. He had been an officer in the army, and had seen some hard service in America. The gravity of his deportment—for he never appeared sensible of his blunders, nor shared in their effects—rendered his efforts to excite merriment the more efficient. He was a native of Kerry, and possessed in an eminent degree the rich brogue peculiar to that part of the country, which harmonized admirably with the matter and manner of his harangues. Happening to be in the neighbourhood when the late Mr. Fox visited the Lakes of Killarney, he politely offered to become his cicerone, an office which furnished him with the following anecdote of that celebrated orator:—"When he arrived at the top of Mangerton," said Sir Boyle, "what did Charles Fox do but strip off his clothes like a Newfoundland dog, and plunged into the lake." Mangerton is a mountain of considerable altitude on the banks of the lower lake, with a winding road along its sides up to the summit, on which is a lake of great depth, called "The Devil's Punch-bowl." The weather having been sultry, and Mr. Fox being fatigued and heated by his exertions in ascending the mountain, on his arrival at the edge of the lake he stripped off his clothes and leaped in; but the water being intensely cold at that height, he was taken suddenly ill, and fears were entertained for some time by his companions that his life would be the price of his imprudence.

The Irish House of Commons does not appear to have been very prolific in wit and humour. This deficiency seems not very consistent with the numerous anecdotes related of the brilliant effusions which have illuminated the gallery of the Dublin theatres, the happy hits and repartees of butchers and basket-women in the markets, and the lively sallies of the peasants, who, whatever may be their wants, have been always represented rich in humour. Wit is a dangerous weapon, that requires to be used with great delicacy and caution. From the excitability of the Irish character, its exercise in the Senate would be a service, perhaps, of more than ordinary peril; and if a member could not in perfect security fire off his squib, prudence would suggest it had better remain in his pocket. To this, perhaps, may be traced its shyness in the Irish Senate, leaving only a spark involuntarily shot from an exuberant and over-heated imagination—the native blunder, to enliven the scene.



## BETHLEHEM AND THE BEDOUINS.

“Inter audaces lupus errat agnos.”—*Horat. Od. xviii. lib. iii.*

It was with an extremely courteous, but ominous-looking smile, that our honourable guardian, Sheikh Mohàmèd, took leave of us at the entrance of the dark winding passages to the Convent of San Salvatore. He promised, on the faith of a true believer, to return in a few days, and to arrange all matters connected with our projected excursion to Petra, or Wâdi Mousah, in a manner perfectly satisfactory to our Beyships. We were young and innocent, and believed in the possibility of an honest Bedouin. Sheikh Mohàmèd blessed the Prophet at the simplicity of the unbelievers, and amidst a profusion of salaams, and the brandishing of spears from his companions, mounted his Arab, and in a few moments disappeared among the entangled lanes of the Holy City.

We had read a great deal of romance on the Bedouins, and considered them a quiet, milk-drinking, patriarchal race, not unlike the poetic Hyperboreans. Their respect for their promises was proverbial; their generosity, truly barbarian; their hospitality such only as in modern times you may meet with in the wilds of North America or Connemara. As to their little foibles of sheep-stealing and village-burning, all that was gentle, manlike, and done in a gentlemanly manner, much the same sort of achievements which still give their *éclat* to many a Border pedigree. It is the inevitable consequence of their calling—other and better men have practised it before them. “Il faut vivre” is as all-compelling an axiom in the Desert, as at Paris; and if tax-gatherers and tax-eaters are to be endured, why pour out all the vials of your morality upon an industrious Bedouin?

In this compassionate mood, all impatience to be once more upon our horses, we betook ourselves anew to wearing down the tedious interval between the departure and return of Mohàmèd. We still continued to read Tasso and Jeremiah; strolled about from church to bazaar, and bazaar to church; smoked, yawned, slept; and so on, in the same vicious circle. But our Sheikh still delayed; he had probably met with distractions, a flock of sheep, some lonely pilgrims, a rich Levite, &c. on his way. His camp lay in the rocky holds near Jerusalem; not a better position in the whole country, time out of mind, for a person of his profession. The tillage country lay quite close and “convenient,” and Mohàmèd was just the person to make the most of an “à-propos.” But, with all these allowances, we could not reconcile ourselves any longer to the disappointment. One morning a Monk came into our room, and asked us had we yet been at Bethlehem. The day was unusually fine; we immediately leaped up, called to our servants, and in half an hour were ready for the excursion.

We got some very respectable asses,—travellers of less simplicity would call them the “onagras” of the Scriptures; and, without scrip or girdle, set off for Bethlehem. Coming out of the gate of Yaffa (I write it as it is pronounced), we saw a sight, and heard sounds, which soon roused us from our melancholy-musings. Tophet, and the dismal drums of its grim divinities, were forgotten; the gallant array of a Turkish army, throwing up its camp immediately under the city walls, spread before us. Groups were seen piled together on the hillocks, and the rocks, and the tombs to the North; arms flashed, and crescents twinkled, and horse-tails flared out behind, and all was again lost in the smoke and cannonading from the saluters in the city. “It is the Vizir of Damascus,” says our guide, scarcely turning on his steed, for he was a plethoric man, full of sleep and philosophy, and much fonder of smoking than of speaking. “And what does his Highness here?” we returned; “is he also on his pilgrimage?” “Even so,” replied our saturnine cicerone: “he is gathering in his due for his Highness the Sultan.” “A prosperous harvest to him!” we exclaimed. Never tax-gatherer deserved it better! “God’s will be done!” continued our friend. “Five thousand men can do anything.” In this he was in fault; for the five thousand men were robbed a few weeks after by twice the number of Arabs, and four



hundred of the "posse comitatus" laid on the field, as if they had been so many Charlies.—So much for Turkish finance ! It is even worse than rent-collecting in Ireland.

We were in the very mood to spur down our asses (for in that country asses obey spurs) amongst the Moslim and all their magnificence, and give up Bethlehem, or defer it to another morning ; but our dogged conductor would by no means consent to it, and insisted on our going the way he had marshalled us, whether we liked it or not. We hate squabbling, particularly in Arabic, and so capitulated at discretion. Bethlehem lies at the distance of about six miles from Jerusalem, but the road is not Macadamized, and takes two good hours. We had the day before us, and rather wished to prolong than shorten the distance. So off we turned by a considerable circuit, passing the Convent of Elias, Bethsalah on a hill to the West, a tomb, complimented with the name of Rachel, and other places of minor note, down a naked valley to the cisterns or reservoirs which go under the popular appellation of the "Pools of Solomon." On reaching the spot, we found three large piscinæ, partly cut, and partly built, in three successive levels, from the barren rock. The walls, for the most part, are constructed of rubble in courses, laid in strong cement, and supported by a very proper quantity of buttresses, internally and externally. The internal face is covered with a very durable composition, and in good repair. The first of these reservoirs is 118 yards by 71 ; the second, 130 or 134 by 43 on the West, and by 74 on the East side ; the third, 186 yards by 44 and 62. The thickness of the walls varies from three to nine feet. At the lowest, or western extremity of the last cistern, is a thick support, through which the water rushes, by a passage of thirty feet long, to the aqueduct which supplies Bethlehem and Jerusalem. These reservoirs are usually supplied by the torrents from the mountains near. Close to the north-west angle of the upper pool is a well, which receives the water from another source. It distributes a portion of it to the reservoirs, and transmits the remainder, by another small covered aqueduct, to Jerusalem. The source is about a hundred yards distant from the well, and is connected with it by a passage about five feet wide and eight high, and formed with large slabs of stone, laid ridge-wise against each other. The fountain itself is protected by a small building, and rushes up with great vigour from the stony soil. The North and South of these piscinæ are defended by a high rocky chain, destitute, in great degree, of trees and vegetation. The noon-day sun, in all its melancholy splendour, glared down upon it. No memorial of human habitation was discoverable, except the ruinous fort in the immediate vicinity of the reservoirs. The brown and blasted colour, the unclouded and piercing blue of the sky over-head, the breathless air, the sheeted shelving rocks, wore an especial character of desolation. The mountain on the right has somewhat less of an iron and rugged appearance, and here and there discovered, lurking in its ridges, green patches of cultivation, the more striking from the bleak and blighted look of their rocky strata near. On leaving the cisterns, we followed the line of the aqueduct. It guided us at once to Bethlehem. After a quarter of an hour's ride we passed, in a little valley close to the road, a village, which the people call the "Village of Solomon." Solomon is the great wonder-worker of Palestine ; the builder of every thing for which there can be found no other builder. His genii retain all their ancient architectural reputation, and works of their hands may be found scattered up and down the whole country from Baalbek to Hebron. Great names soon melt into one great one ; and Solomon, like Hercules, is only a general designation for perhaps a whole host of heroes and demigods, who either have wanted or lost their poet or appraiser. The present specimen does him little credit ; it was scarcely worth while to go so far. I should rather give it to some modern namesake, some Turkish Solyman, who, like the Saracenian Yusuf, or Joseph of Cairo, has usurped the glory as well as name of his great predecessor. The broken and empty houses—flat, grey, and silent—scarcely distinguishable from the rock, from which they almost seem to grow, would have furnished out the



back-ground of a Poussin landscape. A few minutes' trot brought us at length in face of Bethlehem. It here appears to advantage. The ledges of the mountains which surround it are laid out, like most parts of Judea, in a succession of terraces ascending gracefully like the benches of an ancient theatre. The vine, the fig, the mulberry, the olive, are luxuriantly intermingled, and throw over the landscape a general aspect of industry and comfort. In most of the vineyards we noticed the towers, to which there is such frequent reference in the Scriptures. They are used as watch-towers during the vintage; the inhabitants at that season leave their houses, and there take up their abode for the protection of the produce. We now found ourselves immediately under the town, after an hour's ride from the Pools. We saw the walls stretching along the height of a round-headed hill, and embracing in their circuit a confused mass, or clump of buildings, the chief feature of the village, which we afterwards learned to be the Latin Convent. On entering its precincts we were instantly conducted to a large and airy room, where we found prepared, by the good fathers, a very seasonable repast for "the English Pilgrims." We hurried at once to the holy places, under the guidance of a young Bethlehemite, who spoke Italian, and looked as gay and lightsome as if he had indeed been a descendant of the old French crusaders. The church is very ancient, probably of the time of Helen, and amongst the very few, of the many who shelter under the old Empress's protection, who have an admissible claim to that honour. The plan, though much injured by the parcelling out amongst the rival sects, Greeks, Latins, Armenians, &c. is still intelligible and imposing. The form is strictly basilical, with the usual absis to the east, and two similar ones in the flank walls. Two rows of magnificent Corinthian pillars support the roof. The nave is considerably higher than the aisles, and is lighted by a range of bold and lofty windows. Between them are considerable fragments of old mosaics, contemporary with the building itself. The largest portion is to be found on the upper wall to the left of the central absis. It represents the Ascension, and is executed, as far as the composition goes, with much spirit and some grace. The draperies are disposed with freedom and simplicity—the drawing full and flowing—the colouring monochromatic—the figures black, made out on white. The architecture is of the highest interest; it displays through all its details the connection of the early Byzantine with the late and degenerate Roman. The low dome, the high pediment and twisted column, are blended, not without some discrimination and judgment, with the ordinary arch. From the church you descend by a few dark stone steps, cut in the solid rock, to the subterranean chapel of the Nativity. But you are first requested to visit "the Sacella, and tombs of St. Jerome, Eustochium, and Paula." The two last are represented in an indifferent painting. They are seen lying on their death-bed, and looking grim and pious. St. Jerome, (particularly the head, which is traditional, if not a likeness,) is better treated. Here also is shown the "Cemetery of the Innocents," (for the greater convenience of travellers,) with a tolerable picture of their massacre. They also have their altars and their lamps, but are otherwise without much pretensions to magnificence.

But we had now entered the shrine and sanctuary of the spot. The "Grotto of the Nativity" \* was before us. It is a long low chamber-excavation, of irregular form, rather wider at the farther extremity than at that at which we had entered. A long line of lamps, all of solid silver, the donations of the various Christian sects who have bent in adoration around it,

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\* Every thing here is grotto—tomb, house, stable, &c. But there may be some ground for this beyond mere local tradition. The grotto is on the side of a hill, and opened probably sideways, at an earlier period. The church, built over it, has shut up this entrance and substituted another. Caverns are often applied to purposes of the same domestic nature even to this day in Italy. I have seen them used as cellars, stables, and even houses. Near Bolsena there is a whole village of Troglodytes: it goes under the name of San Lorenzo.



burn unquenchably down the centre of the grotto. The place of the "Saviour's Nativity" is indicated by a small semicircular recess, in which is built a small altar. The precise spot is still farther designated by a large silver star, imbedded in the solid marble. On the sides of the recess is displayed a series of silver bas-reliefs, the alternate presents of Greeks and Latins, representing the most remarkable events of the Gospels, richly illuminated by a range of ever-burning lamps above them. From the "Chapel of the Nativity," properly so called, you descend by two steps to the "Holy Manger," or rather to the small rocky recess which is supposed originally to have contained it. A small thin-shafted pillar of the age of Justinian, (who was a great restorer, if we are to credit tradition and Procopius, of the buildings of the Holy Land,) supports the roof. The recess is closely covered with crimson damask silk over the richly incrustated marble. The paintings are from the Italian and Spanish schools: that over the altar, the "Adoration of the Magi," boasts the name of Murillo, and is not unworthy of his mellow and harmonious pencil. The Latins have contributed the greater portion of these decorations. They enjoy by ancient prescription, confirmed by the Kheti Scheriffs of the Sultans themselves, the exclusive right of saying mass in this sanctuary; the other sects are compelled to restrict themselves to the privilege of visitation. We ascended from the grotto to the convent, and from the convent passed out to the terrace. It commands a noble view of the surrounding country. In the plain to the S. E. we were pointed out by our pious instructors the precise field, now covered with a goodly plantation of olives, where the angels announced to the shepherds the glad tidings of the Nativity. A little farther to the north is shown the "Well of David," "the Convent of Elias," &c. The whole country for many miles is terraced out, and is one of the best specimens of this garden-kind of cultivation in the whole of Southern Palestine. The town itself stands on the extremity of a small ridge, broken into various summits; the principal is occupied by the Convent, or rather Convents of the Nativity, for it forms the nucleus of a very numerous group—the rest are covered by the few streets which form the town. The houses, as usual, are flat-roofed, with little picturesque domes,—comfortable, well-tenanted, and clean. The inhabitants are such as might be expected from the order and cheerfulness of their dwellings: well-dressed, well-fed; substantial yeomen in comparison to an Irish peasant—intelligent, bold, and lively: the men tall and muscular, cast in a free and lofty mould; the women singularly fair and handsome, well-limbed and well-complexioned, and apparently under much less restraint and confinement than their neighbours, Christian or Mahometan, of Jerusalem, &c. Their costume (which is very favourable) added not a little to our prepossessions. The men wear a brown, or black-and-white striped abbas, over a scarlet tunic, with red and white turbans; the women a large white silk shawl, descending to the feet, with a deep scarlet border, not unlike, I should think, the laticlavium of the Romans. We saw them, as we lounged from the convents, seated outside their quiet doors, the younger part of each family scattered before them in gay groups, along the village streets, enjoying their evening relaxations. The Latin monks have established a school here,\* and many of the younger inhabitants speak a sort of *lingua Franca* with tolerable fluency. The population of the town, which is considerable for its size, is for the most part Christian, divided in rather equal proportion between the Greek and Latin communions. This, and their habits of activity and industry, very strikingly distinguish them from all the other inhabitants of this part of Palestine. They believe

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\* We found thirteen monks teaching about fifty boys, none older than eighteen. They learned Arabic, some Italian, and enough of Latin to enable them to answer the public service of the church. This duty is an object of ambition, and the offices confined to those only about the convent. They have run in the same families for nearly a hundred years. The attachment of the village, generally, is very marked. I have never seen a convent so situated which did not soon conciliate the affections of the surrounding people.



themselves descended from some scattered relics of the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem, and cannot be more highly flattered than by an allusion to the belief. Certainly few colonies carry in their manners better testimony to the authenticity of such a descent. Their frankness, cordiality, and vivacity, connect them almost irresistibly in the imagination of travellers with the most polished nation in Europe. French in their courtesy, and French in their communicativeness and attention to strangers, we were not tempted to examine farther. The hospitality of the old monks, too, (contrasted advantageously with the sturdy surliness of our Spanish friars at Ramah,) still farther disposed us in their favour. They refused any recompense beyond the usual expenses of our servants, and would not allow us to leave Bethlehem until we had given them a sort of half-promise, (with a *Deo volente* clause,) that we should soon see them again.

Travellers generally return to Jerusalem by the "Grotto of St. John:" the weather continuing fine, we could find no motive for not complying with the custom. We accordingly left Bethlehem in that direction, and in about half an hour passed close to the building which goes under the name of the "Tomb of Rachel," already mentioned, on our left. It is a small rectangular edifice, with the usual Turkish dome, quite modern in its proportions and architecture, and might as well stand for the sepulchre of a recently-deceased Santon, as for that of the Patriarchal saint. Shortly after, we turned down a rough wâdi, or torrent-bed, called Bethsawon, and so on, by a village of the same name, through a fertile plain, as far as Melcah, situated on an eminence to the left, at no great distance from the road. The country is bold, broken, but gradually falls down into smoothness and cultivation as you advance. We now found ourselves, after an hour and three quarters ride, at the small but neat village of San Giovanni. Here they show, as usual, a grotto for the birth-place of the Baptist. The grotto is approached by a flight of handsome marble steps, and is lined, floored, and flourished with marble, and the marble again enriched by the sumptuous adornment of crimson damask hangings. Under the altar of the saint is the following inscription on a silver plate: "*Hic . Precursor . Domini . natus . est.*" The recess is planned and ornamented in a manner similar to that of Bethlehem. The bas-reliefs are selections from the Scriptural history of the Precursor. There is much ease, and some delicacy, in the execution. From the terrace, you see the country mapped below you, in little rectangular parterres, irrigated by a thousand little channels, similar to those used in Egypt, and brilliant with the gayest vegetation possible. The soil is a coarse red marl, answering well every diversity of cultivation; olives, carobs, figs, mulberries, vines, are to be seen before every house in abundance. The vines are trained on the French system, kept close cut to the earth, and give an excellent well-bodied wine, well-known at Jerusalem and Yaffa. This general aspect of industry justifies the exaggerated eulogiums of the ten spies, and the lofty promises of the Pentateuch. A crowded population, such as that of the ancient Canaan, would have spread such gardens over the whole of Palestine. Traces, indeed, are still discoverable everywhere; but where human life has dwarfed, or been extinguished, there cultivation has slowly followed the decay. The terraces, with all they upheld, have slid gradually into the plain, and left nothing but the ruinous foundation-walls and the naked rocks behind. After all, the ideas which it suggests are those of successful but painful labour, not of natural luxuriance, bursting up under your feet; such as you see and feel in the Campagna Felice, and the teeming plains of Asia Minor. The majority of the inhabitants are Turks, and very Turkish ones too. The three Spanish fathers, who hold possession of the convent, were loud and long in their roll of aggressions and exactions. We were informed, with a most expostulating countenance, by the senior of the party, that they annually paid four thousand piastres to the Pasha: it may be "*vrai*," but hardly "*vraisonable*." San Salvatore pays only seven thousand; but it is the duty of the persecuted to raise the value of their persecutions. What a pity no Peter the Hermit can be found to transmit the complaint to Europe!



Ambassadors are deaf, and Consuls cowards, and the race of Crusaders reduced to Sir Sidney Smith and his black knights, &c.—From the convent, we reached, in about three quarters of an hour, the “Cave of St. John,” at the head of the Valley of Elah. The cave stands in the rocky southern side of the Wadi El Ebis, opposite to the small village of Sartaf, nearly due North, and South-west of Sharbah, on the summit of one of the most commanding hills in the country. We were given to understand by some stragglers, that the two villages were at the moment in flagrant war, and we were invited to lend our puissant aid to our nearest neighbour; but not having any appetite for such an episode, we modestly and courteously declined. The cave is every way perfectly well suited for a local tradition. It is an irregular oblong excavation in the solid rock, approachable by rude dislocated steps, with a window or two struck rudely through the front, and a fine flowing rivulet spreading out into a natural basin below, the whole surmounted by a ruinous square tower, with remnants of scattered walls, &c. Our return to Jerusalem was slow and painful, over a most intolerable mountain-road, through narrow torrent-beds, infested, as the fears of our guide would have insinuated, with huge lions, fierce tigers, and hyenas, hungry and indomitable. The “lion of Juda” was proverbial; but it has disappeared: though some there were, who saw men, who saw others, who believed they had seen them, or something very like them. The country is clear enough from such visitants. We met scarcely any other vestiges of humanity than the “Convent of the Holy Cross,” a Greek establishment, discoverable through a scanty plantation of olives, at the distance of about a mile and a half from the city.

On our return to Jerusalem, we found our Bedouin, Sheikh Mohàmed, in high spirits, awaiting our arrival. He had nearly completed, with his friend, all the projected arrangements, and required only a conference in the Desert to ratify the conditions, not wishing, under existing circumstances, to delay in town. The Pasha’s army was encamped under the walls; and he was not insensible to the instinctive animosity between the Bedouins and the Osmanlis. To say truth, Mohàmed’s was not a face by any means calculated to mitigate it. Accordingly, two of our party, Mr. B—— and G——, rode off at full gallop, and in an hour or two were in the centre of the barbarian camp. Mohàmed had found his friend, as is usual in such cases, “a d—d unconscionable dog,” who would not listen to reason, unless supported with a “mere trifle of money.” The terms were such as are always likely to be made between the strong and the weak, a Bedouin and a traveller. We had no appeal, and arbitration was ridiculous. We agreed, finally, to give Abou Zeitoun, and Mohàmed Abou ’l Raschid, Chief of the Alowaki tribe at Karah, three hundred and fifty piastres each. Mohàmed was to have ten piastres per day for the trouble of escorting us, and a present on his return, provided he escorted us well. Future arrangements with the Sheikh of Karah, he engaged to perfect on our arrival at Wâdi Mousah. All this (though paid for at a high price) sounded tolerably well. The high contracting parties then sat down with the family of Mohàmed to a magnificent repast of boiled rice, which he however, the Sheikh, had taken good care should be sent on by our cook before. They then parted; and Mohàmed promised he would bring Abou Zeitoun *in propria persona* the next morning, and leave him as an hostage with us at the convent, for the due performance of the treaty, until the moment of our departure for Wâdi Mousah.

A little after breakfast, accordingly, the next day, appeared Sheikh Mohàmed with the expected Abou Zeitoun. One or two ragged Bedouins formed his train: it was any thing but princely. The personage himself was a middle-sized man, of a common-place, and mean, rather than suspicious appearance: a scanty beard, rude features, and deep complexion, tanned by the rough visiting of sun and wind, a white-and-red shawl, bare feet, and a faded and torn abbas, were but strange evidences of his dignity. But then he came “incog.” Mohàmed could not help observing some emotions of sur-



prise amongst us on his first appearance: he glanced his quick black eye round our circle, put his finger on his lip, and pointed suspiciously towards the door. We soon seated our new visitor with all due marks of respect, and commenced, in form, our interrogatory. He spoke little, and seemed reserved and uneasy in our presence. This Mohàmèd soon perceived, and immediately stationed himself by his side, in order to assist him in supporting the burthen of our examination. The details of our journey were discussed; the basis had been adjusted yesterday. We were to be five days *en route* to Wâdi Mousah, travelling also two nights. The three first days we were to travel through an inhabited country, and amongst his high allies and friends. The second day we were to enter on a totally deserted and barren district, when it would be necessary, in order to guard against all accident from neighbouring marauders, to take an escort of ten horsemen; a sufficiency of water also, with provisions, &c. were to be provided. Every security was promised, and the most flattering assurances of a kind reception proffered from Abou 'l Raschid, between whom and our friend Abou Zeitoun the usual relations of amity and good-will had recently been re-established. Mohàmèd was very eloquent, and very profuse in his compliments and pledges. Abou Zeitoun, as became him, smoked his pipe, nodded his head, said nothing, and turned neither to the right nor to the left during the inquiry. Our meeting at last broke up. The time for our departure was fixed for the day after. Sheikh Mohàmèd, then wishing us every prosperity, salaamed, and quitted us with the profoundest professions of fidelity.

The Dragoman of the convent had, *ex officio*, assisted at the conference. The Sheikh often appealed to him for "a character." He gave it with a liberality which would have done honour to an Irish court of justice. The Sheikh was a very "honourable" personage, who had met his "little misfortune," been "calunniated," &c. but had made "great sacrifices," and would not betray his friend, though he were a Christian or an Osmanli, for all the heaped-up treasures of the Sultan. The Sheikh was too poor to offer a bribe—and a sheep is, after all, not of the description which can be concealed in a coat-pocket. Neither Sheikh nor Dragoman, therefore, excited our suspicions. We surrendered ourselves blindfold to the Mephistopheles. Had not the destiny which watches over fools and travellers interfered, there is little doubt that few of us would have survived to repent of the surrender.

Mohàmèd, before parting, got 100 piastres—his friend 150, for the immediate purchase of a few trifling luxuries in town, such as shoes, &c.; and the latter gentleman was consigned over to our kindly keeping till the return of his companion. They had no sooner separated than he prayed to be allowed to leave us. We granted him permission to saunter into town, a favour which he seized with the impatience of a newly-emancipated schoolboy. He returned late, and was then lodged with our servants, at his own request, in the Turkish tent which we had pitched on the terrace of the convent. For the first few days, his demeanour was tolerably civilized for a professed robber. He kept the peace; and with the aid of potent draughts of Bethlehem, pursued uninterrupted his smoking and meditation. But this did not last long. A shawl, which was left hanging at the entrance of the tent, roused all the old man within him. Our servants found him in violent admiration before it. From this day, we had frequent notices of his professional habits. Sometimes it was an abbas, sometimes a turban, sometimes a pair of embroidered trowsers, which he attempted to levy from our scattered wardrobe. Every day increased his demands; and we had at last a formal petition on the subject of his numerous depredations. This, for aught we knew, might have been princely at Karah; and though we did not much admire the taste of the thing, we could not so far forget our philosophy as to rebuke it with the same harshness as we should have done in Europe. The booty was restored, and Abou Zeitoun smoked on as usual. The attempt had not been as successful as it deserved—that was all; he never descended into an apology, or a blush, but went on, doing the part he had been allotted with exceeding



doggedness and composure. Not a single syllable could be extracted from his iron lips, and even the wine produced but barbarian shouts and exclamations.

Several days thus passed over, and no tidings were yet received of Mohàmèd. Abou Zeitoun at last began to show signs of uneasiness. Our servants had been in town, and had heard very sinister reports of the stranger. The Sheikh Abou Zeitoun was described to them, by a traveller lately returned from Karah, as a far different personage from our captive. The conversation was overheard, and the glances understood. The plot immediately exploded; the Prince at once descended to the Pretender. He threw himself, *sans plus*, upon our indulgence, and, on promise of pardon and reward, made a full confession of the entire conspiracy. Mohàmèd had never been to Wâdi Mousah, or indeed beyond the precincts of his own desert; he had had no communication whatsoever with Abou 'l Raschid or Abou Zeitoun, &c. As to our friend himself, he frankly admitted, that he was neither the Chief, nor the Chief's brother, nor the cousin of the Chief, nor the cousin's friend; in fine, had never seen, heard, or dreamt of him; and, for aught he knew, he might at that moment be weltering at the bottom of the Red Sea. Mohàmèd had got up a very well-arranged little plot, to surround us comfortably with his own lieges, and carry us off, with our horses, or, at all events, our horses without us, as soon as he could have succeeded in decoying us beyond the scent of the Pasha's army and the track of civilized men. It was in the midst of this interesting discovery that a new and unexpected event occurred. The pseudo Abou Zeitoun was seated in our dusky chamber, leaning against the wainscoted wall: the greater part of our "company" stood around him, gazing with intense curiosity, in the hopes of finding an answer, in the changes of his countenance, to each question successively put to him by our Tergerman. A group of our servants hung in rear; and still farther behind, in the light of a dusty sunbeam, which pierced, and scarcely pierced, through the half-smoked pane, could be discerned the black beards, and the pale uncowed foreheads, of a few of the community. Through this ring, whilst we were all busily engaged in our judicial functions, suddenly burst a man, without any notice, pale, breathless, his feet bleeding, his eyes staring, his whole person in the utmost perturbation. He stopped abruptly the moment he had reached us, sent a quick glance round the circle, and in an instant saw all. Without noticing us, he turned at once on his companion. "I am a liar!" he exclaimed: "ay, and worse; I appear such. How could it be otherwise? I deserve it; I trusted to so miserable an instrument as thou art!—God! I ought to have known thee better! But let it be! let it be! Even as I tread on this," and he threw down his staff with ungovernable fury, "I tread on thee! May Heaven curse me if ever I forget thee!" He had scarcely uttered these words, when, without deigning the least apology or defence to any one, he rushed forth from the room, leaped on his Arab, and dashed down through the passages of the convent, in full gallop, to the Desert. This was the last time that we saw Sheikh Mohàmèd.

Whilst this extraordinary exhibition was going on, the Pretender did not once stir from his position, or draw the eternal pipe from his mouth. He seemed to think that he had nothing whatever to do with the business, or at least with its disgrace. He allowed us to conduct him tranquilly to his tent, and in the evening proposed, with perfect indifference to late transactions, to take upon himself the conduct of the entire expedition. We gave him fifty piastres for his candour, with a smile, and told him to go home and steal sheep in future.

In the mean time, the affair began to be bruited about at Jerusalem. The Holy City (as great a gossip as a convent of nuns) talked of nothing else. Every one flocked in to look at the English pilgrims, who had been so ingeniously set aside for pillage and slaughter. The good monks, "prophets of the past," came with their eternal "I told you so," and congratulated us on our escape. The Aga himself at last sent for us, and, on the present of a good



horse, swore inextinguishable hatred to all traitors and Bedouins, and the full measure of Talion law against our friend the moment we went away. Whether Mohàmed did not bribe as high, and much more constantly than we could do, we never after were able to ascertain; but it is probable, from what subsequently came under our observation, that the Governor and Bedouin, with a little arrangement, lived very comfortably together. An English pilgrim has no chance with a Bedouin Sheikh; so after treasuring up our experience, and praying in future to be delivered from the friendship of these Philisthijm, we mounted our Arabians, and early the next morning were far on our way to Nazareth.

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PROVERBS.

“None is a fool always, every one sometimes.”

PROVERBS, old and respectable as they are, have one very juvenile characteristic—they speak in an oracular and decided tone, and appear as determined to settle the question for themselves, as averse from offering proof, or admitting contradiction, as any of the present race of youthful politicians, philosophers, or theologians. They may generally, however, plead their truth to excuse their dogmatism; but let us inquire whether the one at the head of this essay can produce this palliation of the bold impertinence with which it attempts to confound the widest distinctions of intellect, and to make wisdom and folly occasionally exchange attributes.

The latter clause of the proverb, who indeed will attempt to controvert? Are not all our neighbours frequently visited by asinine absurdity? do we not now and then find ample cause for shrugs and smiles at the silly conduct of our dearest friends? and is there not in the mind of each of us a lurking recollection of one or two occasions in our own lives when we happened to play the fool ourselves? True, *we* did it gracefully and amiably; some untoward accident, or generous weakness, occasioned so unwonted a departure from our usual course of wisdom and discretion; the cap and bells did not disfigure *us* as it does the rest of the world; but still we wore it, and accomplished in our own persons the sweeping sentence of the proverb; and if *we* and Solomon serve to exemplify its truth, who can hope to escape?

There is, indeed, a class of persons the business of whose lives appears to be to shine forth to the world as examples of pure, unadulterated wisdom. The web of their *minds* is no mingled yarn,”

“In arioso trills and graces  
They never stray,  
But gravissimo, solemn basses  
They hum away.”

These respectable personages cannot read a novel or sit through a pantomime; they frown at a pun, and talk nothing but sense; a game at chess is their lightest relaxation, and didactic poetry the only kind at all worthy their notice. If they play with children, it is at some dull, historical game; if they converse with young ladies, it is upon early rising or Fordyce's Sermons; they abound in common-place quotations and trite moral sayings; and their society is altogether wonderfully instructive and powerfully narcotic. “They fish with a melancholy bait;” but the reputation for wisdom for which they angle is,



alas! but seldom obtained. There may be a few among whom they are talked of as “very superior, sensible men;” but these are usually simple, timid persons, without sufficient discernment to distinguish the counterfeit from the true coin, or sufficient courage to give things their right names; and even this scanty number of admirers carefully shun their society, like the Irish peasant, who, while he calls the fairies “good people,” does all in his power to avoid a meeting with those of whom he speaks so respectfully.

It is only sarcastically that they are told by Burns, “Ye are sae grave, nae doubt you’re wise;” and as Rochefoucault has pronounced that “gravity is a mystery of the body invented to conceal the defects of the mind,” and Sir John Malcolm has decided that “he who is always wise is a fool,” it appears that the gentlemen in question, instead of being allowed to produce themselves as examples of perfect wisdom, are in some danger of being cited as specimens of absolute folly. It was one of these solemn simpletons, of whom the profound divine and philosopher Dr. Clarke spoke, when he suddenly stopped a game of romps, and exclaimed, “Boys, we must be grave—a fool is coming!” Nothing, indeed, can be more unacceptable to a merry party than the intrusion of such a person at one of those moments when the spirits of a few light-hearted companions have spread their ready contagion around, and gay good-humour pays its laughing honours to every light sally and passing jest. At such a time, how vexatious to see a “Sir Oracle” enter the room; his very mien exclaims “death to la bagatelle!” and the few whose exhilaration can resist this sedative are speedily conquered by the grave stare with which he receives a joke, the seriousness with which he inquires the meaning of what was never intended to have any, and the unsparing pertinacity with which he criticises and dissects the light nonsense and playful trifles thrown off in the gaiety of the moment with no wider aim than to excite a passing laugh. In a few minutes, merriment is changed into dullness, and the would-be philosopher has the satisfaction of leaving his friends “sadder” if not “wiser men than they had been before.” There are times, however, when the tables are turned, and it is no small amusement to watch the half-puzzled, half-contemptuous expression of a “wise fool’s” countenance, when, on being introduced to some distinguished author, or profound reasoner, he finds him more disposed to mirth than metaphysics, quite ready to romp with a child, or trifle with a young lady, willing to laugh at even an indifferent jest, and to discover entertainment in the common chit-chat of society. The bewildered Sir Oracle is obliged to pause ere he condemns; but as self-conceit is always one of his characteristics, he speedily recovers his complacency, resolves to despise what he does not understand, and once more setting his mouth into its pristine formality, again determines

“That he’ll not show his teeth in way of smile,  
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.”

It is, indeed, statesmen and students who stand most in need of the relaxation afforded by occasional folly, and “poco di matto” is considered in Italy an essential ingredient in a great man’s companion. It was the fashion, formerly, for men of rank to possess a buffoon, or a dwarf; and in days of yore a privileged jester was the constant atten-



dant of the banquet. This was, perhaps, a wholesome custom; a hearty laugh may have assisted digestion better than a political discussion; and a sudden freak, or absurd joke, have diverted the minds of the statesmen of ancient times, and given a new and useful turn to the current of their thoughts. It is astonishing how a few minutes' sleep will refresh the body, and a few minutes' laughter the mind; and the company of a merry fool (for a dull one is insupportable) might be more serviceable than tonics or stimulants. M. de Talleyrand, when asked how he could attach himself to such a simpleton as his wife, replied, "It is a rest to me," and since a court-fool is out of fashion, it would be wise in our ministers to marry women fit to supply his place. How refreshing after the labours of the day, when the mind is exhausted by constant tension, to find complete relaxation in the society of a pretty, vacant, silly woman, who has neither power to communicate a fresh idea, nor wish to receive one! She would, it is true, be a sad incumbrance when her husband was out of office; but this recollection would only induce him to serve his country with greater zeal.

The friend, or "*buon compagno*," as he used to call him, with whom Muratori spent his evenings, was a half-witted fellow, in whose society he found thorough repose to his mental powers. With him the author or editor of a hundred folio volumes, the well from whose inexhaustible contents Gibbon, Sismondi, and many modern historians have drawn their best materials, was accustomed to pass his hours in visiting the *polichinelli*, and various shows of an Italian city, and in discussing their respective merits. Any conversation superior to that of his "*buon compagno*" left him unfitted for the labour and application of the ensuing day. To be sometimes a fool appears, therefore, a part of wisdom, and, as has been before observed, the latter clause of our proverb admits of easy proof; but when we look out upon the world around us, and behold the various methods in which "the brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man," contrives to stultify itself,—when we see the persevering labour bestowed by many on the rôle of absurdity which it is their pleasure and their pride to enact, we must pause a little before we can agree that "none is a fool always." However the case may have stood in those ancient times from which most of our proverbs and fables have descended to us, the nineteenth century can surely furnish numerous instances of genuine, consistent, undeviating folly; and though the wise may still be occasionally simple, though the majestic lion may still be terrified at the crowing of a cock, the sagacious elephant at the grunting of a hog, yet monkeys, geese, and magpies, have in these days no perceptible intervals of sense and discretion. Let any twelve sound-minded persons watch a fashionable lady or fine gentleman through the day, and then decide on the degree of mental superiority evinced by these elegant simpletons over the poor idiot whom we find in most of our country villages. Do they not form as incorrect an estimate of things, actions, and persons as he can do? Are they not, like him, regardless of the real uses and blessings of life, while they dearly value its toys and trumpery? Like him, do they not laugh at nothing, and lament over imaginary vexations? Can he deck his person more sedulously with frippery than they do?—and are they not as unconscious of absurdity, as self-satisfied and pleased in the



midst of folly, as poor Tom Fool when, covered with discarded gewgaws, he marches in self-consequence at the head of a funeral, unobserving of the pitying sigh of the feeling few, or the scornful laugh of the thoughtless multitude? He who labours and frets over the tie of a neckcloth, or calls down imprecations on the head of an unsuccessful tailor, should feel a fraternal sympathy for the innocent who spends his time in stringing daisies into necklaces, and flies into ungovernable rage with the unlucky wight who breaks them. There is only this difference between them,—one has thrown away the reason which the other never possessed; one is accountable, the other irresponsible.

Again, when Cœlia tells me that she was really quite distressed at Mrs. R——'s taking her by surprise this morning, for she was not fit to be seen, I ask, if she was dirty?—"Oh! by no means."—Was she reading Don Juan?—"What a question!" Did she owe the lady money?—"How absurd!" She was in a gown of last year's fashion, and the sleeves were so small she felt quite ashamed every time Mrs. R——'s eyes happened to fall upon them. Poor Cœlia! can she complain if in every society of rational beings she is considered a simpleton, a *made* idiot, though not a *born* one?

There are, indeed, few causes in operation which produce more numerous contradictions to the assertion that "none is a fool always," than a devotion to the mandates of that fickle and unreasonable thing called Fashion; for as its influence extends over every circumstance and every minute of our lives, its worshippers are incessantly occupied in the service of their divinity, and exposed to the bewildering effects of the fumes from her tripod; they listen unweariedly for her wild and fantastic decrees, and regulate their conduct by them from the time they lay aside their nightcaps in the morning to the moment when they resume them at night. Fortunate for us, that she has not yet much interfered with the solitude of our bed-rooms, that she does not insist upon our sleeping in cocked-hats, or settle one sole shape and position in which it shall be gentlemanlike to seek repose! This severe and inexorable mistress admits, however, of no interruption in her service during the day, which begins and ends just when she pleases; she regulates not only our serious but our trivial concerns; and is not less despotic as to the dimensions of a bow on a bonnet, or a seal to a watch, than as to the mode in which we are to bestow our charity, or the place where we are to worship the Deity. Our virtues ebb and flow at her command; she annually determines what we are to call modesty; our maidens are ready to show their legs and shoulders whenever she pleases, or to muffle themselves like an old lady of former days, and sweep the streets with their garments. Our furniture, our food, our domestic arrangements, are all under her control: when we travel, she points the way; when we are ill, she sends our doctor, prescribes our medicines, and generally names our disease; the education of our children is entirely under her management, and it is she who decides how much they shall know, and what it is for which they shall have a taste. Devotion and benevolence, learning and patriotism, are merits or demerits, as it pleases her; literature bows at her feet; and Milton and Pope grow dusty on our shelves, when she tells us to admire nothing but *Annals*.

Certain it is that, at some distant period, Fashion must have had a



quarrel with Nature, and, in imitation of her betters, (a very characteristic failing) resolved to bear malice as virulently as the sister and wife of Jove herself. The old grudge, therefore, “*manet altâ mente repôstum,*” and induces her to take every opportunity of spiting and insulting her fairer rival. When the fracas took place it is impossible to decide:—we know it must have occurred before the days of our grandmothers, for they wore powder and hoops, and Nature wept herself sick at the sight; it must have been earlier, too, than the time of Henry VI., for in his reign ladies wore head-dresses resembling horns, and divines in vain reproached, in vain suggested as a preventive that “*in effigie cornutæ fœminæ Diabolus plerumque pingitur;*” and it must have been previous to the age when the prophet Jeremiah flourished, for he tells us that it was even then the custom to darken the eyelids with powder of lead. But if the date of the feud be doubtful, not so the permanency of its fatal effects; and at this very day, Reason and Taste mourn over the spiteful manner in which Fashion disfigures the fairest works of Nature, and changes grace and beauty into stiffness and distortion.

A few years since there appeared, indeed, some symptoms of reconciliation between the rival goddesses: flowing ringlets, and moderately full robes, by which, while decency was not outraged, every trace of the human form was not concealed,—girdles placed where proportion, elegance, and sense direct, and a profuse employment of flowers, Nature’s darling decoration, seemed to afford hopes of an amicable arrangement between that divinity and her opponent; but now, alas! the truce is over; “war to the knife” is evidently proclaimed, and no one can look into a ball-room and behold the extraordinary appearances under which the graces and beauties of our females now lie concealed, without cursing in his heart that ancient, mysterious, and bitter quarrel which has thus doomed to disfigurement the loveliest productions of Nature.

But Fashion reigns not less triumphantly, not less in defiance of reason and of taste over other scenes and other circumstances of daily life; and of late years its influence has extended into those middle ranks of society, from which less wealth and less leisure, more duties and more principle, should have barred its approach. It is true that women of ton and fortune are accountable and immortal beings, but when they fritter away their time, and money, and understanding, in the worship of Fashion, they only “jump the life to come,” and perhaps succeed in persuading themselves that “on this bank and shoal of time” on which their present lot is cast, they enjoy themselves prodigiously. But those misguided creatures who, with insufficient means, strive to be fashionable, spend a life of drudgery, sacrifices, and mortification, which Sisyphus and Tantalus would not envy. Their labour is ever renewed, their hopes continually disappointed, and just as they think they have touched the robe of the flying goddess, behold! she has changed her dress, and they grasp but her second-hand old clothes. They turn from the fair and refreshing face of Nature, from the simple and wholesome pleasures of domestic life; they abandon the elevating pursuits of a rational creature to follow the steps of one who derides their efforts, and who can scarcely be caught by any but those who pursue her in a coach and four. How often have I seen young ladies to



whom, as economy was a duty, simplicity of attire would have been a moral as well as a personal grace, toil long and late to remodel a bonnet or a gown, to imitate the dress of their superiors in rank and fortune, and to appear at length in a costume always inappropriate and generally unbecoming; while fond and foolish parents praise their misdirected zeal and perseverance, and whisper to a friend that the dear industrious girls make as good an appearance as if they spent 100*l.* a-year on their clothes. The sacrifice of time, the growth of frivolity, the debilitating effects of petty views, petty emulations, and petty devices on minds intended for better and nobler pursuits, are not taken into account. How often have I seen matrons exhaust their patience, and neglect their families, to attain the reputation of fashionable women; fret over a curtain which is not in the mode; and purchase penury and restrictions for a year in order to give one gay ball, which "*The Morning Post*" shall publish to a careless or a sneering world! How often have I seen men, and men of sense, soured, irritated, and ruined in the same pitiful and absurd pursuit!—But it is needless to multiply examples of the fools of Fashion's making; we see them around us in all directions, of all conditions, and of all ages, absurdly anxious about trifles, and forgetful of the evanescent nature of the fame for which they are hunting. Let us do what we will, posterity will laugh at our costumes as we have often laughed at those of antiquity, and our grandchildren will stare in astonishment and contempt at every one of the fashionable ornaments of our persons, our houses, and our equipages, which we are now so proud of possessing, or so provoked at wanting. "*La vertu a cela d'heureux, qu'elle soit à la mode, qu'elle n'y soit plus, elle demeure vertu.*"

W. E.

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THE WALL-FLOWER.

I LOVE thee, lone and pensive flower,  
 Because thou dost not flaunt thy bloom  
 In Pleasure's gay and garish bower,  
 Or Luxury's proud banquet-room;  
 But on the silent mouldering wall  
 Thy clinging leaves a fragrance shed,  
 Or give to the deserted hall  
 A relic of its glories fled.

These wreaths, in vivid freshness bright,  
 Methinks the flattering herd pourtray,  
 Who bask in Fortune's golden light,  
 And wanton in her joyous way;  
 But thou art like that gentle love,  
 Which blooms when friends and fame have pass'd,  
 Towers the dark wreck of Hope above,  
 And smiles through ruin to the last!

M. A.



## LETTERS FROM NEW YORK, NO. V.

DEAR D—, Having passed through the country westward of Utica no less than nine times, it is very probable that the incidents of one journey are mingled in my recollection with those of others. I shall therefore not attempt to give you any thing like a methodical and consecutive description of the different places, but set down my reminiscences as they may happen to arise.

Utica being a convenient resting-stage for travellers going either to the east or the west, many halt there for a day, and generally employ that day in visiting Trenton Falls. It was not, however, the case with me. I have contented myself with what I have heard about them, and with engravings and drawings. I dare say, to those who are affected with the amiable languishment and all that, which “being a-seeing of waterfalls” produces on your London and romantic minds, while jauntily po-shaying in quest of the picturesque, they are well deserving of attention.

Although the general aspect of the American scenery is woodland, I think it is not until you have proceeded westward from Utica that you become fully sensible of the peculiar character of the forest. Where the land has been some years cleared, as in the older settlements, the harsh arborous wall, which the tall naked primeval trees present towards the new openings, becomes mantled, as it were, with a second growth, and the skirts of the woods, in consequence, are not, save in altitude, much dissimilar in appearance to our own. Thus it happens, that to the east and south of Utica, the country has, if the expression may be allowed, a more civilized look than to the westward. Nothing, indeed, can be more drear and discouraging than the long dark forest-line which, for miles and miles, stands like a precipice on each side of the road, with only a narrow strip of “improvement” (as the Americans call it) between, as melancholious as a church-yard: the stumps to the headstones bear an impressive resemblance.

The interior of the woods is singularly silent—I would say, is awful. When the air is calm, scarcely a sound of any kind is to be heard, for the few birds that flit athwart the gloom are dumb. It is impossible that the European emigrant can enter such solitudes to form his habitation, without dread; nor the traveller to contemplate his condition, without participating in his anxieties and fears.

The comparison of a Gothic cathedral to the grove, is old and trite, but the associations which the vast forest-aisles and embowered arches awaken, make the sense of a present divinity far more powerfully felt than in the greatest cathedrals, with all their gorgeous talismans of devotion. I have attempted in the following sonnet to describe the first impression of the interior of the forest, that mingled sentiment of awe and mystery with which the images of age, and strength, and vigour there, irresistibly affect the heart.

*On the Entrance of the American Woods.*

What solemn spirit doth inhabit here?

What sacred oracle hath here a home?

What dread unknown thrills through the heart in fear,

And moves to worship in this forest-dome?



Ye storied fanes in whose recesses dim  
 The mitred priesthood hath their altars built,  
 Aisles old and awful where the choral hymn  
 Bears the rapt soul beyond the sphere of guilt,  
 Stoop your proud arches, and your columns bend,  
 Your tombs and monumental trophies hide,—  
 The high umbrageous vaults that here extend,  
 Mock the brief limits of your sculptured pride.—  
 Stranger forlorn ! by fortune hither cast,  
 Dar'st thou the genius brave? the ancient and the vast !

It must be a matter of sad regret to the poets that a more dignified epithet than “chopping” has not been invented to designate the Herculean task of hewing down the giants of the woods ; for really the business itself is not only noble and picturesque, but is often accompanied with circumstances highly imaginative. There is a fulness in the sound of the woodman's first strokes much more musical in the American woods than in ours. And there is something altogether in the labour of opening new scenes for the shelter and the industry of man, that cannot be witnessed without emotion and a strange delight. Lo, it hath made me again poetical.

### *The Chopping.*

Hark ! to the woodman's axe ! the forest's knell  
 Peals wide and far—the startled echoes moan !  
 —'Tis as the note of a deep booming bell  
 Sounding the exit of some mighty one.  
 As when the fitful thunderbolts of war  
 Wreak iron wrath, remorseless, on the wall,  
 Shattering the towers, with cataract-crash afar,  
 The hoary Titans of the forest fall.  
 The startled deer, light-bounding o'er the brake,  
 Halts and looks back, for the rude winds are still ;  
 And the scared wild-duck, fluttering from the lake,  
 Wists not what sounds the silent woodlands fill.  
 Away ! ye denizens of lake and lair,  
 The stranger claims your homes, and rears his dwelling there.

Being in the mood, I may as well go on with another stave. Of all the sights of desolation—the field of battle not excepted—an extensive clearing before the “logs,” as the felled timber is called, are burnt off, is one of the most impressive. With the settlers who have come upon the land in the spring, the burning is generally briskest in August. The state of the forest before the fires are kindled is the scene I would describe ; and that your European taste may not be shocked at the seeming extravagance of my first epithet, I take leave to assure you that “green” is often the natural colour of the American evening skies—a golden green, of an exquisite tint, more delicate

“ ————— than painting can express,  
 Or youthful poets fancy when they love.”

### *The Clearing.*

The green and golden glow of evening fades ;  
 The star-crown'd virgin of the season now  
 Inscribes her sign, and fair, in new-form'd glades,  
 The moon looks through her lattice in the bough—



Glades, where of late, impervious to her ray,  
 The leafy cloud hung dark—a shadowy screen—  
 Through which, slow-filter'd, e'en the pure bright day  
 But gemm'd the ground with light-drops far between.  
 There, prostrate fallen, on the field that's won,  
 Lie the huge arbors—old stupendous forms,  
 Crush'd in their pomp, dismantled, overthrown,  
 That sternly scorn'd the might of time and storms:  
 Man takes their place—and science, wing'd on high,  
 Shall grasp the bolted fires their pride could but defy.

Besides the stupendous toil of “chopping” down the immeasurable forest,—clearing a world with the axe and the hand,—there is a more expeditious mode of rendering the land fit for cultivation—“girdling,” which is performed by cutting a zone, deeper than the bark, round the trunks of the trees. It causes them to die; and the brushwood having been removed from amongst them, the ground is then prepared for the seed. These dead groves are numerous throughout the western territory; and really, without exaggeration, the sight of them dismayed me exceedingly. I could think of nothing but skeletons and spectres. They reminded me of the most dismal spot on the face of the whole earth—a certain cemetery between Calais and Dunkirk, where every ensign of Death's black pageantry is displayed in forms so alien to humanity, that all the dramas of Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire, I am quite sure, have nothing in them half so mysterious and poetical. But, in the course of a few years, these *gallows-looking* monuments either fall down and are burnt where they lie, or, being set on fire where they stand, such of them as happen to be hollow enact a torch in the most magnificent style imaginable—the flame roaring-up through them with a zeal that would do credit to the foulest chimney on the eve of quarter-day.

After leaving Utica, there is nothing picturesque in the features of the country until you approach the banks of the Niagara river. When you have seen one clearing, and the style of the forest, the moors of Scotland are more interesting, as far as the landscape is concerned. To the political economist, however, no portion of the world presents scenes so interesting. The towns rise like mushrooms. I never see a steeple peering above the woods, without thinking of the growth of Jack's bean-stalk. But if the scenery be dull, the imagination is not left without amusement in the names of the different places. They baffle all conjecture as to their origin, having in their localities no resemblance whatever to those of the ancient cities, their godmothers—only think of Port Gibson between Babylon, Rome, and Palmyra! A friend of mine is building a Port Glasgow, which may be said to stand cheek by jowl with Carthage! I do not object to towns being named after celebrated characters, as some of them are, but it is the disturbance of all one's antique associations which renders the practice ludicrous. I have a great notion, however, without any evidence of the fact, that ancient names are here chosen chiefly on account of their euphony. The research to determine the point would be worthy of the juvenile antiquity of the country. I suspect it would be found that the custom originated with some individual pedagogue. It should be put a stop to. Believe, oh Edipus, in a city called “Manlius-four-corners!”



If I had any thing to say on the subject, it should henceforth be called Sphinx.

The first of my regular stages of rest, after leaving Utica, has been always Syracuse. I have already mentioned that when I first passed through it in the spring of 1825, it consisted but of a few houses, and rather a better sort of tavern than might have been expected in so small a place. It is now a large town, containing, I should think, a population of more than a thousand and a half of souls. The original tavern has been swept away, and another of great magnitude and magnificence substituted. It contains upwards of seventy bed-chambers, and is, in every respect, a superior building indeed. I did not, however, take up my abode there in last coming this way, but went to the "Mansion-house;" on account of the landlord, who happened to be at the door when the stage stopped, and whom I had somewhere before met with, and recognized as a very civil personage. By the way, it is fit and proper to be here explained, that the whole character of the hostelrie on the west side of Utica is very different indeed from what is found to the east. I am sure it is greatly better between Buffalo and Utica, than between London and Edinburgh, and that the attention is not less alert and respectful.

The Erie Canal passes through Syracuse, the situation of which is convenient and central for a wide extent of country; but I apprehend the great salt-works, at the neighbouring town of Salina, have a considerable influence on its prosperity: which of the two places is the senior I have neglected to recollect, but Mr. W—— had a pair of gloves exactly of the same age as Syracuse, and which had served him in a journey to Naples,—the Naples in Italy.

The salt-works of Salina belong to the State, and are formed for the evaporation of the brine, which rises there in a very affluent stream. The proceeds, I have understood, were assigned to the Commissioners of the Erie Canal, as an important contribution to their great work. Whether the assignment continues, now that the canal has been some time open, I do not know, but it ought not, for the canal should support itself, and if it does, then there is some illusion in representing the revenue arising from the canal so large as it is commonly stated. The true way of estimating the production of such works, is to state exactly what arises from themselves. I have mislaid my note of the value of the salt made at Salina, but it is of little importance to *us*. I cannot, however, refrain from sporting a hypothetical fancy for your consideration; viz. Is not the ground on which Syracuse and Salina stand, and all about them, upon a salt bed; and has not the lake itself been once a part of that vast salt-bed? Certain friends of ours, and I am half inclined to be of their opinion, believe that Lake Ontario, in its depths, is salt; certain it is that they lie deeper down in the earth than the Gulf of St. Lawrence. For that matter, it may be said the bottom of Loch Lomond is lower than that of the Irish Channel; but Loch Lomond is not salt, neither is Ontario; it is only supposed that it is so when it comes under the level of the ocean; and, therefore, if that be a law of Nature, it must be allowed that Loch Lomond is a great fool if it be not salt according to rule likewise. The wooden tanks for the evaporation of the brine in the neighbourhood of Syracuse cover



many acres; if they are not curiosities, there is nothing of the sort about the place.

The next considerable halting-place, after leaving Syracuse, is Auburn; the distance is commonly reckoned a day's journey, but that depends on the season in which you travel. The intervening country is about the rawest in the whole route between Utica and Buffalo: perhaps it struck me as such when I passed through it the first time, and it is the only impression that I retain. The neighbourhood of Auburn is, however, prettily undulated; the town is much more considerable than Goldsmith's "loveliest village," and the principal hotel is very good indeed. The house is handsome, with a portico that would do no discredit to a town house, but the pillars are rather gawkily too far apart.

The chief object, however, for which Auburn is celebrated, is the Penitentiary, or State Prison, a large pile of buildings, pleasantly situated at a short distance from the town. I examined this establishment with some degree of care, in consequence of the general impression which prevails amongst us that the American penitentiary system has been productive of a great deal of good. I do not think, however, that the arrangements of this State Prison are very judicious. For example, the prisoners live and work together in open wards; they are enjoined silence; but this constant exposure to one another must undoubtedly harden the sense of shame. Indeed, I have since been assured that the Penitentiary system has not answered the expectations of its promoters in America. Before I left England, I went through the London Penitentiary at Millbank, and I do think the system there, of keeping the prisoners apart, or in small chambers, is preferable to the general exposure of the American system. Undoubtedly, it has a tendency to prevent the prisoners, after liberation, from recognising each other, and from congregating together, upon the confidence of being previously acquainted with the delinquency of each other; whereas the American system, I should think, has directly the contrary effect. But notwithstanding the sagacity and benevolence of those by whom the Penitentiary system has been advocated and established, I have some doubt if their views have been regulated by any right knowledge of the motives of human conduct. Indeed, I am much of opinion that there is a considerable error among jurists, both with respect to the nature of crime and the efficacy of punishment.

Without question, the conduct of men is much more under the influence of physical stimulation than the law is disposed to allow. Insanity and passionate excitement are not recognized by legal justice, unless they are found in a very high degree; but long before madness or fatuity reach the degree which justifies the interference of the law, there are many stages far from the limits of correct judgment. In fact, I have a suspicion that physical disease of some kind or other, whether of organization or of nervous construction, enters much more largely into criminal propensities than it is the practice of judicial wisdom to consider. If there be any truth in this notion, it should follow that the principal benefit of the Penitentiary system is induced by the change on the habits of the delinquent, produced by the difference between what was his condition in freedom and the circumstances of his



restraint; and, therefore, the reformation of criminals should be studied more with reference to health, temperament, and habit, than has hitherto been the usage in prison discipline. I am not aware that you are a craniologist; but if you are, I must protest against my doctrine being applied in support of Gall's theory, because it is not to be allowed that a general state of the constitution is to be supposed the result of a local and special formation. Have the craniologists any bump indicative of a *penchant* for forgery? because, if they have, the Americans must possess it in a very remarkable degree; for the number of convicted forgers in the Auburn State Prison amounted to no less than one-fifth of the whole. For my part, I am inclined to believe that the frequency of this offence is much more owing to the paper dollars than to any thing so philosophical as a bump of imitativeness, and that forgery is only a more ingenious and refined degree of thievishness. It is an effect, however, as much of the state of society, as either of the state of the stomach or of the head. It would seem, however, for the honour and credit of artists, that the possession of the imitative faculty does not always imply a desire to employ it criminally. Indeed, as a body, painters, engravers, and sculptors, are distinguished for their honesty. I never heard of any eminent one, of either profession, having been convicted of forgery, except the unfortunate Ryland.

But it is full time to stop one's pen when it gets so far into the wilderness of theory, the uncleared forest of philosophy, in which the right way is as difficult to find as a path in the woods around the scene which has given rise to these moral *nebulae*. I am, truly yours, A.

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STANZAS, IMITATED FROM MONTI.

I NEVER blamed thy mien of pride,  
 Fraught with new grace and playful seeming;  
 It charm'd when most to scorn allied,  
 With beauties all its fault redeeming.

Thy blithesome spirit's joyous vein  
 Inconstant show'd thee, when 'twas lightest,  
 And gentleness and fierce disdain  
 Had met in union, rarest, brightest.

Yes! the gay Fancy roves in pleasure,  
 While bloom Youth's fresh delicious years;  
 Less fickle; less adored the treasure,  
 That sweet capriciousness endears.

The heart within thy guileless breast  
 Wakes to each touch of finer feeling;  
 We love what springs from source so bless'd,  
 Thy fervent soul's pure thoughts revealing.

A. L.

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## RECOLLECTIONS OF A GÖTTINGEN STUDENT, NO. IV.

THE laws which a student of the Georgia-Augusta University at Göttingen faithfully promises to obey, (though I sincerely believe there are few who take the trouble of reading, as I am sure there are many who take every opportunity of breaking them,) are not very numerous, but in some instances very minutely elaborate. The first three sections relate to the obtaining of the matriculation—on what days and hours application is to be made therefore—what testimonials are required of those coming from the high school, or from other universities, and so forth; even those who have not such testimonials to bring, from never having been at any such institution, are at least to produce a testimonial of their good behaviour from the magistracy of their residence: had I been previously aware of this, I would certainly have applied to Sir R. Birnie for credentials; as it was, I slipped in, I suppose, surreptitiously. A student who wishes to change the study he announced himself about to follow at the time of obtaining his matriculation, must notify such change to the University-counsellor, for the time being, entrusted with the care of matriculating the applicants. Students who have been either relegated, or sent away by the *consilium abeundi*, (answering to our *rustication*,) from other universities, are not admissible at Göttingen, not even as visitors, without the express permission of the University Curatorium at Hanover. The matriculation imparts the rights of an academical citizen to the student for at farthest four years; it gives him “the privilege of residence in Göttingen, under the academical laws and regulations—the freedom from personal civil burdens—the right to use the academical lectures and institutions according to the manner prescribed—and to enjoy those advantages which are expressly by the laws granted to students.”

These academical rights expire,

1st, Of themselves, at the end of the above specified period, but they may, if thought necessary, be expressly prolonged, but never for more than one year at a time; there is no expense attending this proceeding.

2d. By an express, or tacit renunciation.

They may be withdrawn also under the following circumstances:—

1st. If the student has brought no funds with him, or begins within the first month to live on credit (!) in which case his matriculation will be taken away from him. Every housekeeper is bound under a penalty to give notice of such a transaction.

2d. In the way of political or corrective measures.

3d. As a punishment for the offences mentioned in the laws.

So far with regard to the relation of a student to the academical magistracy. Now, a word or two of how he stands with respect to his fellow-burschen. The students have among themselves a “comment-book,” or collection of laws, whereby they regulate their own conduct towards each other, and very often towards the magistrates. I was never fortunate enough to get a copy of this work, and therefore can only speak of the visible effects of its regulations. A “freshman” of the first semester is entitled a fox, (*ein Fuchs*;) he is somewhat in the nature of a “fag,”—is necessitated to submit to many indignities—of course none that in any way touch his *honour*—that is always a German student’s *noli me tangere*, his sensitive point, and it must not be meddled



with with impunity ; but in other respects he stands certainly in an unpleasant situation ; from the natural and just supposition that his funds are in a more flourishing state, and possess more floating capital than those which have undergone some draining, the poor fox is always called on for a loan when money is wanted by his elders, to assist in the perpetration of duels, drinking-bouts, or such other academical exercises. These loans are, like King Charles the Martyr's aids and benevolences, generally "forced" ones ; for the fox, especially while but a cub, is naturally raw to the ways of the world, and timid of the obloquy that might be cast on him in case of his refusal ; besides, of course, he wishes to be thought a fox of spirit, and so he yields to the operation of "pumping" with as much grace and goodwill as he can muster for the occasion : if, however, it should happen that he has no "ready," he must not expect, nor in all likelihood would he wish, that this untoward event should hinder him from aiding his friends in their laudable pursuits—and his watch, or some of his books, or may be a spare coat or so, assuredly if it be in summer his then useless cloak go to pay a temporary visit to the pawnbroker's, where the length of their stay is very uncertain. In case the fox should be refractory, or those who wish to borrow from him should apprehend that he might be, they dispense altogether with the dilatory method of asking, and proceed at once to take possession ; waiting for an opportunity when the fox's back is turned, they invade his den, and bear off whatever they can conveniently lay hands on : this will of course seem to many a one rather an unusual mode of borrowing, but I can assure him that, on the contrary, it is in a German University quite as usual a one as it was with Jonathan Wild the Great, our English Cacus : *experto crede*, —I have myself been a victim of it. During the first semester I was at Göttingen, a visit of this forcible kind was made to my rooms by some *friends*, with whom I was but very little acquainted ; a bureau was literally broken open, and what ready money and pawnable articles were therein, were carried off. I inquired of the woman servant, and soon learned who my visitors had been, for secrecy is not attempted on these occasions ; *that* might savour of dishonesty ; they had only been two, and on farther inquiry I found that the individual who had most actively honoured me was a noble Prussian Count, with whom at the time I was so little acquainted, that I knew not exactly what his name was ! Not wishing to bring on me the popular odium, and the really dangerous consequences that might have attended too hasty a step, I applied to two of my most discreet acquaintances, a Scotchman and a Hanoverian, as to what measure I had better adopt ; they both advised me to wait a few days for my property to be returned me, and if it were not, to lay the whole transaction before the Prorektor ; and at once to inform the lordly peculator of my intention : this latter I therefore did, and immediately received a visit from a friend of his lordship's, who very much endeavoured to persuade me that the course I was pursuing was highly dishonourable, and that the consequences to me as an informer would be "awful in the extreme : " that I should be sent to Coventry, (*in Verschiess kommen*, quite an untranslatable term)—that no student would dare hold any communication with me, and that any one might insult me without allowing me any claim for satisfaction. All this I had heard before—that the students did inflict such a punish-



ment on any one of their body who should notoriously act as an informer, as well as on other occasions; but I had been assured by my advisers, and they had taken the opinion of others on the point, that mine was certainly not a case that could be treated in this manner: I remained therefore, unmoved by my visitor's representations, and he, seeing this, changed his tactics, and protested that all along there had not been any intention to detain the money, and other things, and that within a day or two they would assuredly be returned to me. I replied that I could not rest satisfied till I had at least the assurance of the Count himself on this point; and accordingly the Count himself paid me a visit, and with many expressions of contrition for the inconvenience to which I had been put by his little practical joke, did assure me as required: that same evening he and his friend, who had also been his colleague, were summoned before the Prorektor, (to whose ears the affair had somehow reached,) at the unusual hour of ten o'clock; but, on his lordship's repeating his pledge that the whole transaction was only a joke, that every thing should be returned me immediately, and that I was already satisfied with this explanation, they were dismissed. They knocked me up that same night to give me an account of what had passed, being, I suspect, in some fear lest I might be called before the Prorektor the next day, and might forget that I had expressed myself satisfied with the previous arrangement. The former part, at least, of his lordship's fear came to pass; I was called before the Prorektor the next morning, and, of course, assented to his question, if the affair was so far disposed of to my satisfaction. I will not doubt but that the ultimate intentions of the Count might have been honourable; but a disturbance taking place shortly after at the University, wherein his Lordship took a prominent part, he was relegated, and I never heard of him again. Every sensible fox puts himself under the shelter of some "old house;" what we should call, I presume, an *old hand*, viz. a student whose more ancient standing has given him a title to reverence in the eyes of his juniors, and he becomes his *body fox*, (*Leib Fuchs*,) and is entitled to his countenance and protection, doubtless paying for these advantages in some way or other. The second semester, the student becomes a *Brand Fuchs*, the meaning of which, as far as it goes, should seem to be *burnt fox*, but any farther I cannot undertake to explain it; it would be too English a pun to say that, by this time, it might be supposed the fox was well roasted. A burnt fox has the advantage of tormenting the younger foxes, and the privilege of acting as *Zeuge*, or witness in a duel, whereas a downright fox can take no share in those august ceremonies, unless, indeed, that of principal, which plainly no law (except that of *Verschiss*,) can have a right to deny him. The third semester confers the title of *young lad*, (*jüngar Bursch*,) and there with all rights, privileges, and immunities enjoyed by his seniors, who still, however, retain priority of rank; he may now carry challenges, act as second, or umpire in a duel, and *vortrinken*, a kind of amicable challenge, the particulars of which shall be explained in its proper place. The fourth semester makes an *old lad* (*alter Bursche*,) The fifth transmigration I do not exactly remember, but I think it is into one of the fox tribe again. The sixth presents a golden fox (*goldner Fuchs*), the student having by this time, unless he has been very much in fault, attained every valuable and precious distinction



within man's reach. Few students stay more than six semesters, or three years at the University; those who may chance to overstay that period, generally have graduated as doctors of some science, and I forget what *burschen* title may be added to their professional one. The townsfolk, and indeed, strictly speaking, all persons not students, go by the name of *Philistines*, and to have any acquaintance or connexion, at least with the first-mentioned of these heathens, is held to be quite contaminating, and to be avoided by every *Bursche* of true Israelitish tenets. When a student leaves the University, he becomes a Philistine, though communication with him is not cut off, on account of his once having been one of the elect.

The second chapter of the University Laws treats farther of "the relations and students to the Academical magistracy, and the professors and teachers generally:" herein, (sec. 6.) "a student is enjoined to consider it his duty to pay all obedience to the magistrates, and especially to the commands of the Prorektor," altogether a very useless injunction. If any 'one is demanded his name and dwelling in the name of the Prorektor, by one of the Beadles or University Jaegers, he must, under a penalty of two days' imprisonment, at once give an answer; and, in case of need, suffer himself to be led to his dwelling, or the council-house: in case of a false answer the punishment is to be sharpened according to circumstances. Any one not personally appearing to such an 'invitation,' in the name of the Prorektor, whether coming from the Prorektor himself, or one of the University counsellors — it not being needful that the cause of the invitation should be specified to the party invited—has to pay whatever costs may have been incurred, and stands in the predicament of being liable to be punished with imprisonment for contempt of court; or, as the laws have it, 'rebellious absence;' nevertheless, he is to be cited a second time, under pain of imprisonment. On a second instance of disobedience, besides the adjudication of imprisonment and costs, follows an invitation on pain of being coerced.'

These "invitations" from the Prorektor would, I think, in all cases, rather be declined; but, besides the consequences of such declining, though they must not be thought to weigh too much with free *Burschen*, they are too polite to let it pass unaccepted. The beadles, mentioned above, (*Pedellen*, nicknamed *Poodles* by the *Burschen*,) were only four in number; their principal occupation is to cite students to the council-house, for debts, and other offences, distressing them in every possible way; they have the care of making out the half-yearly list of students, and, to a certain extent, the care also of public morals, for any offence against the laws that passes under their notice, or comes to their hearing, is sure to entail on the offender an invitation from the Prorektor. The *Jaegar*, (*Chasseurs*, nicknamed *Schnurren*, *Laces*, or *Laced-coats*, from their green uniform, trimmed with black lace, whose chief bore by the courtesy of cant the title of *Aga*,) are a body of men, mostly old soldiers, and with remarkably red noses, in the service of the University, for almost universal purposes; like the *Poodles*, they are always on the look-out for any breach of the laws; they are especially great hunters-out of duels, and the *Aga's* appearance near the field, or rather room of combat, is attended with considerably more confusion than probably that of a "red-breast" or two might have



occasioned even in a recent affair near Battersea; and the apprehension and bringing of certain parties before Sir Richard Birnie would have had a wonderful effect. The *Laces* too walked up and down before the council-house, and other public places, as sentinels, with rusty, and, probably, unloaded carbines. When they were on "active service" they carried with them very formidable weapons, namely, long wooden poles, contemptuously called *pencils*, (*Bleystifte*;) these they had the happy knack of flinging between the legs of flying Burschen, (and the Burschen, if up to any mischief, always made a point of flying at their approach;) and the pencil, thus coming in contact with a man's legs, was pretty sure to overturn him, which was both painful and ignominious, and the fallen thus became prisoner of war to the *Lace*, who usually only gave quarter there on condition of the captive's taking up with other quarters of the conqueror's giving.

(Sec. 7.)—'Every violation of the respect due to the Academical Magistracy, as well as of the proper consideration to be paid to their officers and servants, especially if occurring during the execution of their office, is to be visited, according to circumstances, with reprehension, imprisonment, subscription of the *Consilium abeundi*, the *Consilium abeundi* itself,\* and even with *Relegation*.'

The academical magistracy are minutely punctilious on all points of respect towards themselves and their officers. I remember, soon after my arrival, an irresistible spirit of mimicry seized me on hearing the nasal twang of the town-crier, and for this boyish offence I was called before the council, and very severely reprehended for want of respect.

'The professors and other teachers of the University are protected by the same denunciation.'

(Sec. 8.)—'The honorary fees for private lectures are to be paid beforehand; and the lecturers are bounden, in the middle of each semester, to give, on demand, a list of those who have not so paid, to the Council, who are to take measures to ensure the payment.'

It might at first seem strange that only the private lecturers were thus protected, the probable inference being that the public ones were left to shift for themselves; but the fact is this—every professor must, or ought to, give a course of lectures gratuitously, for which he is paid by his salary from Government; but he is at liberty to give as many others as he pleases privately, and for these latter it would be unjust to deny him an extra remuneration: the custom has by degrees crept in, that, though few professors do not give a really public or gratuitous lecture, they all give them privately, which, besides their always being

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\* "The subscription of the *Consilium abeundi* is either general, or confined only to the case of an offence of the same nature. The former effects that any one, on whom it is imposed, on the next offence of *any* nature, even though punishable only with imprisonment, shall be removed from the University; the latter produces the like punishment, on the repetition of an offence of the same particular kind."—(Sec. 63.)

"The *Consilium abeundi* is a private, temporary banishment from the University, and a circuit of four miles. The time of its duration—at least for half a year, and at most for two years—is to be expressly stated thereby. Any one sentenced thereto, can only through the University Curatorium at Hanover be again received and admitted to a fresh matriculation before the expiration of the specified time; a grace not easily to be accorded, at least before the expiration of the first half-year of the removal."—(Sec. 64.)



of more value than those that are public, are generally attended as a point of honour by every student who avails himself of the latter.

The third chapter contains regulations concerning the “dwellings of the students, and contracts for the hire of rooms.”

(Sec. 9.)—‘Every student must have a specified dwelling in the town; it is not allowed to live out of it, in what is called a garden-house, (*i. e.* a house with a garden,) unless with express previous permission of the pro-rector, which is only to be obtained in cases of ill-health.’

Some of these garden-houses are very pleasantly situated. It is plainly advisable that the magistrates should keep the students as much under their notice as possible, especially as the general discipline of a German university is so notoriously lax; and therefore they are quite right to prohibit, as much as possible, every one from residing without the walls; but even a *mauvais sujet* may have bad health, as a black sheep may have the rot, and it is not unlikely that he will turn his bad health to a similar account—at least, I can only say, that for one half-year, during which I of necessity lived in a garden-house, two of my fellow-lodgers were two of the most graceless scapegraces in the University.

(Sec. 10–12.)—‘The hire for lodgings is, unless expressed to the contrary, half-yearly. The other regulations on this point are mostly according to the general principles of law.’

Two students often hire one set of rooms; and ‘in such case, if one leave the University suddenly, it is in the choice of the housekeeper either to entirely rescind the contract with his remaining lodger, or to allow him to continue in the rooms for the residue of the time, on payment of his share of the hire.’

(Sec. 13.)—‘Every one who harbours a *stranger* must give notice thereof, either to the magistracy, or at least to his landlord, under a penalty of five Rix dollars. The same rule applies to any one charitably harbouring a fellow-student, who may stay over even a week or two in another semester, without having a lodging of his own. To the penalty is superadded imprisonment, or even severer punishment, in case the harboured individual should be a student who has been sent either from Göttingen or any other university.’

Chapter the fourth relates to the “prohibition of *Orders* (*Ordens-Verbindungen*), *Landsmanships*, or *Countrymanships* (*Landsmaunschaften*),\* and *private fighting societies*.”

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\* As nothing but the shadow of these bodies exists at Göttingen, it will be enough to give a very short account of them. They are societies of students, each consisting, as the name imports, of those who come from the same *land* or province. These *Landsmanships* distinguished themselves by wearing particular colours, and for ever quarrelling one with the other; which quarrels led to innumerable duels, sometimes the whole of one corps challenging and fighting one another. All this, bad as it was, was of minor importance; these societies began to assume a political character; they fashioned themselves after the Carbonari of Italy, and had secret meetings and solemn oaths; but even then, as long as they continued disunited, and quarrelling, and fighting with one another, they could do little good or harm, except to themselves, and it was not worth the Government’s care to interfere with them; when, however, their long-arranged plan became clear—when a public meeting was called of *Burschen* from all universities of Germany—and when it was resolved that all *Landsmanships* should be broken up, and from the ruins should be raised one universal *Burschen-ship*, comprising all the students of all lands, who were to adopt a particular dress, and wear particular colours, and have masonic signs, that they might be recognized



(Sec. 14.)—‘ All corporations, with or without particular names, are forbidden to the students. Every society which, either openly or secretly, takes the character of a corporation, whether by outward signs, by the party obligations of its members, for other than purely social aims (*rein gesellschaftlichen zwecken*), or by usurpation over those who are not members, is to be at once exterminated, and the members to be punished as follows:—

‘ 1. The founders, seniors, secretaries, or other officials of such an association, likewise all those who, even without being members, have induced, or sought to induce, others to become so; have corresponded with students of other universities for the furthering of such forbidden associations, or have let themselves be made use of as deputies of illegal associations at foreign universities, shall, according to events, be sentenced with the *Consilium Abeundi*, or Relegation; and these shall be sharpened according to circumstances.

‘ 2. The other members of such associations are to be punished with ten or fourteen days *carcer* and the subscription of the *Consilium abeundi*; or with the *Consilium abeundi* itself, in case of excessive activity.

‘ 3. If, on occasion of any dispute between different associations, famous fencers should come from foreign universities with the intention of helping out the honour of one corporation by their weight, they shall be sent to the criminal prison, and, even though nothing farther than this intention shall be proved against them, shall be relegated as dishonourable.”\*

(Sec. 15.)—‘ The bearing of all signs that, in the most remote degree, have reference to such associations, either on hats, clothes, to-

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by their brethren throughout the land--then the different governments no longer saw any thing ludicrous or contemptible in the conduct of young men who openly vowed they would work for the regeneration of Germany, though what means they would employ to bring about this result were unknown, perhaps even to themselves; but still, they wore now the formidable appearance of a united body, and from the rational fear of what mischief such a body might cause, if allowed to grow to maturity, it was wisely crushed in its infancy by the strong hand of power. The *Landsmanships* have therefore revived, but the *Burschenships* has not been thereby annulled; there is a society, greater or less, of this kind in every university—it is but trifling in Göttingen. The political objects of the *Burschenschafters* have thoroughly dwindled away, their only apparent aim now being the friendly one of uniting all Germans together, to prevent the foolish feuds of *Landsmanships*, and the harmless, but foppish one of restoring, or as much as possible resorting to, the old dress of the land; therefore they wear long hair, no neckcloth, a sort of tunic coat, and trowsers, that in fulness might all but match with our ladies’ fashionable sleeves of the summer of 1829. Sandt, the murderer of the renegade Kotzebue, was a *Burschenschafter*; and I have heard it asserted that this crime was committed by him, not by his individual choice, but in fulfilment of the lot which had fallen to him, in a ballot to elect the assassin from the whole body of *Burschenschafters*; but besides many improbabilities attending this account, it is very generally denied. Of the mode in which the *Burschenschaft* now figures at Jena, no better description could be given than that contained in Russel’s *Tour in Germany*—a work abounding with amusing information and clear-sightedness of judgment: I will take this occasion to acknowledge the many fillips it has given to my recollections.

\* “ Relegation takes place publicly, by means of a *written* or *printed placard*, which is to be stuck on the black board (hung, I believe, by the door of the Council-house).” In case this is *printed*, it is to be sent to all the University-teachers, to the judicial and police authorities of the town and inland neighbourhood, and to those foreign universities with which such mutual agreements exist.



bacco-pipes, and so forth, is forbidden, under incarceration; which punishment, in case of continued disobedience, can be raised to the *Consilium abeundi*.

‘Of course, no military nor civil uniforms are included in this regulation.’

There is, perhaps, no law, the letter of which is broken with such publicity and impunity as this; but the magistrates do right to wink at such a breach, while they know that in spirit the law remains whole. As has been before said, these illegal associations do not exist at Göttingen, only the shadows of them; that is to say, there are *landsmanships*—so called; Hanoverians naturally like associating with Hanoverians, rather than with Prussians; and Prussians as naturally prefer the company of their countrymen to that of their national neighbours; but farther than this, and a few regulations concerning duels, of which, of course, the magistracy take no cognizance, the *Landsmanships* at Göttingen seem to have no particular aim or end, therefore they are allowed to exist, (not, indeed, under the recognized name of landsmanships;) and to wear the colours of their nation in any manner they please; and consequently there are very few students who do not wear them, and who therefore are easily known of what nation they belong. The tobacco-pipes, without one of which a student is hardly ever seen, unless on his journey to and from the lecture-room, were usually very long; the pipe being of wood, the mouth-piece of horn, and the bowl of china, or *meerschau*\*, often expensively mounted with silver, and the former also beautifully painted. A silken cord was fastened, one end to the bowl, and the other to the mouth-piece; this, together with

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“If the Relegation-placard is only made out in writing, it is not sent, but the Relegation is notified.

“The Relegation banishes to the same circuit as the *Consilium abeundi*.

“Its operation extends to four years, as the probable longest duration of academic life!

“The Relegation may be *sharpened* by previous *strict confinement in the Carcer*, or the criminal prison; *by notification to the magistracy* of the Relegate, or in the newspapers; by extension of its duration above the usual time, or for ever; and by *a denunciation as dishonourable*.

“No Relegate has any *hope of being again received*.”—(Sec. 65.)

\* Since smoking has, of late years, become so much an English fashion, it would be needless explaining what a meerschau is; but many may be still ignorant that its great beauty consists in being well smoked. Those that are prepared with wax, are, when new, of a beautiful cream colour; and the first three or four times that they are smoked out of, they leave a very unpleasant flavour, arising from the fumes of the molten wax. It is no unusual thing for an *old house* to lend a *fox* a new pipe to smoke for about a week, on the same principle that one’s friends now and then lend one a new uncut book, even before they have read it themselves. When a meerschau has been well smoked, it becomes of three different hues; the upper part retains its original colour; below this there runs a stratum of a pale yellow; and at bottom another of rich dark brown: these two latter colours are occasioned by the absorption of the essential oil distilled from the tobacco during its state of ignition, which oil is poisonous. These colours become, to a certain degree, enamelled in the meerschau, which, if it is not constantly smoked, loses them, and gets spotty. Those that are prepared in oil, are at first of a dark colour, something like polished tortoiseshell, and do not so much show the change. The china bowls are usually in two parts—that properly called the bowl, and a small cistern, into which both the end of the wooden pipe and that of the bowl are inserted; this receives the distillation spoken of, and is emptied as soon as the bowl is; the juice that comes from it is fetid in the extreme, and any of it falling on the clothes or hands, the smell is not easily got rid of.



the tassels at its end, was almost always of the colours of the landsmanship to which the owner belonged. The caps, too, which were worn much more frequently than hats, (indeed, I don't think I ever saw above a dozen Burschen in hats,) were so contrived, as to be entirely composed of the same colours; in shape, they were usually much the same as those worn by boys here at school, but some of a more fantastic form were occasionally mounted. The cap itself was made of one colour, and a border, or trimming, passed round it, of the other one or two, as the case might be. Thus the colours of the Hanoverians were red, dark blue, and gold. The cap was made of red cloth, with a trimming of blue and gold. On some solemn occasions, such as funerals, a broad riband, of the national colours, was worn slantwise across the breast; but this costume savoured too much of *orders* to be universally tolerated. The Prussian colours were black and white; the Russian, green, pale blue, and white; the Bremenser, green, red, and gold; the Mecklenburgher, red and gold; the Lueneburgher, I think, dark blue, red, and white; and the Burschenschaft, black, crimson, and gold;—there were others, of course, as numerous as the nations, but I forget them. The one or two English that were there adopted the Hanoverian colours, probably as being subjects of the same King: the Scotch took dark blue and silver. These colours each landsmanship considered exclusively appropriated to itself; and any one, not of their body, who chose to wear them, would receive a challenge from at least a deputation, if not the whole, of the injured body.

(Sec. 16.)—‘Any one suspected of being a member of a forbidden association, is to be called before the academical court, and make oath—“that he, at that time, belongs to no such association or order; that for the last three months he has attended none such; and promises, as long as he shall remain at the University, never to enter such an association.”’

‘Any one declining this oath, is to be punished with the *Consilium abeundi*; any one falsely making it, or afterwards breaking it, with the severest Relegation, and thereby is to be declared a perjurer. Students, who come from other universities so suspected, are either not to be at all admitted, or under especial warning and superintendence; and on the slightest appearance of fresh participation, are to be removed from the University.’

(Sec. 17.)—‘In all offences, it is to be inquired into, whether they have been more or less occasioned by such forbidden associations; when this proves to be the case, the punishment is increased. The *Landschuldren* (Hanoverians) are especially warned to avoid all participation in such societies, as regard will be had to this point in all their future appointments.’

(Sec. 18.)—‘All fencing-societies, not under the inspection of the University fencing-master, are forbidden. The members of such are to be punished according to circumstances.’

And yet I do not believe that there existed a single Landsmanship that had not a society of this kind.

(Sec. 19.) relates to those societies that were permitted, though not without submitting to the close and constant inspection of the police, of the existence even of which I know nothing. We British, indeed, had



a club, the members of which used to meet, once a week, at one another's rooms, for the purpose of eating beefsteaks, stewed in a pan over a spirits-of-wine lamp; and after this national feast, we proceeded, actuated by what has been aptly termed *the national mania*, to hold a debate upon a paper, read by one of our members in turn. I do not think any of us were aware that we were infringing a law upon these important occasions.

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SPANIARDS! YIELD NOT TO DESPAIR.

(*Written for a Castilian Air.*)

BY THOMAS PRINGLE.

SPANIARDS! yield not to despair;  
Sink not, Portuguese, forlorn;  
Wintry nights are worst to bear  
Just before the break of morn.

Though down-trampled in the dust  
By the traitor's cruel heel,  
Mankind's cause ye hold in trust—  
Yield it not for rack or wheel.

*Spaniards! yield not to despair, &c.*

Hunted from your native strand  
By the blood-hounds Hate and Fear,  
Sink not yet, high-hearted band,  
Your redemption draweth near.

*Spaniards! yield not to despair, &c.*

Lo! yon perjured caitiff slaves,  
While they clench their country's chain,  
Tremble even amidst the graves  
Of the victims they have slain!

*Spaniards! yield not to despair, &c.*

Let them tremble!—they have cause  
Loudest when they rant and boast;  
Freedom on her march may pause,  
But her battle ne'er is lost.

*Spaniards! yield not to despair, &c.*

Though the serviles' bitter taunt  
Sting you like a viper foul,  
Though Despair and Famine gaunt  
Like hyænas round you howl—

*Spaniards! yield not to despair, &c.*

Though your dearest blood may flow  
On the scaffold or the plain—  
Though your bravest be laid low  
Ere their country rise again—

*Spaniards! yield not to despair, &c.*

Ne'er in vain the patriot dies—  
Pours he not life's fountain free  
Servile millions to baptize  
Proselytes of LIBERTY!

*Spaniards! yield not to despair, &c.*

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## LAW AS IT IS.

“ Et j’ai toujours été nourri, par feu mon père,  
 Dans la crainte de Dieu, Monsieur, et des serjents.”—*Plaideurs*.

“ Illam veterem judiciorum vim, gravitatemque.”—*Cicero in Q. Cæcilium*.

“ NOTWITHSTANDING the unity of human nature,” says J. J. Rousseau, and the remark has escaped the sagacity of many politicians, wise in their own estimation, “ man, modified by religions and governments, laws, customs, prejudices, and climates, becomes so different from himself, that we should not inquire what is good for him in the abstract, but what, in each particular age and country, may best befit his peculiar condition.”\* It is, as I am inclined to think, from a neglect of this very philosophical consideration, that so many wiseacres in the present generation presume to find fault with the laws of these realms and their administration. Formerly, the English law was universally admitted to be the perfection of reason; its dicta were as unquestioned as the thirty-nine articles; and it would have been difficult to find a single native so lost to all pride and patriotism, as not to glorify himself in the sight of foreigners on the superiority of the judicial institutions of his own happy land. Now, however, the case is very much altered. Every body in these days affects to understand every thing, and to reject with disdain whatever passes the narrow limits of his own comprehension. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico* is reversed, and nothing is allowed to pass muster, as consonant to common sense, that is not as plain as that type of all clearness and evidence, a pike-staff. For this rage of examination nothing is too sacred, and every puny whipster must needs break a lance against “ old father antic, the Law,” and invoke new brooms† to sweep out his Augean stables at Westminster Hall. It is not enough that the leader of the Opposition should have done his best to speak the old gentleman to death; that Eldon should have doubted him into ill-repute; that Humphries and Wellesley should have thrown their pamphlets in his face, but Daniel O’Connell must also take up the quarrel, and abuse his best friend, in good set terms, at all public meetings, with as little mercy as if the poor fellow had been a brother Associator. For my own part, though the utilitarian reviewers should toss me on both the horns of a dilemma, and their protagonist, Mr. Bentham, should set me down as an arrant fee-taker, I will hold fast by the faith of my ancestors, nor doubt for a single moment, that in this department at least of human affairs, whatever is, is right. Not that I would presume to gainsay any of the facts set forth by the modern op-pugners of existing practices. The law, I admit, is very far indeed from that ideal and abstract perfection which certain theorists, or *idéologues*, as Napoleon would have called them, have laid down for a Procrustean bed, upon which the jurisprudence of all countries should rigorously be cut. It is perfectly true that delay, expense, and uncertainty are the especial characteristics of our judicial proceedings; that “ law is a bottomless pit;” and that our code is so multifarious and complex, that the Devil himself, the primeval lawyer, and great first cause of legisla-

\* Letter to D’Alembert on the Theatre.

† Quere, Broughams?”—*Printer’s Devil*.



tion, could not give an opinion on very many of its cases which would be *omni exceptione majus*; that is, out of the reach of a contrary decision. All this, and much more, may with perfect truth be cast in the teeth of law as it is, and would form a most legitimate objection to its unreformed continuance, if the law were intended for the use of the Utopians. The Utopians are a very particular race of persons, unlike every one else: they are so very nice in their sentiments and feelings, and so tender in their honour, that nothing but the best, either in the moral or natural world, will serve their turn. What a pity it is they should have separated themselves from all intercourse with European nations! Though, to confess the truth, I am not without my suspicions that these excellent people must be very dull. Be that, however, as it may, they certainly would have great reason to complain, if, on carrying our victorious arms into their country, we should insist on inflicting upon them "Vesey's Reports" and the "Statutes at Large" as the measures of their rights and actions. But the laws of England are made for Englishmen; and this consideration gives the question altogether a different colour. Circumstances, which otherwise might have passed for blemishes, thus viewed, appear in their true light, as the peculiar excellencies and perfections of a well-weighed and profoundly-calculated system of adaptations and compensations. Just so the coat of an ill-shapen dwarf, taken *per se*, and *quatenus* coat, would do little honour to a Stultz, and would never answer as a type of coats in general, to be observed by all manner of tailors within the kingdom of England, and our good town of Berwick-upon-Tweed. But when considered in relation to him for whose especial comfort it is imagined, with all its nice congruities of slope and protuberance corresponding to the respective irregularities of contour in the outward man of the aforesaid note of interrogation, the coat becomes at once a good coat—or, if we may so speak, a practical coat, the only coat suited to the circumstances of the man, and, in one word, the very *ne plus ultra* of coatification.

The first principle laid down by the modern philosophers is, that laws should be constructed to promote the greatest happiness of the greatest number; and on this point they have joined issue with the body corporate of the Edinburgh Review. But who the devil told them that the people of England cared three straws for the happiness of the greatest number? Experience, I am sure, would have taught them a very different story. The greater number are the mob, the populace, the scum of the earth, and are bound to be content, full or fasting, with half a loaf, or no bread, as accident may determine. Englishmen are all for castes, categories, and corporations; and they take no thought whatever of the general good, except in as far as it may happen to coincide with that of some one or other of these bodies. Ask the landlords, for instance, if they care a brass button for the greatest good of the manufacturers. Ask the manufacturers if they trouble their head about the landlords getting a farthing of rent. Ask the partizans of Ascendency if they ever thought of the greatest happiness of the Irish Catholics, except when they consigned them to a little eternal punishment, here and hereafter, for the good of their souls. What on earth have the whole people of England to do with the greatest happiness of seven millions of Irishmen, or I know not how many millions of Hindoos? What have the established Clergy to do with the greatest happiness of



the Dissenters, or the master manufacturers with that of their operatives? or the petitioners to the insolvent courts with that of their creditors? Does the peer put his *order* on one side, when it is opposed to the greatest good of the commons? Are the R. A.'s particularly addicted to promoting the greatest good of the rest of their profession?\* or the Council of the Society of Antiquarians busily pursuing the greatest good to be derived to mankind from their association? Do the electors in rotten boroughs seek the greatest good of their fellow-citizens? or do their nominees seek the greatest good of their constituents? Do porter-brewers seek the greatest good of their customers? or the licensing magistrates the greatest good of the districts committed to their charge? No, no; from the highest to the lowest, every one is for himself, purely and singly seeking his own special advantage; and esteeming that law as the best which, by the greatest obliquity of purpose, pours the tide of riches and power, by the shortest cut, into his own bosom, to the misery and discomfort of the rest of his fellow-citizens. To a society thus constituted, the greatest-happiness principle must be an unfruitful jargon; and a Benthean code would sit on it as gracefully and as usefully as a pair of spectacles on a man without a nose. The people would understand it, "*comme un bœuf à jouer de l'épinette.*"\* The laws as they are, on the contrary, dovetail and harmonize with the nature and habits of the people, and are in perfect conformity with their wishes and desires. They are so wisely and happily constructed, that every especial interest is duly protected, in every case in which its representatives can afford to pay for the protection. They are as aristocratical as the people for whom they are made; and they tend as little to the general good: so that one might sing to the two, with Don Carlos, in the *Duenna*, "Sure a pair were never seen so justly form'd to meet by nature."

But, to descend from generals, to those common soldiers of an argumental warfare, particulars: one great objection urged against the law, as it now stands, is the expense of its proceedings, which operates in many cases as a bar to justice, and is a direct violation of the *nulli vendemus* clause of Magna Charta. Now had the laws been made for the Utopians, this would have been a serious evil; for the Utopians always desire to get the value for their money; and are so slow of intellect as to be incapable of perceiving the merit of high prices, whether it be of law or corn. Not so your Englishman, who esteems every thing according to its cost; and would think himself out of the protection of the law, if every common fellow could have as much of it as himself. The lawyers, indeed, who "doat on a sweet bit of" subterfuge, and never tell the truth when they can help it, purely to show their ingenuity,—the lawyers aver that expense is employed as an wholesome check on that spirit of litigation, to which Englishmen (owing, probably, to the quantity of Norman blood which circulates in their veins,) are prone, to a degree which is highly prejudicial to their temporal welfare, and to their happiness in the world to come. Indeed, it must be confessed, that there is no sermon on the text of "peace on earth and good-will to men," by any means comparable, to a well con-

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\* The hatred of a Royal Academician to the brother out of the pale flogs the *odium theologicum* hollow.

† "As pigs play on organs."



structed attorney's bill of costs. This, however, is but a collateral advantage ; the real and true merit of expensive justice, as it respects my honoured countrymen, lies, as I have already hinted, in its aristocratical tendency. Little did John Horne Tooke understand the true value of his aphorism, when he compared the law to the London Tavern. The law is, indeed, like that high-priced place of entertainment ; and an Englishman haunts them both for the same reason,—namely, because he expects not to be jostled there by his inferiors, but looks to be handsomely and respectfully treated for his money. In a country like England, whose institutions, habits, and manners, all repose upon privilege and a difference of ranks, in which a lord is a seraph, a justice of peace a demigod, and a clergyman an incorporated orator of the divinity, cheap justice would be the greatest of incongruities. It would overthrow every thing, bring the higher classes into contempt, endanger the throne and altar, and put social order, as an indictment would say, in fear of its life. Cheap justice is essentially equality, and equality is—but you may find all that in Burke, whose vivid imagination and subtile dialectics were made on purpose to constitute a statesman after the genuine Englishman's own heart. With cheap justice, moreover, the law officers could never become rich ; without rich law officers, the peerage would want the democratic infusion that should renovate its impaired vigour,—and without this renovation the balance of power in the constitution, in which every one knows that the peculiar excellence of the British form of government essentially resides, would be irretrievably deranged. The law lords are, as it were, by nature's own appointment, the sense-keepers of the upper house ; and how could they maintain “the decent splendour” even of their voluminous wigs, if cheap justice stood sentinel between them and their fees ? If the law were cheap, it could never be complex ; for attorneys would then have no interest in the maintenance of suits. Compromises and arbitrations would supersede all debates on obscure points of law ; and on plain cases, no contrary decisions could be obtained, without which a suit in the King's Bench would be as beaten a tract as the King's highway. With cheap and accessible justice, the meanest rights would be respected, and the foundations of arbitrary power cut from under the feet of the village tyrant ; nor would those habits of deference be developed which prepare the people for a blind submission to the caprices of the higher authorities. In such an unhappy condition of things, a justice of peace would be as amenable to rebuke for misconduct as the commonest poacher ; and then, where should we get our unpaid magistracy, whose disinterested benevolence is at least equal to their knowledge of law ?

Next to the dearness of law as it is, there is nothing puts a genuine Benthamite into such a transcendental passion, as the multiplicity of its fictions ; and this, too, in the face of that notorious dislike all Englishmen, worthy of the name, entertain for every thing in the shape of political truth. Here, again, their precious theories are all referable to Utopia, and show as much ignorance of the present state of thinking in these realms, as if the authors had lived, wrote, and had their being in China, or the moon. What is the British Constitution itself, the pride and glory of every honest believer in Blackstone, but a fiction ? What is its fundamental maxim of representation coextensive with taxation, but an unreal mockery ? What is the castellated protection of every



man's house, but a base pretence, set at nought by every petty excise-man, and almost daily invaded by the tax-gatherer? Are not the clergy, too, by a fiction, the church? and select vestries, by a fiction, the parish? Now, not one of these imaginings could be maintained for five minutes in any nation which possessed the slightest respect for truth in matters of government, and which did not value the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments" beyond a whole encyclopædia of demonstrative evidence. In this respect the law is genuinely English, and might be said, if the term were not more strong than reputable, to pander to the natural predilections of the nation, for whose use it exists; insomuch that John Doe, Richard Roe, and the formidable Mr. Thrustout, belong as appropriately to England, as pantaloons to Venice, or the facetious Polchinello to the Lazzaroni of Naples. And here I cannot but digress to remark upon the happy adaptation of the law of libel to the wants of the people. In a criminal prosecution we all know that truth is no justification of a writing, or rather that it is an aggravation of its criminality. But, as there are, even in England, some simple-minded persons who would be shocked to acknowledge that truth was thus hunted down purely for its own sake, the law in a tender condescendence to human infirmity, comes in to the relief of delicate consciences, by the averment that a man is more likely to take offence at a just imputation, than at a scandalous and false charge; and also that the whole and sole end of such prosecutions is to prevent the defendant from getting a knock-down blow, or to protect his seat of honour from recalcitrant invasion. The real object, however, is not the less to prevent the spread of dangerous verities, and to preserve the people at large in that confusion of intellect, which, being most congenial to their nature and destiny, is most likely to keep them in a state of contentment and tranquillity. In the search after this desirable end, the people and the government agree, like the piston and cylinder of a steam-engine. Accordingly, all tendency to free inquiry is checked as much by public opinion as by law: and there are cases in which popular fury gets the start of the Attorney-general, and rushes in where that angelic functionary would fear to tread. The very term free-thinker, which ought to designate every individual member of a free state, is made an especial note of infamy, disqualifying the person to whom it is attached for all the charities of civilized life; from which it is apparent that the offence lies not in the nature of a man's thoughts, but in his presuming to take the liberty of thinking at all, out of the rail-road trams of authority. Jew, Turk, or heretic, Sir, as much as you please; burn your women with the Hindoo, and welcome; or cast yourself under the wheels of Juggernaut, "si cela vous fait plaisir;" but to turn freethinker! oh fie! you had better break all the ten commandments into a thousand pieces at one smash. Whatever other imperfections may be found in the the libel law, no one can say that it is not admirably contrived for checking this impertinent blurring out of offensive truths, which, by throwing partial lights upon public affairs, destroys the harmony of colouring in a picture, of which a misty vagueness is the especial characteristic. The law of libel, I take it, is the perfection of legal wisdom. Truth is violated and derided by it from beginning to end; till, in the uncertainty of its application, libel may be defined a circle whose centre is everywhere and circumference no where, and whose boundaries are co-ex-



tensive with the universe. In the first place, the plea of a breach of peace is false; in the next, the public prosecutor's pathetic avowal of his love for the liberty of the press in the abstract, is false. The jury's right to decide on the law of the case is rendered imaginary and null by the voluntary interference of the judge; the inference of intention, from mutilated passages in the work attacked, is often false, and always suspicious; and lastly, the pretence that the press is free, as long as it is not chained and tied down by proceedings preliminary to publication, is false to a degree which passeth all understanding. All this, I acknowledge, would put the Utopians into a state of open rebellion, if there were such an officer as the Attorney-general in their legal hierarchy, and if he should dare to promulgate such dicta for their government. But, in England, it all passes as a matter of course; and if a *diabolus regis*, scarlet with rage, were to ask a jury to convict St. Paul, or to find Cocker's Arithmetic to be treason, he would have very little difficulty in succeeding to his heart's content,—a sure proof that these proceedings are agreeable to the nature of an Englishman's temperament, and are perfectly in harmony with his feelings and his necessities. "Puis, vous fiez à ces Justinians de tous les diables,"\* the Benthamites.

In Utopia, the laws are so simple, that the statute-book is consulted just like the multiplication-table; and a man would as soon go to a lawyer for the application of the one as the other. He turns to the page himself, applicable to his case, and if he finds the law to be against him, he gives up at once; for, being certain of losing his suit, he is laudably anxious to avoid losing the expenses of litigation into the bargain. How lamentably ill-suited such a code would be for an Englishman, I need not declare. The English are a gambling nation. Not to speak of Crockford and his brethren in St. James's-street, there are the stock markets, foreign and British, the sugar market, the grain market, the cotton and indigo markets, *cum multis aliis*, all made for the sole purpose of gambling. Besides these, our merchants gamble in adventures to Mexico and Peru, gamble at Lloyd's, gamble in South American mines; and lastly, and beyond all other gambling, the Englishman gambles in Chancery. These, however, are luxuries for the rich alone; but the law has its "little goes," and opens a field of speculation both for high and low. The criminal law is a pure game of chance, in which, if the pull of the table is against the felon, and ensures his ruin in the long run, yet it offers so many advantages on each particular throw, that it is hard indeed if a man is not tempted to try his luck. So admirably is this code constructed for encouraging offenders, that one is tempted to wonder how any man can be convicted, unless, indeed, he happen to be innocent. The uncertainty of the law opens another branch of speculation to the informer, which keeps the whole tribe of tradesmen, more especially, in a state of agreeable excitement. Who, in any class of life, can tell that, within any given ten minutes of his existence, he has not (perhaps even in his sleep) violated some obsolete statute, and laid himself open to a *qui tam* prosecution? This effectually prevents that "dull suspense from pleasure and from pain," to which Englishmen are so proverbially liable; and it forms a

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\* "And after this, place your trust in those 'Devil's own' Justinians."—*Rabelais*.



rare remedy against blue devils and prussic acid in November. Of all the parties affected by the civil code of England, the landholders are the most deeply concerned in its dispensations. There are estates to which all the conveyancers in Lincoln's Inn could not make a good title; and there are very few properties in which the attorney's bill of costs does not abstract a good round per-centage from the annual rental. But as the landholders have the legislature in their own hands, (which is abundantly proved by the whole law of landlord and tenant,) it follows, like a corollary in Euclid, that they are perfectly satisfied with things as they are; and consider the being in Chancery as an aristocratic distinction, and being over head and ears in law as a pastime, like that of shooting partridges, too good for a proletarian.

From these, and a thousand other considerations which I forbear to enumerate, there can be no question that the law of England is, in all its branches, the very best law which, under the circumstances of the nation, could be offered to its acceptance. Let the Benthamites say what they please, *the greatest misery-men* are right. A true-born Englishman would be the wretchedest creature in existence, if he had no one to look up to, or nothing to complain of. The British constitution was made "pour plusieurs," and not "pour tous;"\* and laws constructed for the good of all would be at utter variance with its principles and its practice. Vide Quarterly Review *passim*; also pamphlets in favour of corn laws, game laws, East India monopoly, &c. and the leading articles of all the Tory newspapers for the last thirty years.

M.

## A LAMENT FOR LONDON.

———"Fuit Ilium et ingens  
Gloria Teucrorum."

VIRGIL.

How are the mighty fallen! raise the song  
O'er humbled London, once of high renown,  
Which, "in its pride of place," abided long,  
But now is gone for ever—out of town.  
Earth's vales are strew'd with mountain degradations,  
Its plains disgorge the mighty Mammoth's bones,  
History's an *hortus siccus* of dead nations,  
And heaven itself for many a lost star moans.  
Thebes, with its hundred gates, is gone to pot;  
Troy but in Homer lives, and doctors' shops;†  
An earthquake levell'd Lisbon like a shot,  
And piecemeal Venice in the water drops;  
All things submit to change, as Time's long flight  
The most substantial of man's dreams deranges;  
No wonder, then, that London's in this plight,  
With all its (royal, corn, and stock Ex)-changes.  
Where'er one goes, through all its thousand streets,  
Some remnant of its fallen state is there,  
Some by-gone note of greatness still one meets,  
In every alley, court, and place, and square.

\* That is—"for the privileged, and not for the community."

† Apothecary's wares are sold by troy weight.



Thames's soft wave no longer bathes the Strand,  
 And museless are the Mews at Charing Cross ;  
 In Fleet Street fleets no longer seek the land,  
 And Cheapside's grown too dear,—to all our loss.

'Tis long since Hatton Garden own'd a flower,  
 Long since Duke's Place has lodged a real duke ;  
 The Barbican no more can sport its tower,  
 Nor has Pye Corner left one savoury nook.

Mary la Bonne (I grieve to tell her shame,)  
 Has many naughty Marys in her bounds ;  
 Bird Court's no longer noted for its game,  
 And Houndsditch gives no drink to thirsty hounds.

The ducks have from the Poultry flown away,  
 (Though some may yet be found in Capel Court ;)   
 May Fair has ceased to hold its fair in May,  
 And silent in Pall-Mall's the racket's sport.

Poor Swallow-street ! itself is swallow'd quick ;  
 And Lad Lane—fam'd for *mails*—is grown, *alas !* \*  
 Aged and dark, as aught of lime and brick,  
 And Field Lane's guiltless of one blade of grass.

Bold Bucklersbury nought could shield from fate,  
 (Bucks, bucklers, buckles, all must buckle to ;)  
 The New Road now is somewhat out of date,  
 While Old-street Road, Macadamized, is new.

Moor Fields—ah ! well-a-day ! are fields no more ;  
 Lud, ancient monarch, too, his gate has lost ;  
 Mount Pleasant all the cockneys vote a bore,  
 And dingy Snow Hill shows no hue of frost.

Her royal merchants, once great London's vaunt,  
 Have emigrated far, to—Russell Square ;  
 And, having bought or sold their omnium, jaunt,  
 In omnibuses, to politer air.

Her bridge of ancient days has had its day,  
 (Its waterfall the barge no longer jars ;)  
 And all her shops have pass'd and gone away,  
 Changed to emporiums, marts, bureaux, bazaars.

Old Thames itself of half its course is *dock'd* ;  
 Its dolphins poison'd, too, were lately found :  
 And, undermined and bored, Brunel it shock'd,  
 By taking sudden shelter under ground.

Farewell to London ! in a future age,  
 Some venturous travellers may explore its site,  
 When English voyaging may be the rage,  
 As we in Africa and Greece delight.

Of all its inns they'll hardly find a sign,  
 While horses feed where now recline Lord Mayors ;  
 Its *port* destroy'd, they'll haply miss their wine,  
 And, hungering, *grub* o'er Hungerford's lost stairs.

Where, whilom, Southwark woo'd the summer's gale,  
 Foxes may *burrow*, under many a ruin ;  
 And on that spot where Calvert brews his ale,  
 These travellers may find another *bruin* !

M.

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\* Quere, "a lass?"—*Printer*.



## ANECDOTES OF RUSSIA.

Moscow in 1828 is by no means the same as Moscow fifty years ago. The very style, the splendour and magnificence have changed, and we must view the new city in a very different light from the old. Moscow, which the Russians call Moskua, is neither so ancient as Novogorod, Kioff, Wolodimer, or Twer; for it was in these cities that the Czars of Russia formerly resided, and the ground on which the second capital of Russia now stands belonged, in those days, to a private individual. The origin of this city I imagine to be the following, although numerous authors are of a different opinion.—In the year 1147, Woldimer Monomaka resided at Kioff; his son George, a youth of great promise, was insulted by Stephen Kutchko. The aggressor was condemned to death, and his property confiscated; and it was on this property that, in after-times, Moscow was built. In those days, the Neglina,\* a small river, emptied itself into the Moskowa; and it was at the junction of these rivers that the infant city was begun, taking its name from the larger river. At the death of George, his son Andrew increased the infant capital; but under his successors it was so neglected, that when, in 1295, Daniel, in the division of the empire, received the Duchy of Moscovie, it became necessary again, if I may use the expression, to refound the city. Daniel not only did this, but he embellished it with splendid buildings, and finally fixed his residence in the city.

The ground on which the Kremlin now stands was in those days covered with woods and marshes, in the middle of which stood a small wooden hut, built upon a little island. The situation of the Kremlin was well chosen; the island was nearly the highest ground in the vicinity, and, independent of its imposing appearance, was well calculated for defence. Churches were built; for in those times churches and monasteries were primary objects.† When some other buildings had been added, the ground was enclosed by palisades. It was here that Daniel fixed his residence, which, when he became the inheritor of the Grand Duchy of Wolodimer, in 1300, he did not desert, thus fixing the capital of Russia in Moscow. His successors followed his example; and, in 1367, Demetrius surrounded the Kremlin (which means, in Russian, “a fortress,”) with a brick wall. It was taken by Tamerlane in 1382; but soon deserted by him, when it was retaken by the Russians: it was then taken by the Tartars, who, in the fourteenth and fifteenth century, overran the greatest part of Russia; nor were they finally driven from Moscow until the reign of Ivan Basilowitsch. It is to this prince that Moscow was indebted for its splendour and magnificence; and notwithstanding later disasters, it still retains the traces of former grandeur and former wealth. In the time of Peter the Great, and since, Moscow has been the general rendezvous of the Russian nobles who are either in disgrace at, or do not frequent the Court: here, before the French invasion, they were enabled to pass their lives in opulence and retirement; and if the different travellers of those times are

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\* The Neglina is now covered over, and on the arches the garden of the Kremlin has been made.

† Chantreau.



to be credited, Moscow was the place to see Russian grandeur in all its magnificence. Its extent was immense, and its circumference, within the ramparts, estimated at thirty-nine wersts, or about twenty-six miles; but this amazing circle was never properly filled with buildings, and the population was much too small for so extended a city. Busching, who resided a long time in Russia, made the following estimate of the city and its population in 1770:—"It contained 708 houses built of brick, 11,840 houses of wood; 85,731 male inhabitants, and 67,000 females; making only 152,790."\* Some Russians, about this time, with a wonderful power of invention and multiplication, estimated the population at 500,000. Both accounts are most probably in extremes, for in a census taken by the police in 1780, the return amounted to 250,000, which is most likely to be correct.

The city of Moscow, although vast in its circumference, and splendid in some parts of the interior, had yet a large waste, which suddenly struck the eye. From the magnificent palaces on the Terskoi, a very few steps led to dirty, miry, stinking places, here and there incumbered with a wooden hut, and showing inhabitants wallowing in all the filth and all the luxury of pigs. A short turn brought to view lofty churches, the domes of which, covered either with brass or copper, reflected the light of Heaven over half the town; above was the crescent, surmounted by the cross, which in all the churches of Moscow is still distinguishable. Dr. King gives the following explanation of this singular occurrence. "When the Tartars were the masters of Russia for nearly two centuries, they changed the Christian churches into mosques, and thereon fixed the crescent, the symbol of Mahometanism. The Grand Duke Ivan Basilowitsch having, in his turn, driven the Tartars from Russia, and restored the churches to their original use, planted the cross over the golden crescent as a trophy of his victory." To this day, on almost every church in Moscow, the crescent and the cross are to be seen glittering in the sunbeams, and will, in all probability, so continue for a hundred years to come. Such was Moscow before the French invasion—a city of thirty-nine wersts in circumference, 250,000 inhabitants, with 341 churches and convents, with a great trade, an active populace, and rich nobility. The burning of Moscow levelled with the ground almost every house on the southern side of the Moskowa; nor has time, nor the rebuilding of the city, obliterated entirely the marks of that terrible conflagration. In many of the more retired parts, the blackened walls bear witness of the destructive fire; while the wooden houses, nearly in the whole 11,840, fell by the devouring element. It is needless to mention the ruin which followed. People of comparative opulence were reduced to absolute poverty; while the fortunes of the rich suffered such a fall, that to this day none have perfectly recovered. But from the ashes of the old, the new Moscow has arisen: in seventeen years, a city has been built equally large in its circumference, equally grand in its architecture, nearly as populous, and twice as durable. The wooden houses are of an insignificantly small number: those burnt have been replaced by handsome buildings of brick and stone; the Kremlin has been repaired; the arsenal newly

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\* Laveau says it only contained 9158, of which 6341 were burnt, and that since that period 8027 have been built: he estimates the circumference now at 40 wersts.



constructed ; and the whole city may justly be called a living wonder of what industry and perseverance, labour and talent, can accomplish in a short portion of a man's life ; on the northern side of the Moskowa it was not so much damaged as the southern. Luckily, one of the most splendid monuments of strange inventions has escaped unhurt, amidst the almost general destruction—I refer to the church of the Holy Virgin, called sometimes Vassili Blagennoi, opposite the gate of the Spaskoi, in the Kitaigorod. It was built by the desire of John the Terrible, in consequence of the victory gained by him at Kasan. They have a tradition, that John caused the architect to lose his eyes, in order that this extraordinary production should remain the *chef-d'œuvre* of his art. It contains within itself nineteen different chapels, and its exterior baffles all description. It is thus mentioned by Laveau :—" C'est sans contredit l'édifice le plus extraordinaire qu'ait pu produire l'imagination d'un architecte. Le grand nombre de ses coupoles bulbeuses, différentes toutes entr'elles par quelques détails dans leur contour, ou dans leur ornemens, sa flèche d'une forme bizarre et la bigarrure des couleurs dont elle est revêtue extérieurement excitent, au milieu de toutes les incohérences, et de tous les contrastes dont on est frappé, un sentiment profond d'intérêt et d'admiration." The church is well placed, for in the situation in which it stands, it commands a view of the most interesting part of Moscow. On one side is the Kremlin, in its rear the Moskowa ; but it is to be regretted that some late speculators have erected houses which very nearly shut the church out, as regards the view of the river. In its front is the famous statue of Minin and Pojarskoi ; a work in bronze, well executed and colossal, the work of a Russian artist named Martoss. It represents Minin urging the Prince Pojarski to free his country, then invaded by the Poles, and giving his wealth to further the heroic enterprise—the statue is well placed, and, as Ancelot says, " produit un bel effet sur cette place, qui, bien que bornée, présente un des tableaux les plus intéressans qu'on puisse rencontrer à Moscow." On the fourth side of the square are the fifty-five open galleries of the bazaar, which are named according to the different articles therein exposed for sale.

The Kremlin, the name of which is supposed to have been taken from the Tartar word, Krem, or Krin,\* (fortress,) is situated on a rising ground, but by no means the highest in Moscow, as affirmed by a score of writers : it is in the form of a triangle, surrounded by a high wall of brick, flanked by towers at each angle, and about three wersts in circumference. It contains five cathedrals, a misnamed palace, or two ; and nunneries, the inhabitants of which make more use of their eyes, than their knees, and are oftener found in the city than in their cells ; an arsenal, containing all the crowns and regalia that Russia kindly now marks as her own ; with all the splendid rags worn by the Czars during their coronation, and a pair of Paul's dress boots, very closely resembling those of a French postilion, and the litter in which Charles XII. was carried at the battle of Pultowa ; to these add the never-to-be-forgotten throne of Abbas Mirza. Jewels of great value are here in holy keeping ; and outside of the arsenal, ranged in regular lines, trophies won by the climate of Russia, in the shape of numerous guns left

\* Chantreau.



and taken from the French. To these add the tower of Ivan Vélikoï, (John the Great,) and the great bell. There is no doubt but that it is a very great bell, but it is kept in a very dirty, wet, disagreeable dark hole; and, as the lower rim is covered with water, and the place is so dark that one can scarcely see a yard in front, the great bell must be described by other travellers, whose eyes, resembling those of cats, may be able to see in the dark. Boris Godonoff, who waded through a few crimes to usurp a throne, thought to atone for past misdemeanours, and gain everlasting happiness, by giving to the cathedral of Moscow a bell of 288,000 lbs. weight. The Empress Ann, who had very few public sins to regret, still thought to outdo all the sovereigns of Russia in true Christian piety, had the bell recast, and added thereto 2000 *pounds*\* more metal, so that this truly pious offering, this *atonement* for past sins, public and private, now weighs, or did weigh, 368,000 lbs. more or less, making, without doubt, the largest and most useless bell in the world. This noisy mass was once properly placed in its belfry—but the belfry was destroyed by fire; down fell the religion of Godonoff and Ann into the hole, from which it has never been released by the piety even of Alexander. In its fall it was broken, leaving an aperture, by which two people, who defy filth of all sorts, wet feet, and consequently colds, (which Granville says are not known in Russia, but are indigenous to London,) may enter. Whether this bell is a national monument of bigotry, stupidity, or pride, I leave all steady, proper-minded people to decide. It fell, as some say, into the place where it was first cast, but this is certainly an error; be that as it may, you are now obliged to have a plank lifted up, and run the risk of breaking your neck in descending a wet, slippery, and broken ladder. I was more gratified in ascending to the summit of the tower of the Ivan Vélikoï. The view here, although inferior, in my humble opinion, to that from the church of St. Nicetas the Martyr, is still uncommonly grand and imposing. At your feet the Moskowa (in Summer) rapidly hurries along its muddy waters; large rafts conveying wood for the stoves seem to occupy half the river. Here glide amazing barges for the conveyance of corn, with about 50,000 pigeons in each, eating most voraciously, to the no small diminution of property, and unmolested by the boatmen: religion, or absurd squeamishness, is the reason. Some writers affirm, that the Russians abstain from killing pigeons, because the Holy Ghost appeared in the shape of a dove. The lower orders are ignorant enough for any thing; but I have seen a certain prince eye the legs of a pigeon, as they peeped invitingly through the crust of a pie, with evident delight, and feast upon the bird afterwards; but it must be admitted that, with high or low, pigeons are not usually articles of food, but are generally respected—in all my rambles through the markets, I never remember seeing one for sale.

The city of Moscow surrounds the Kremlin, and the summit of the tower, above alluded to, offers a view as novel as imposing, the churches within the Kremlin walls being quite in the Oriental style, while the arsenal and the surrounding houses are exactly the contrary. I do not think that any length of time can obliterate from my memory the impressions of gratification and delight I experienced in

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\* A poud is between 18 and 19 lbs.



tracing from the tower (in imagination) the advance and retreat of the French army. The view first offered to the besiegers in passing the Sparrow Hills must have been equally splendid and satisfactory.

The celebrated garden of the Countess Orloff would occupy a very conspicuous part in a panorama view from the Kremlin; but, alas! this garden, the pride of former days, has been allowed to fall into decay. The walks are no longer kept in the clean and elegant order alluded to by former travellers, the house seems soliciting another coating of whitewash and plaster, and the pictures, so celebrated, have passed to other hands. The owner of this magnificent residence, long since disgusted with the sins of this naughty, wicked world, has retired to some more obscure retreat, and there, surrounded by obliging priests, she passes her life in prayer and religious meditation, accompanied by pious offerings, and rich presents to the clergy.

In another point of view stands the magnificent building of the “*Enfants-trouvés*,” called more generally in Moscow, “*La maison impériale d’éducation* ;” because, not only are children of crime admitted, but poor orphans also may share the benefit of this excellent institution. It was built in 1762, by Catharine II. and the late Empress-mother extended the building, and formed it on a plan certainly unrivalled in Europe. It is useless to describe the building, but an idea of its magnitude may be formed, by knowing that it has no less than 2228 windows. It stands on the banks of the Moskowa, and is surrounded by a high brick wall. The interior arrangement may be better worth describing. There is a small room on the *Rez de Chaussée*, occupied by the clerks of the establishment, who remain in readiness to receive any new comer in the shape of an infant; and, in the room adjoining, there are always two or three nurses in attendance. Whoever brings the new candidate rings the bell at a small door leading into the secretary’s apartment; the door is opened by a nurse, who takes the infant immediately; the name which the squaller is afterwards to be known by, is marked in the book kept for that purpose, and a ticket, with the number corresponding to the number on the books where the name stands, is hung round the infant’s neck. The only questions asked, are, if the child is christened,—or what is to be its name? A priest attends every evening at five o’clock, and admits all the little urchins into the pale of Christianity. The instant the clerks have done their duty, the children are removed to the next room, where they are stripped of their miserable rags, washed, and swathed,\* during the infliction of which they give ample proof of their being alive, and squall most lustily. This ceremony concluded, they are removed *au quatrième*, on which floor are eleven rooms, occupied entirely by nurses and infants. At the side of each bed is a cradle; the traveller is here struck by the excessive cleanliness of the nurses, and the rooms. No one who has not seen a Russian of the lower order can have the least idea of the filth in which he or she commonly lives,—dirt, dirt, in every place, and every garment,—but the instant a female is made an inmate of this establishment as a nurse, she becomes clean in her person,

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\* “*Ils ne sont point emmaillotés, on les laisse libres dans leur langes.*” This is a mistake of Chantreau’s; I saw the children as red as lobsters undergoing the infliction.



and careful that the same cleanliness should be conspicuous in every part under her superintendence. I certainly never saw any establishment in such delightful order as the *Enfans-trouvés* in Moscow. The contrivance for the washing was admirable, and, notwithstanding the general difficulty of continued cleanliness where forty or fifty children are domiciled, yet here the floor was as clean as a mahogany-table in a gentleman's parlour in England.

*Au troisième* contains the sleeping apartments of those children emancipated from infancy. On the first floor are the workshops, the dining-rooms, &c. and likewise some apartments for the superiors of the house; on the *rez de chaussée*, are the kitchens, &c.

In 1828, between the 1st of January and the 4th of October, 4186 had been admitted, and four more about five hours old made their *entrées* while I was examining the books. Dependent on this charity there were 21,000 people: and here I may remark how very few children they rear; for instance, allowing on the average that only 4000 are admitted each year, and that they are discharged at the age of twenty, in that time 80,000 children must have been admitted, so that the 21,000 remaining will only be a fourth, or so, of the whole. What are become of the rest? This is the only secret of the establishment, and this is the only question to which I did not receive a satisfactory answer. When I state that there are 21,000 dependent upon, and belonging to the hospital, I state what I certainly do not believe, but merely what I was told; for, if in this amazing building they can only find room for 4000, I certainly cannot guess where the establishment is, in the vicinity of Moscow, to contain the other 14,000; indeed, according to Laveau, only 500 live in the establishment as pupils. According to their respective talents, they are distributed in the different classes. The boys are taught the Russian, Latin, German, and French languages, with history, &c. The girls are taught the above languages, with music, dancing, &c.; on leaving the establishment they become governesses in the interior of the empire, but they are not allowed to reside in either Moscow or Petersburg.

In this establishment all sorts of trades are taught: in one room you will find fifty or sixty tailors; in another, shoemakers, &c.: the girls are taught to embroider, to make lace, &c.; and the boys and girls who are confined to these trades, are urchins who have been admitted without any payment; while the above numbers, who are taught the different languages, are admitted as pensionaries, having had paid for them at their entrance 160 rubles, 100 of which go to the crown, and the 60 to the nurse; this is marked with red instead of black ink on the books, so that no mistake can arise.

On passing through the different rooms, the habitations of the young girls of six or seven years of age, I was extremely gratified in observing the respect and the affection manifested by them to the superior; they ran by her side, kissed her hand, and exhibited as much fondness as a child does to its mother. The good lady seemed very pleased at this mark of attachment, and embraced almost every child near which we happened to stop. I was led from room to room until a bell announced the hour of dinner. On entering the hall, I found myself in the presence of a hundred and sixty females; they were divided into six classes, each class in different colours from the other. They were



uncommonly neatly dressed, and appeared to possess unusually fine figures : this is occasioned by the stays constituting a part of the gown, the whalebone, instead of being inserted into the stays, is run into the dress ; nature has therefore a fair chance, and is rather assisted, than defied, as in this country. The whole assembly standing opposite their respective places, faced towards their God, (that was placed in a retired part of the room,) about the size of a quarto volume, covered with all sorts of metal but silver or gold. The grace was sung by the second class, all dressed in white, with red sashes, and very well it was executed ;—but here I am ill-natured enough to remark, that, in spite of the frequent signs of the cross, and the elegant bending of the body, the eyes of these fair females were more often turned towards man, in all his mortality, than to the highly-ornamented and useful representative of their God. They then sat down to dinner, which appeared to be wholesome, clean, and plentiful ; by the side of each class was a female attendant to enforce order if requisite. I was shown an English girl, to whom I spoke ; she answered in English, but pronounced it like a foreigner. This is the female in whose name the Marquis of Hertford deposited two thousand rubles in the Lombard, when that nobleman visited Moscow ; and it may be some satisfaction for him to know that his splendid liberality is remembered with gratitude by the receiver, and that the subject appears uppermost on the mind of her, who, when she is released from her present situation, will be enabled either to make a comfortable marriage, or become a partner in some business, without the drudgery of apprenticeship.

From the girls we went to the boys : the grace was sung as before, but apparently without half the real religion of the girls ; it was better executed as to voice. Down sat the greedy urchins, and with all the voracity of sharks they devoured the dinner. Quass was handed to each in succession, about a pint in quantity, and drained to the last drop in a second ; these illegally produced animals seemed to have been born with most capacious swallows. Notwithstanding the confinement, for they are never allowed to go outside of the walls, they looked comfortable, and were certainly well fed, clothed, and educated.

The establishment is decidedly the finest in the world : it received all the care and all the attention of the Empress-mother ; reports were made to her of every transaction connected with this charity, and every difficulty was followed by a remedy generally dictated by this amiable and excellent woman herself. It is impossible to speak too highly of the wife of the madman Paul, and we are willing to forget even the voice of scandal, in consideration of her numerous acts of munificence and charity. Her schools, her charities, her hospitals, and her attention to the Russians, will occupy a very conspicuous part in Russian history ; and her name will be long mentioned with respect, and long remembered by the poor, to whom she was a mother, a friend, and a protector. The present Empress has now taken all these establishments under her especial care.

But after all that I have said of this establishment, it is obviously an assistant of crime. To a poor Russian, child-bearing is rather a benefit. Independently of gratifying a desire, implanted in, and nurtured with as much warmth as in Italy, (notwithstanding Lord Byron's "The cold in clime, are cold in blood,") without the trammels of marriage—



independently of the gratification, "where love is liberty and nature law," the *Enfans-trouvés* becomes a premium for vice. The mother, instead of living upon black bread and wallowing in dirt, may become a nurse, and, if she is well-behaved, may continue for many years an inmate of the hospital; she will see her child brought up in comparative affluence, and, having once felt the benefit of the society, will certainly not be very long before she again contributes to the increase of its numbers. Why is virtue at so very low an ebb in Russia? why are almost all (I was very near writing *all*) of the lower classes accessible?—Why?—because child-bearing has to them no trouble, independent of its natural pain; and because, from the frequency of the occurrence, the stigma attendant on lost virtue has here lost its sting and its venom.—But here again I become an advocate for the establishment: the consequences in this country of believing and trusting love often become the primary cause of greater crimes—hence infanticide, hence a string of woes and miseries, crimes and vices, of no trifling extent.

My guide informed me, that, in spite of the care and education bestowed upon the boys, they very seldom answered the expectations of the governors; in general, he affirmed, they become worthless fellows; while the girls augment the numbers of the Emperor's subjects. Can it be expected that a young man, who has been cooped up from the hour of his birth to his twentieth year, will, after emancipation, with the benefit of a good education, walk steadily along the road of life? No! they find flatterers to their vanity; they find themselves possessed of the means of gratification; and shortly are they seduced from the narrow lane of virtue into the broad path of crime, and become, if not worthless, very little better, or very little to be trusted. Let not my readers believe that this splendid charity is confined to the lower orders of Russians, this would be a mistake indeed—the higher orders contribute their portion, and that very frequently. You will often see a lady come to *visit the establishment*; she will inquire for the wards containing children of such or such an age; she will examine the numbers round the necks of the infants; and after a pretty equally-distributed mark of affection, she will be observed to return to one—to fondle it with more anxiety—to watch its features—gaze on it with more affection, and to finish by giving ten or twenty rubles to the nurse to be careful of the bantling. Do you think, reader, this is occasioned by laudable charity or by maternal affection?

I must quit this subject. Moscow contains many hospitals, the charitable donations of noblemen—such as Gelitzin's and Chérimétieff's; in the former of which, in 1822, 558 men and 443 women were admitted—and, what is more singular, they almost all lived to come out again. This establishment forms a very striking picture in the view from the Kremlin. To these charities may be added the Hospitals of the Emperor Paul and Catharine, the Military School, the foundation of which was laid by Peter the Great, and the school of education for young ladies of the nobility. Barracks are numerous now, although, until the reign of Paul, the troops were always lodged on the inhabitants.

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## SKETCHES AND RECOLLECTIONS, NO. IV.

*Recollections of certain French Actors:—Talma.—Madame Garaudan.—Mademoiselle Bigottini.—Fanni Bias.*

“The players are come hither, my Lord.”—SHAKESPEARE.

THE death of a great poet or a great painter who has attained the plenitude of his power, and achieved his fame, is perhaps no very serious loss to the community. At the period of its occurrence it is acutely felt, because the EXTINCTION OF GENIUS is the most pithy sermon that can be read to us upon the most serious of subjects; and it is deeply deplored, because, had he who is taken from us existed longer, he might have bequeathed to us a richer legacy. But like all calamities which are accompanied with urgent motives of consolation, it is soon forgotten. The painter survives in the beautiful creations of his pencil: the sublime musings, or the witty conceptions, of the poet, are, to the world at large, the poet himself: and, except by those who in losing him are deprived of an agreeable acquaintance, or a valued friend, the individual is not long remembered even in his own generation; whilst, to the next, it becomes a matter of indifference, save only as a dry question of chronology, whether a Byron or a Lawrence adorned the nineteenth century or the fifteenth. Our enjoyment of “*Hamlet*,” “*Childe Harold*,” “*Don Juan*,” or “*The School for Scandal*,”—of the works of Titian or Vandyck, of Reynolds or of Lawrence, is little, if at all, diminished by the consideration that their glorious authors are no longer amongst us; the sum of human happiness dependent upon the pleasurable sensations derivable from works of literature or art, is not sensibly affected by that circumstance: the removal of the poet or the painter is, therefore, no very serious loss to the community.

But the player, though standing lower in the scale of intellectual rank than either of these—though his fame be less extended and less durable than theirs—occasions a profounder and more lasting feeling of regret by his removal from his little sphere of action. It is true that this affects only his contemporaries; but it exists as long as they exist, and to them his loss is irreparable. He himself—our long-cherished favourite, must in his own proper person appear before us; when he is gone, all is gone; he can leave us nothing which may atone for his absence; we acknowledge no substitute; and the very attempt to supply the place he has vacated is in most cases an aggravation of the loss.

It seems to be the peculiar privilege of the actor\* to maintain unalienable possession of our first impressions. It is not so with public performers in other departments. The reigning favourite of to-day may sing an air, perform a concerto, or execute a *pas seul*, with greater or with less effect than the reigning favourite of twenty years ago, and we can decide fairly upon their relative merits, for our judgment encounters no obstinate first impressions to grapple with—none, at most, which a very slight regard to justice will not overcome. With good cause on our side, we may possibly prefer the next new Mandane to

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\* By this is meant the *Great Actor*, the *finished artist*, only—not the illiterate ranter, or the vulgar buffoon, who by his ignorance or abuse of the principles of his profession, degrades a *fine art* to the level of a sordid trade.



Mrs. Billington, and the next-imported opera-dancer to Angiolini or Parisot; but whom do we, or ever can we, prefer to John Kemble, Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Jordan, Miss O'Neill, Munden! These names are intimately associated in our recollections with all that is grand, and dignified, and impassioned; and pathetic—with all that is joyous, humorous, or grotesque in the art of acting. From them it was we derived our first notions of a vast variety of dramatic characters, which, with all the weight and force of their genius, they stamped on our minds; and as the impress they bestowed was the impress of truth, like truth it is immovable—immutable. We know *one* Coriolanus, *one* Zanga, and can never be forced to acknowledge any other; we have identified certain qualities of mind, certain peculiarities of person, tone and feature, with Constance and Lady Macbeth, with Peggy and Miss Prue, with Belvidera and Mrs. Haller, with Old Dornton, and Mene-nius and Nipperkin; and our senses are no more capable of disengaging themselves from the impressions thus received, than of rejecting an obvious truth in favour of an obvious falsehood. But it is genius of the highest order only, genius like theirs, that can thus enthral us.

In making these remarks we are not forgetful of the many eminent actors we still possess; nor must they take offence at the sighs we breathe, when we consider the loss we have sustained by the death or retirement of their great predecessors. There are amongst them some who will occasion similar regrets—though far hence be that time!—and others, a sort of posterity to themselves, who, having relinquished to the young aspirant their more juvenile parts, may even now enjoy the satisfaction of overhearing our lamentations at the change. Mrs. Gibbs, the liveliest and sauciest of Abigails, who at—forty?—displays the buoyant hilarity of fifteen, can witness our vain repinings at the loss of Mary Thornberry; and the excellent actor who has risen to the afflicting dignity of personating all the more-than-usually broken-bearded fathers, may sometimes be gratified at hearing us lament that, for us, Bob Handy, Ollapod, and Pangloss are no more. No amends can be made us for the loss of our favourite actor; it occasions a void in our pleasures never to be supplied. It is easy to put a substitute into his place, but, to us, a substitute is no more a compensation, than would be the present of a baby from the Foundling Hospital to a father who had lost a favourite child. The object intended is never attained; and we quit the theatre with mingled feelings of disappointment, dissatisfaction, and sorrow. It may fairly be asserted, then, that the loss of a fine actor is a greater calamity to his contemporaries than that of either the poet or the painter.

I have been led into these reflections by taking up a small volume, entitled *L'Annuaire Dramatique* for 1818. It is a list (published annually) of the performers, &c. belonging to all the theatres of Paris. What a host of talent has the mimic world been deprived of, either by death, or the warnings of time, in the few years only which have elapsed since then! Not to mention many names, which, eminent as they are, may not be familiar to the twenty or thirty persons in all England who have never paid a visit to Paris, and confining my notice to such only as are well-known to us all, there is Fleury, who, in high comedy, for point, piquancy and finish, has never, perhaps, been excelled;—Talma;—Martin, a singer, of whom a French



critic truly said, that he had only to open his mouth and the airs seemed to flow out of it ready made; and Madame Gavaudan. Madame Gavaudan, as an actress, was humorous, pathetic, arch, *naïve*, playful. Her *forte* lay in the representation of young boys and country girls. Her person was small, and her manner and deportment perfectly graceful. Her performances, though deeply studied, and finished with as much care as a miniature painting, never betrayed the slightest mark of labour or art; on the contrary, they were natural in the extreme—that is to say, they approached as near to Nature as good taste in any department of fine art will allow. As a singer, her voice was not remarkable for extent, either in volume or compass; but it was sweet, and her intonation was correct—a quality for which few French singers deserve praise. She knew the exact limits of her powers, and never attempted to exceed them. Her object was to sing to the heart rather than to the ear, and seldom did she miss her aim. She was, withal, an excellent musician: and although such an opinion might startle a French critic—an admirer of the deep roarings of *Lais* or the screams of Madame Branchu—I hesitate not to declare that at that time (1818–20) she was the most delightful singer in France. To enumerate the parts in which she excelled, both as actress and singer, would be needless; but those who have seen her in *Margot* (Nell, in the Devil to Pay) will remember that in that character she displayed, in combination, all the qualities she possessed. The most striking trait in this performance was, that Margot was rustic merely—not vulgar;—she was the wife of the cobbler of a little village, not of a cobbler living in a cellar, or a back-garret in a town. This rare union of the excellent comic actress with the excellent singer, was without a parallel then, and there is no equivalent for it now.—Then, in another department, there was Gardel, ballet-master at the great Opera, unequalled for his Heroic and Mythological Ballets; and Mademoiselle Clotilde, the very Juno of the Theatre, for dignity and grandeur; and Fanni Bias, Terpsichore herself; and Mademoiselle Bigottini, whose eloquent Pantomime was an universal language which would have been understood by any nation on earth; and who, when she danced, deceived you into a belief that dancing was an intellectual art.

At about the period in question (1818), my poor friend J——, who shortly afterwards died on his way to Florence, was preparing, for publication, two small volumes of verses, which he called “Rambles in Rhyme.” These were descriptions of the most remarkable objects in the French capital, and were gay or serious as the subject might be. The appearance, however, of Moore’s witty “Fudge Family,” induced him to suppress his work; but as the following passages, though not the best in the collection, relate immediately to the two last-named *artistes*, I shall take the liberty to extract them from the original papers which he left in my possession. The first was almost extemporized at the Opera-House in the course of the performance of that realization of a poetic vision, Didelot’s ballet of *Flore et Zephyre*, in which Fanni Bias was the Flora.

“Gently, gently let me tread,  
For I stray on fairy ground,  
Thither by wanton Fancy led!  
See those forms that glide around,



Where the glistening fountain plays :  
 Now they meet in busy maze ;  
     Singly now they trip along ;  
 Now in playful groups combining,  
 Wreaths of luxuriant roses twining,  
     Towards yon blooming bower they throng.  
 And SHE, the fairest of the train,  
 Lightly skipping o'er the plain !  
 Scarce beneath her airy tread  
 The daisy bows its tender head,  
 Or, bending, it upsprings again  
 As if a breeze had swept the plain.  
 Is it a being of the earth ?  
 Or vision of poetic birth,  
 Offspring of musings sweet and wild,  
 Imagination's airy child,  
 Such as the soul of Maro saw,  
 Or gay Anacreon lov'd to draw ?  
 'Tis Flora, sure ! I know her now  
 By the chaplet on her brow,  
 And Zephyr lightly hovering o'er her,  
 And the flowers that spring before her,  
 And those, her nymphs, who, hand in hand,  
 Near yon silvery current stand.  
 Now she mingles with the throng—  
 Mingled, but not conceal'd among ;  
 For brighter charms, superior grace,  
 Denote the goddess of the place."

The next is a fragment of a tribute to the genius of Mademoiselle Bigottini.

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" Hark ! and whence that mournful strain !  
 It ceases !—now it breathes again !  
 And who the maid with varying step advancing,  
 Or wildly hurried, or, as wildly, slow ;  
 Pallid her cheek, her eye alternate glancing  
 The flash of madness—the pale beam of woe ?  
 'Tis Nina, poor distracted maid !  
 Thus forlorn and sad she roves,  
 Through the close and tangled groves,  
 Seeking her lost lover's shade !  
 Still she speaks not, still mine ear  
     Bends to catch some plaintive sound.  
 No word ! yet see ! the struggling tear  
     Bursts from every eye around !  
 Words !—mark her action ! mark her speaking eye !—  
 The voiceless eloquence her looks impart !  
 These speak, in accents that vain words defy,  
 An universal language to the heart—  
     Thy language, Nature ! Ye who *see* it, say !  
     Your tears and silence own its unresisted sway !  
 Child of the Graces ! Bigottini, these,  
 These are the Triumphs of thy matchless art :  
 At once to melt and captivate the Heart,—  
 To awe the subject senses, and to please ;  
 To bid the airy offspring of the Muse,  
 That only in the Poet's mind have been,  
 Start into life, and breathe upon the scene,



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with this only reservation in my favour—that is to say, unless such a course should happen to be impossible—or difficult—or inconvenient—or not perfectly agreeable to me. P\*.

\* *Correspondence upon this point.*

I remain, your faithful and obedient,  
 PRINTER'S DEVIL.

(Answer.)

Your most obedient servant,

P\*.



## THE EAST INDIA COMPANY'S CHARTER.

So much has been written, and well-written, upon the monopoly of the East India Company, that we should have been contented to have passed it over in our columns, trusting to the sentiments that we are known to entertain against exclusive privileges to particular bodies, as a sufficient guarantee for our opinion upon this question, were it not of such paramount importance that we cannot reconcile it to ourselves to give a *silent vote* upon it. In the remarks that we feel compelled to offer upon this subject, we shall more especially confine ourselves to two points, that have not, we think, been so strongly urged as many others in considering this monopoly. The first is the small stake that the Directors individually possess; the trifling amount of stock they hold; and the second is the constant drain that the Government of the Company is upon the mother-country. In several instances, the members of the Court only hold sufficient stock to enable them to retain the direction; in no instance do they hold an amount that can make the pecuniary consideration an object of any moment with them. If this, then, be the case, how is the overweening anxiety entertained by the Directors to preserve their monopoly to be accounted for? Is it to be supposed they wish for the direction merely to look after a paltry thousand pounds? The thing is too ridiculous for refutation. The truth is, and it cannot be denied, that the patronage of the direction is the Alpha and Omega with the kings of Leadenhall-street; upon this their minds gloat, and no effort that they can make in distorting facts, and drawing the public attention from the real evil of the monopoly, will they neglect to retain their darling object. In looking at the other point that we propose to call attention to, is it to be endured that the splendid Eastern possessions of this great country should be left as they now are? Amidst the distress that surrounds them, will the people of England submit to the fair field of Indian enterprise being virtually closed against them? Can England suffer her vast empire in the East to remain under the management of a company of traders, and rest contented with a few eleemosynary gifts that are doled out to her, without enjoying the benefits which that empire could afford? The state of society, the circumstances of the country, all the national relations deny the anomaly.

Before we turn to the financial state of the Company, we would ask if one plausible motive even can be urged in favour of a retention of the charter? British valour first acquired the dominions over which the Company has an ephemeral sway, and by that alone have they since been secured to it. It is the influence of this country, comprised in her credit and her arms, that has supported the Company from the beginning; and instead of deriving any strength from such an instrument of government, it has been a constant source of weakness, and a perpetual drain upon the public purse. Its continuance has been a curse upon India and a disgrace to England; it has lowered her in the eyes of neighbouring states, and has tended to increase her debt instead of her resources.

Foreign economists have for a long time viewed this question accurately, when it was comparatively but little regarded here. They have held that the Company is a burden upon this country, to the amount of two millions and upwards annually, and that it is in a state of bank-



ruptcy, which would soon be manifest, if it were not supported by a false credit that the nation gives to it. Uninviting as was the task, we have, however, endeavoured to make ourselves masters of the Indian accounts; and we can arrive at no other conclusion, after a most careful examination of every document connected with them within our reach, that the excess of expenditure over income, in a most prosperous period of the finances (from 1813 to 1822), was 600,000*l.* annually; and the increase of territorial debt, from 1793 to 1822, would justify us in taking the deficiency at a still higher estimate. In the former year, that debt scarcely exceeded five crores of rupees; in the latter, upwards of twenty-seven; leaving an augmentation of local incumbrance of about 22,000,000; and this occurred during a period that a million and a half sterling had been received from native princes as subsidies; which resource cannot be safely calculated upon in future, as those princes have been cleared of their wealth under a system that has virtually encouraged every species of rapacity and extortion. But instead of taking a branch of the financial condition of the Company, let us take a survey of its general debt for thirty years, commencing with 1793; and we take this lengthened period, because all the writers in favour of the monopoly complain of partial statements made up from garbled data or expensive years. A more advantageous one for “the powers that be,” than that we have selected can scarcely appear, as it includes the prosperous and peaceful administrations of Lord Minto and the Marquis of Hastings, and does not include the latest expenditure in the Burmese war. In 1793-4, the total debt inserted on the books of the Company, at home and abroad, was 15,962,743*l.* and in 1823-4, it was 61,949,818*l.* or four times the amount of 1793. But then the Company can fortunately increase its assets as it adds to its debts: therefore, according to the mode it adopts of giving an account of debts, and the means it possesses of meeting them, the country need be under no apprehension of being left in the lurch by the emperors in Leadenhall-street! In 1793, the *supposed* (a most convenient word,) assets of the Company were 13,541,670*l.* in 1823, 54,357,625*l.* We will now see of what these *supposed* assets are composed, and how far they might become available to the liquidation of debts, (always giving credit to the obedient and ingenious accountants, who were ready and willing to make the *supposed* assets of their masters rise with the amount of their embarrassments, although they might sometimes suffer their zeal to outstrip their discretion in the undertaking.) A more glaring instance of delusion has seldom, if ever, been practised, even in the making up of public accounts—until lately the *hortus siccus* of deception in this country—than that adopted by the East India Company in the balancing their debts and assets; for they have gone on increasing together with arithmetical nicety, and by *management* and *assurance* they have never been suffered to be far apart. Mr. Mill, the historian of British India, observes, that “the account of assets exhibited by the East India Company deserves very little regard in forming an estimate of its financial situation;” and he very perspicuously and conclusively tells us why. In estimating the financial condition of a great government, the annual receipts, as compared with the expenditure and debt, where debt is incurred, are the only circumstances which are usually taken into the reckoning and make up the account. The goods and effects in hand, which are necessary for the immediate movement of the



machine, and in the course of immediate consumption, justly go for nothing ; since, if any part of them be taken away, it must be immediately replaced, and cannot form a part of a fund available for any other purpose (as the liquidation of debt,) without diminishing some other fund to an equal degree. Departing from this appropriate rule, the Company has availed itself of its mercantile capacity to bring forward regularly a statement of assets as a compensation for its debts. This, however, is objectionable on a second account, because, according to the mode in which this statement is framed, it may exhibit at pleasure a great amount or a small one. Some of the principal articles have hardly any marketable value, and could produce little if the Company were left to dispose of them to the best advantage. Yet the accountants of the Company assign to them any value which seems best calculated to answer their masters' purpose. Houses, for example, warehouses, forts, and other buildings, with their furniture, constitute a large article, set down at several times the value probably at which they would sell. Debts due to the Company, and arrears of tribute, form another material ingredient, of which a great proportion is past recovery. A specimen of the mode in which the account of the assets is made up may be seen in the following fact, that, 1,733,328*l.* due by the public for the expedition to Egypt, was continued in the Bengal accounts as an asset, after the expense had been liquidated in England ; and upwards of two millions sterling, due to the Company by the Nabob of Arcot, and the Rajah of Tanjore, is continued in the Madras accounts as an asset, though virtually remitted and extinguished upon the assumption of the territory of the Carnatic!! Facts like these require no comment ; but they ought to be strongly impressed upon the public mind, because, if the Company is driven from its monopoly, it will then endeavour to bring into account these spurious assets, and render them a set-off against the debt due to the country : for, as we have before observed, the means of defraying it have regularly risen with its increase, for the purpose of throwing the debt contracted by the Company upon this already overburthened country, when the "Honourable Court" can no longer proceed with its monopoly, which all the Directors, excepting the very old and obtuse ones, now see must have an end. The formidable array of assets, in the shape of unavailable live and dead stock, as objects of sale for the defraying of a pecuniary obligation, and desperate debts that can never be received, is to be put in motion against the amount due to the Country. Indeed, it is admitted by a writer in the Company's interest, who says, "It is kept in sight with a view to some future adjustment with the Crown." The same author endeavours to palliate the impudent system of imposition practised in keeping the Company's accounts, by the following futile effort. "It is," he allows, "certainly true, that we cannot render our creditors military and marine stores, in satisfaction of their legal claims upon us ; but it is equally true that these indispensable articles have been procured at a certain cost, and that they represent a certain determinate value, and that this value is ultimately realized ; since, on being used or expended, they serve to defray charge, and prevent the disbursement which must otherwise have taken place in procuring them." When writers have a weak cause, it is necessary to be mysterious. These articles either can be brought forward as assets for the liquidation of debt, or they cannot. The advo-



cate for the monopoly, to whose work we are referring, knows they cannot be so applied, and, therefore, endeavours to soften down the trick, and throws the articles which the Company's accountants deck out as available property to meet its incumbrances, as a sort of plant for carrying on its business ; but, unfortunately for this effort, the territory, from which this ultimate advantage is to come, has not yet defrayed the expenses attendant upon it ; so that if the value of these commodities is to be at last realized, it must be under other management than that of the Company, whose revenues become every day in greater demand by the augmentation of claims upon them. The maintenance of the "Honourable Court" and its concomitants, upon the most moderate calculation, is entailing an increase of debt upon the Country of a million and a half sterling annually, independent of that most oppressive tax upon the national industry—the duty on tea, which article is now a leading necessary of life, and which has two millions annually laid upon it for the support of the East India Company, and its operations. In other words, two millions sterling annually are taken out of the pockets of the people as a tax to the overgrown monopolists of Leadenhall-street ! The debt of the Company is an object that ought especially to attract the public attention, because the Directors propose to meet it with unavailable property, with items which they say include articles that have improved their financial and general condition, and which will enable their machine of government to prosper. The ready and true answer, however, to this is, that it does not improve, it does not prosper ; and therefore, to make these assets available, it ought to be removed out of the hands of the Company, and placed in those of the Government ; for the only value the advocates of the restricted trade to the East can assign to them, is the return to be obtained from them in the amended state of the Company's affairs. It has, however, never yet realized enough from these improvements, upon an average of years, to clear its expenses ! Can a stronger argument be furnished for a new system, in a financial point of view, than that rendered by the Company itself ? It is quite evident its boasted assets are not available under its management ; therefore a new policy must be adopted to afford the value that is assigned to them. Besides, if the Company had established *bonâ fide* improvements, it has no controul over them at the conclusion of its lease. It formed them for its own advantage during the term India was granted to it, and at the expiration of that term they fall to the original possessors.

Having disposed of the financial part of the question, we will now inquire whether the monopolists of the East have better grounds for asking a renewal of their charter, in a political view. They are maintained in their corporate capacity by the money dragged out of the pockets of the poor in the shape of a tea-tax, and that corporate capacity enables them to bestow wealth upon their own creatures to the amount of 500,000*l.* annually. The farce of legislative enactments to prevent the sale of the Company's patronage is kept up ; but what difference does it make to the Country, whether a patron provides for a son or brother, obliges an influential friend, or receives a money-bribe for his favour ? Under the present system, the community has but little interest in the matter ; but, supposing it were otherwise, and



the public had reason to care about it, would it not feel that the man who buys his writership, or whatever it may be, is quite as likely to do his duty as the dolts who are sent out under the *pure* patronage of the "*Honourable Court*?" We can never, however, allude to this subject, without pointing to Mr. Williams Wynne's conduct during his Presidency of the Board of Control, as an example of disinterestedness worthy of imitation. That able and honest statesman has done all that lay in his power to improve the breed of aspirants after wealth who go out to India, by rendering attainments the necessary qualification for the appointments he had to bestow, to the great surprise of all persons connected with Indian affairs, who were never before aware that any such qualification was essential for public officers in that quarter of the globe; those who sent them out, and those who went out, having only one object in view, that of gaining as much wealth out of the territory as they could by any means collect. Mr. Wynne certainly gave a new feature to East Indian appointments, and his conduct will be remembered with grateful respect, when the Company and their creatures, with all their official malversation, are sunk into their original insignificance.

The truth is, India has always been regarded as a fair object of plunder for the directors and their friends, and all their operations have tended to one object, the enriching themselves through the medium of those possessions; and their constant endeavour has been to keep the good things of the East as much to themselves as possible, without the slightest regard to the improvement of the territory, or rendering it beneficial to this Country. The first measure of their policy has been exclusion, upon the old maxim—"the fewer, the better cheer." We repeat, the small amount of stock held by the Directors, many of them only possessing enough to qualify them for the direction, is decisive of the fact that the patronage is the object coveted. Would there be such anxiety shown to obtain a share in the direction, merely for the sake of looking after a paltry thousand pounds? The patronage is their polar star; the opportunity they thus enjoy of providing for connexions, surrounds the "*Honourable Court*," at every vacancy, with anxious candidates for admission to its golden privileges. The operations of this patronage are at direct variance with any measure for the improvement of India, and consequently for making her serviceable to England; and until the East India Company is destroyed, the old cumbrous machine entirely broken up, it is vain to hope for any real amendment taking place in the condition of our Eastern possessions, or any solid advantage being derived from them by the mother-country. Until colonization be established there, and the English language, manners, and customs introduced there, which would necessarily succeed colonization, commercial enterprise must be checked, and the old restricted demand for goods continue; because the source must be inevitably narrowed by the huckstering transactions of the Company, if it be retained as a Government, under the most modified circumstances.—Communion for that purpose cannot safely be held with it. If the Company possess only the shadow of a shade of power, the prospects of India will be blighted, and her value to England continue to be deteriorated. The individual now at the head of affairs, adds to his other splendid qualities, personal experience in Indian affairs. He need not be told that colonization would consolidate his Country's connexion with her East-



ern possessions : he knows full well the vast markets, the inexhaustible demand it would open to British capital and energy, now pressing for employment in every quarter of the globe, by which the resources of India, and the power of England in that country, would be simultaneously increased to a degree almost beyond calculation. He must, from his personal knowledge, be aware, that by an unrestricted policy being extended over the vast territories of this Country in Asia, new marts may be formed for British commerce in the heart of that continent, and the productions of the East exchanged for the manufactures of the West, with mutual advantage to both.

The first conquerors of India even set the Company an example of prudence in bringing their language into use there ; but that and every other measure of discretion has been neglected, that restriction might be the more easily retained. The introduction of the English language and manners, and every other object calculated to confirm the British power in the East, have been studiously avoided, because they would interfere with that system of monopoly and extortion that have formed the corner-stone of the Company's government there. Every inlet by which improvement, or more enlightened measures of policy, might enter, has been vigilantly guarded ; and exclusion in politics, in commerce, in society, and in every occurrence of life, sedulously acted upon. It has, virtually, always been an object with the mercantile governors of India to retrograde, if it were possible, rather than proceed, in order to keep the spoil in their own hands. The present "Honourable Court" has lighted upon evil days for the pursuit of its *praiseworthy* object. Monopolies are now at a ruinous discount, and we apprehend the notable one under our notice must share the fate of its fellows.

We had almost forgotten to notice the regard of the Directors and their friends for their countrymen. They apprehend, that if the trade were thrown open, it would bring extensive ruin upon commercial men by the wild speculation that would in consequence be entered into. This is thoughtful, undoubtedly, but it comes with rather a bad grace from those who, if the monopoly ceased, would lose 500,000*l.* a-year in patronage. The Vauxhall Bridge Proprietors, during the last Session, earnestly petitioned Parliament not to allow individuals to ruin themselves in the erection of a bridge at Lambeth. The apprehensions of both parties sprang from the same cause. The bridge proprietors cared not one farthing if every one of the subscribers to the Lambeth bridge, with all their property, were sunk under their own arches ; and the advocates for the East India monopoly would regard the ruin of the free-traders to India with about as much concern. The veil is much too flimsy ; and contemptibly as we think of Leadenhall-street intelligence, we did believe there was more tact and address to be found there, than for such cant and hypocrisy to be suffered to issue from thence ; when all the gloomy forebodings of ruin attendant upon the partial opening of the East India trade, have been proved by experience to be as false as they were selfishly intended. In 1813, when this half measure took place, we were told that no new channels of commerce could be opened with the East Indies, and that inevitable ruin would be entailed upon those individuals who might pursue such



an object. The augmentation of the trade, and the new channels explored by the private trader, are the best answers to the time-serving croakers who anticipated only mercantile losses and disappointment. But supposing individual ruin were in many instances to occur, is that any reason for abandoning a great measure of commercial policy? It is more or less the case in the commencement of all commercial undertakings. The first duty of the Government in the management of its commercial relations, is to open new markets for the capital and enterprise of the Country, now so extensively pressing for employment; and if in the completion of this statesmanlike policy individuals suffer from their own indiscretion, it is no fault of the government; it is not bound to find prudence in the management of trade. If it open new and valuable channels of commerce, as it will shortly have the opportunity of doing, in the British possessions in the East, it will have done its duty, and it may safely leave the individual destruction that is to ensue to the sympathizing care of the then *ci-devants* of Leadenhall-street, who will be relieved from the cares of Government, and have time to attend to the misfortunes of their fellow-subjects, whose embryo losses they so feelingly deplore.

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SIR THOMAS MUNRO, K.C.B. LATE GOVERNOR OF MADRAS.\*

IF, after the recent disclosures, any doubt existed, that the Government had already determined—not to “review,” but to “renew” the Charter of the East India Company this very session, the mere mention of a Committee of Inquiry, and one has actually been appointed, would at once remove it from the mind of any one accustomed to scan the march of ministerial tactics. The noble Lord at the head of the India board knew very well what he was writing about—he wanted nothing but discretion; he could not share the secrets of state and content himself with his own chuckle, but he must have a confidante, though that confidante were all but a stranger. With a Committee consisting of two or three of the very Directors of the Company, who are not surely to be turned from their own interests—some country gentlemen who know nothing about India, nor care about it—three or four whose hands are already full of foreign matters, and a few faggers of all work, the business will of course drop into the hands of four or five members, and among them will, we may be certain, be the Directors. Four or five constitute a quorum, and these will have the arraying of the evidence, and the getting up of the reports, which are probably already in progress. Nevertheless, some facts relative to India must, for common decency’s sake, come forth, and any thing relative to India is welcome, if it will but awaken a little interest among us relative to the country. For truly the general apathy on the subject is perfectly marvellous—it is precisely as if the matter concerned nobody but Mr. Buckingham, and a few private merchants. Our very out-of-place statesmen cannot make a party question of it, and can with difficulty even get up an occasional debate about it. The literary world seem almost to forget there is such a country, though it still, we believe, fills a page or two in geographical grammars; and we ourselves have actually seen a recent school-book of general history, spreading our India conquests over half a dozen pages. Till Heber’s book appeared—which, by the way, all amiable and agreeable as it really is, does but skim the subject

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\* The Life of Major-General Sir Thomas Munro, Bart. and K.C.B. late Governor of Madras, with Extracts from his Correspondence and Private Papers. By the Rev. G. R. Gleig, M.A. M.R. S.L. &c.



without gathering the cream of it—we have not had even books of travel since Lord Valentia's and Buchanan's. Now and then the Missionaries used to furnish a few sketches, and an old East Indian a new translation, or a scrap of history, or a pamphlet. But now all is dead silence relative to a country which, from the peculiarities of its religion, customs, habits, and sentiments, is full of interest and novelty—and to what is all this to be ascribed, but the wet blanket which the Company throw not only over free discussion, but free communication of any kind? Who, under existing restraints, is to know any thing of India, but their own servants, and which of them will risk the loss of that for which alone they enter the service? Even termination of service does not cut asunder the ties that bound their old servants; every man who has served his twenty, thirty, or forty years in India, has close connexions with some who are still in the country, and whose interests are inseparably involved in those of the Company, and therefore dares not, or cares not, to endanger them even by a hint. The rule of the Company is a perfect despotism, and directly or indirectly padlocks the mouths of all their dependents, and the friends and relatives of those dependents. There are doubtless scores of intelligent and experienced persons now at home, who, from long residence in the heart of India, and unlimited opportunities, are capable of supplying the most complete and gratifying information—but nothing comes. Among the reasons, very solid ones some of them, for throwing open India more widely to the British public, besides the demands of private trade and internal colonization, ought surely to be enumerated the claims of literature—the solid interests of general knowledge. India is an important chapter in the history of the world, and the materials for the construction of it are yet deplorably scanty. What is most known of India is precisely what is least soothing and satisfactory—the career of our blood-stained acquisitions. Mr. Mill's book contributes little to any intimate acquaintance with the manners and mental associations of the people—he generalizes too freely.

In this dearth, and despair of works on India, the *Life of Sir Thomas Munro*, which has just appeared, is a welcome present, containing, as it does, large selections from his papers, which communicate much of the very knowledge we most desire to possess, and more real and satisfactory information than any publication we can name, for many years. Sir Thomas was forty-seven years in the Company's service, and actually spent forty in the country, for the most part engaged in the civil department, and in offices of great trust. He was, from the first, a close observer of the country, and a speculator on its possible improvement, and early called upon, from his position, to concentrate his sentiments in reports, while his confidential correspondence with his father gave him the opportunity of detailing the grounds of them. This correspondence, with reports and minutes, which his biographer has selected for publication, bears directly upon the chief questions of interest relative to India, and all with the stamp of personal knowledge visibly impressed upon them. Mr. Gleig, though himself unacquainted with the scene of Munro's exertions, has spared no pains to penetrate into the actual condition of the country, and is certainly as well qualified as any man in England to communicate his impressions. The papers put into his hands were exceedingly voluminous, and though by far the largest portion of the volumes are occupied with extracts, much that is valuable, he assures us, remains behind. The publication is particularly acceptable—it is admirably well-timed.

The career of this eminent person is well worth tracing on various accounts. He is an instance of what steadiness and perseverance will accomplish, not without abilities, but without particular patronage, where industry and talent are wanted. Munro did not go to India utterly without friends; he was a Scot, and his countrymen already swarmed in India, and of course ruled it; but he proceeded under the wing of no very great man. He was known but to few, and, for the most part, had to work his own way. He saw the commodities that were most in demand, and he resolved to acquire



them---knowledge of the spoken languages, and acquaintance with the manners of the people. These he studied with diligence; his friends knew his industry, and they spoke of it. The result was obvious; his acquirements were wanted; they were used; they were employed in counsel and in action, and distinction followed. He landed in India a simple cadet, and he died, the Governor of Madras, in the provinces of which he had spent his days and exerted his best energies.

Born at Glasgow, in the year 1761, Munro was educated at the school and college of his native town, and passed through the forms and classes of both, if not with any remarkable distinction, at least with the reputation of assiduity and ability. His father, a merchant trading with Virginia, destined him for his own profession, and placed him, for preparatory drilling, in the counting-house of a fellow townsman, where he continued two years, employing his leisure hours zealously in the prosecution of literary acquirements, for which his education had given him a taste. The explosion of the American colonies led to the ruin of his father's affairs, and broke up the better hopes of his numerous family. The sons were dispersed. Thomas was, by the interest of friends, rated as a midshipman in one of the East India Company's ships; but before the vessel sailed, a more desirable appointment was obtained for him—a cadetship on the Madras establishment. Reaching Madras early in 1780, he immediately joined the regiment to which he was attached—no raw youth, though with none of the qualifications peculiarly fitted for Indian service. In the war with Hyder, which began in the following summer, young Munro was actively engaged in battles, sieges, and skirmishes, till the suspension of hostilities, which terminated in the peace of 1784. Throughout these campaigns, he corresponded with his father, and detailed, and speculated, and criticised, with great vivacity—describing the course of events distinctly, but commenting with a leaning to severity on the conduct of his superiors. In a youth of any native ardour and frankness of character, this is perfectly natural—the humbler his rank, the less he can know; he is uninformed of the motives of his commander, and all seems blunder and stupidity; he is in the dark, and must grope—any thing but acquiescence; he is at sea without a compass, and easily misses his course. This disposition to judge severely of the actions of his chiefs, mitigated as he grew older, or rather as he rose in the service; he became more contented with their conduct, because he was better informed, and more reserved and prudent, because he better understood his own interests, and saw the necessity for the exercise of those qualities to make his way in the world: he left the detection and exposure of possible or probable errors, which has often the aspect of cavilling, to his juniors, who will run the same course to the end of time.

For four years after the peace, he was on duty either at Madras or in garrison, gaining no useful experience in his profession, but never idle. At this period, his friend and countryman, Captain Read, procured him an appointment under himself in the Intelligence department, and two years were thus spent, chiefly in the district of Guntoor. The warlike preparations of Tippoo, and especially his attack on the lines of Travancore, were the signal for a new war; and Munro, eager for professional distinction, obtained permission to pursue his regimental duties, and served accordingly till the peace of 1792. The character of his correspondence during these campaigns proves the ripening vigour of his conceptions, without exhibiting much increase in the quality of prudence: he censures sharply the impolicy of the Government in protecting Tippoo, as a balance against the Nizam—a fierce and formidable foe against a weak and harmless one;—he laughs at the fears of encumbering the Company with too much territory—at Lord Cornwallis, who, full of apprehension lest he should be driven to take Seringapatam, exclaimed, “Good God! what shall I do with it!” Munro saw clearly, the destruction of Tippoo was the only security for the peace of the Deccan, and, where he could with any propriety, urged the necessity of it.



The old policy, however, prevailed; for though, as some punishment for his temerity, Tippoo was stripped of several provinces, he was still left strong enough to make, in a few years, a new and final war indispensable.

The share of the spoil which fell to the Company was the Baramahl, a country adjoining the Madras territories; and to the command of this province was Colonel Read appointed, who immediately named Munro his assistant. These offices were strictly of a civil nature, and the civilians of the Presidency were, of course, not sparing of complaint. Whatever of this kind was given to the military was taken from them, and they resented accordingly. But the truth is, at that period, the civilians were generally inferior to the soldiers; scarcely any of them took the trouble to learn the languages of the country, but trusted to native interpreters, and were of course exposed to all sorts of delusions. The education of the Company's civil servants was not at all directed for the effective execution of office; whilst the military, knowing their chance of profitable employment depended solely on superior fitness, were many of them found prompt and indefatigable in acquiring the necessary qualifications. In the Baramahl, Munro continued with Colonel Read for nearly seven years, and his letters during his engagements in surveying and leasing this important province, are full of valuable facts: they present, indeed, a more interior view of the state of Hindoo society, the business of the collector, and the principles on which the government was conducted, than any other publication extant. Every thing was effectively organized; the property of the soil became the Company's, and the occupants held immediately of them. The population amounted to 600,000—the farmers to 60,000, few of them paying more than 150 pagodas rent (a pagoda is 8s.), and the greater part not more than ten or twenty, averaging, wet and dry soils, about two rupees the acre. Many of the letters of this period, especially such as related to the improvement of the revenue, were, by the excusable vanity of his friends, handed about, and some of them shown to Mr. Pitt—a practice, which his growing prudence bade him repress. Mr. Pitt was little likely to patronize the intelligent but indiscreet writer; and the Company, his masters, were naturally inclined to disapprove of free speaking, and if useful suggestions could be made, desired to have them made to themselves exclusively.

As Munro's sagacity had foreseen, Tippoo, impelled by passion more than prudence, showed, in 1799, symptoms of fresh hostility. The new Governor, Lord Mornington, with more decision than his predecessor, lost not a moment in dispatching adequate forces, in conjunction with the Nizam, to Seringapatam, with the avowed intention of crushing for ever the power of Tippoo; and he accomplished it in a few months. Captain Munro marched with a corps collected by Colonel Read, but did not arrive at the capital till some days after its fall, and the death of its master. But though too late to share the glory acquired from the storming of Seringapatam, he had the good fortune, in company with Malcolm, the present Governor of Bombay, to be appointed joint-secretary to the commission for settling the partition-treaty, which finally divided the territories of the Mysore between the Company and the Nizam—business of this kind is quickly dispatched in India. With new provinces, the Company required new agents; and so highly did Munro stand in the opinion of his superiors, that he was immediately appointed to the charge of Canara, a province on the Malabar coast. Though an honourable appointment, it was not precisely what he desired; he had been seven years employed in the Baramahl, Col. Read was quitting it, and he had for some time cherished the hope of succeeding him, and reaping the tranquillity he had himself largely contributed to establish. The bitterness of disappointment was sweetened by the assurance that no officer in the service was so capable of reducing the new province to any useful submission to the Company; and he proceeded to his destination with a resolution to prove his fitness for any task of difficulty or danger. A single twelvemonth, with his indefatigable exertions, sufficed to bring one of the wildest regions of



India to complete order and a profitable revenue. Never, however, liking what seemed to him a banishment, he longed for a removal; and learning that the provinces which had recently fallen to the Nizam were going to be given up to the Company, as an indemnity for the payment of troops furnished to him, he solicited the superintendence of them—they are known by the title of the Ceded Districts. The request was granted with some reluctance, from the difficulty of finding a competent successor for Canara. The Ceded Districts, however, required an efficient officer, and he owed the new appointment entirely to the general sense of his merits and the efficiency of his services. In this important command he continued seven years, indefatigable in his efforts and successful in their results. The portion of his correspondence during this period is among the most interesting of the volumes. Though chiefly official, and relating to matters of revenue, and especially of police, it is highly acceptable to such as desire to be informed of the machinery of the interior government of the provinces. Much of it concerns the habits and condition of the people, and conveys information precisely upon topics which at home are least understood. Several letters also are given from Colonel Wellesley, then engaged with Lake against the Mahrattas, which will be read with some interest, as early proofs of the sort of direct and business-like understanding which still distinguishes that eminent person.

In 1807—he had then been twenty-seven years in the country—he resolved upon returning to England, intending to go back to India after the expiration of the usual furlough of three years allowed by the Company. No person, probably, goes into the Company's service with the design of permanently remaining in the country, and Colonel Munro had deferred longer than usual revisiting his native land, in the hope of first realizing a competent provision, the opportunities for which had been quite insignificant before his appointment at Canara and the Ceded Districts. His desire of returning at the time he did was to have the chance, no longer to be delayed, of seeing once more his aged parents, whose life he and his brothers (himself in particular) had contributed largely to soothe and relieve. The visit did not bring all the satisfaction he had anticipated; his mother died before his arrival, his father was scarcely capable of recognizing him, and two of his brothers were also dead. After indulging his inclinations in reviewing the scenes of his youth, and spending a few months in Glasgow, he betook himself to London, and shared in that liberal society so readily there to be found by men of any distinction, and who have mixed with the favourites of Fortune and shared her favours. Too active, or too restless, to be content with the common hum-drum of life, he seized the opportunity, as the guest of Sir John Hope, of accompanying the reckless expedition to Walcheren. Mr. Gleig hints his belief that the Duke of Wellington, with whom, as we have seen, Munro had in India been on terms of intimacy, sought to secure his services in Spain; and nothing, he adds, would have prevented his joining the Peninsular army, but the requisition of his services by the Company. How this could have been made compatible with the regulations of the army, we do not ourselves understand; but the author was once a soldier, and should know. Perhaps he only means Munro would have joined as a volunteer, as he did with the Walcheren troops.

While in London, the period for the renewal of the Company's charter approached, and the interests of his employers, of course, demanded his first attention. Among the persons summoned to give evidence before the committee of the Commons, Colonel Munro was conspicuous; he gave it with such promptitude and intelligence, such perfect knowledge and sound discretion, as to leave the deepest impression, and command the warmest admiration. The sentiments delivered before the Committee differ materially from those expressed in some parts of his confidential correspondence; and the discrepancy has been seized upon as a ground of reproach, as proving a compromise of principle, and an unworthy accommodation to the wishes of his



employers. It must not be denied there *is* discrepancy, there is wariness, there is even something like accommodation; but no more than naturally and insensibly, without any impeachment of integrity, results from long habits of command—of administering supreme authority—of upholding a system of conquest and usurpation, in the name and for the interests of his potent employers. Be it remembered, too, that the correspondence alluded to contains the sentiments of his greener years; and that, at all events, the reasons by which he supports his maturer, or, if we will, his later opinions, are weighty ones.

The publication of the Reports drew the public attention especially to the Judicial System of India—we mean that of the interior of the country. The Company also came to the resolution of appointing a Commission to investigate and modify the system and its operation, and Colonel Munro was selected, as the most competent person in the service, to place at the head of it. Till the change effected by the reforming hand of Cornwallis, in 1793, the collector had been also the judge—a combination of powers which was considered in England, where matters are not always considered with reference to circumstances, as perfectly incompatible. The system, however, was essentially that of the country, was what the natives were used to and were content with. The collector decided revenue cases on the spot, without the delays and confusion of appeals, and a door was thus doubtless open for abuse; but changes in the administration of justice require to be gradual and slow to win any thing like a welcome among the mass of a people. With little regard to the wishes or the wants of the natives, Cornwallis made a sudden and sweeping change—broke up the whole chain of subordinate native authorities—altered the tenures of land—erected a judge with a stationary court, and reduced the collector to a tax-gatherer. The consequence was speedily general confusion—litigations multiplied, and arrears of business rapidly accumulated. The change first began in Bengal, and was only recently introduced in Madras, under the patronage of Elliott, the governor. In Munro's collectorates, the old and native system had prevailed, and with his activity and integrity he had found it to work well, and in accordance with the prepossessions of the people—which with him was, justly, a predominating motive for maintaining any establishment.

Though any thing but a reformer, in the invidious sense of the term, Munro met with a cool reception on his arrival at Madras in 1814; he was regarded as a man pertinaciously attached to his own experience, and disposed to make sweeping and offensive changes. Every obstruction was thrown in his way. For three years he toiled and toured in every direction, and at last effected nothing, we believe, but some very slight modifications—a scantling of judicial authority was restored to the Collector in very inferior and limited matters. The farther prosecution of his thankless office was intercepted by the Pindarree war; and Colonel Munro, at all times eager for professional employment, caught at the opportunity, and solicited a command, and pressed his point to the borders of importunity, on the grounds of long service, experience, and even seniority. To make room for him by the removal of others was impracticable, and attempts were made to secure his services again in the superintendence of new provinces recently ceded by the Peishwah. Though annoyed by the opposition to his wishes, and mortified by the preference given to junior officers, he finally gave way, and accepted the trust. Circumstances, however, soon favoured him; the commencement of a Mahratta war furnished a new ground for solicitation, and a Brigadier's commission was dispatched to him in the autumn of 1817. Even then new obstacles sprang up under his feet; and no pains, certainly, were taken to supply him with troops to enable him to prosecute the plans he had suggested. But we cannot follow him through his two busy campaigns—they turned out more fortunately than, with his very limited means, he could have calculated upon, and finally won him the Companionship of the Bath.



The war over, General Munro resigned his appointments, civil and military, and returned with his family to England; and within a very few weeks of his arrival among his friends in Scotland, he was summoned to London, and appointed Governor of Madras, on the resignation of Mr. Elliott. Though abandoning all designs of revisiting India, as he had done, this was a distinction not to be rejected, and he promptly accepted an honour, which fell to him, not by importunity of solicitation, or the favour of patronage, but from a general sense, among the members of administration, and the chiefs of the Company, of his undoubted merits and brilliant qualities. To Madras he accordingly returned, and in June 1820 assumed the reins of power. He had now an opportunity of carrying effectively into practice his conceptions of what the condition of Hindoo society demanded for their satisfactory government. Most of the measures he had zealously struggled, while at the head of the judicial commission, to introduce, he now enforced, and brought all his long experience to bear upon the subject. The leading principle of his ministry was to conciliate the natives, raise them in the scale of civilization, and give them rational notions of steady and regular government. For the accomplishment of these purposes, he insisted upon familiar knowledge of the language, customs, and feelings of the people, in the agents of power, civil and military. They were enjoined especially to abstain from interfering in the disputes of the natives on questions of caste and matters of religion. Liberal salaries were assigned to collectors and judges, and temptations to abuse as much as possible removed. For the benefit of the people he re-established the native schools, and allotted large sums for their maintenance. A leading principle with him was to employ the natives more—to raise them to higher office; and every opportunity was taken to reward those who distinguished themselves by their usefulness. The freedom of the press he held to be absolutely incompatible with the continuance of British authority in India. This is an unpopular sentiment—but there are good grounds for caution, and General Munro felt the full force of them. *Public* in India there is really none; and the English are all in office, and form part of the government. It is impossible that any two conditions of society can differ more than those of England and India; and none but a party-politician would insist on applying the principles which suit the one to the other. But we cannot dilate on this, or touch upon the scores of points which Mr. Gleig's selections from General Munro's papers would enable us to do—to show forth the Governor's opinions on all the leading questions of India, and his principles of action. The book itself will be extensively read, to the great improvement of our knowledge of India.

Sir Thomas continued to administer the government of Madras to the general satisfaction for seven years—much beyond the period he originally intended, but the Burmese war interposed and detained him. His advice was anxiously sought in the conduct of that war, though he had not been consulted in the undertaking of it; and he was led, step by step, to stay and see the result of it. The ill-health of one of his children had caused the return to England of his wife and family, and he was himself preparing to follow, when a sudden illness cut him off—leaving behind him a name that will not, in India, be soon forgotten, with the reputation of an honourable man, an indefatigable servant, a discreet, intelligent, and benevolent governor.

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## THE FIRST MONTH OF THE SESSION.

THINGS find their level with marvellous aptitude. The country has rapidly descended from its artificial state of prosperity, but not more rapidly than the Ministers have descended from their popularity with their *quondam* friends of the aristocracy. The decline in the revenue has not been more apparent than the decline in cheers at the back of the Treasury-bench, when the leader of the House is upon his legs. The artificial prosperity of the one, and the artificial popularity of the other, are strikingly exemplified, and have made their due impression upon the people. The men who have been for the last thirty years indefatigable in their encouragement of the Government in every excess, whether of extravagance, or encroachment on the national liberties,—in augmenting the power of the Crown, or in resisting the modification even of the most flagrant abuses, now turn round upon the Cabinet, and pretend to be quite astonished that it cannot devise some measure that will relieve the country from the effects of that policy which they themselves originated, and unremittingly supported during the whole of their political lives. They can find panaceas in abundance for the cure of the disorder: a committee of the House of Lords to inquire into the distress; an inundation of paper in the shape of country bank-notes; corn laws with a more aristocratic *smack* in them, or, in other words, starving the people by a more regular process than the present; a prohibition on the importation of foreign wool, and other notable expedients of the same *caste*. In short, any thing but that system which the Government has partially commenced, and which ought to have been undeviatingly pursued sixteen years ago—accommodating the affairs of the country to a settled period of peace; repairing the finances by every possible retrenchment, (*positive*, not *official* possibility); reviewing all our institutions with a sincere disposition to amend them cautiously but effectually; thus enabling Great Britain, as speedily as might be under the circumstances, to compete politically, financially, and commercially, with all the other powers of the world. Half measures have been begun when whole measures ought to have been for years in full operation, and yet even they have aroused all the choler of the *patriots* who have brought us into our present dilemma. To this cause is to be attributed the faint cheers and small majorities that salute official ears and eyes in the present session of Parliament. This conduct has already spoken volumes to the people; we hope it will do the same to the Ministers. We hope it has shown them the necessity, even upon the narrow and unworthy ground of maintaining the existence of the Duke of Wellington's Government, without any other motive than the paltry ambition of peddling politicians to retain their places, of relying upon the people, and looking to them, and them only, for support. The larger question will open itself to us presently; but, for the moment, let us see whether the Government, as far as Parliamentary parties go, is not continuing upon sufferance, for it has three separate and distinct parties in opposition to it. The Ultra-Tories, the Whigs, and Mr. Huskisson and his friends. The first is in direct hostile array; the second, although occasionally voting *in detachments* with the Minister, has more frequently swelled minorities against him to an alarming height; and



the last, although acting with more caution, is not the less active in finding objects of attack, than their political antipodes the Ultra-Tories. The great safeguard of the present Ministry is the difficulty to find another to succeed it. The Tory faction is so despicable in the eyes of the nation, its policy is so utterly at variance with all public principles, its prophecies respecting Ireland have been so belied, that, happily for mankind, with the feeling now predominant, a Cabinet so formed could not stand before the execrations of an insulted empire for a solitary month. The champions of Bigotry can never possess power again in England, until a moral and political revolution occur that shall totally change her system and her destiny. Their official exertions may be put out of the question. They are *hors de combat*, as a party, to wield the reins of Government; and a recent occurrence has done much to extinguish them and their malignity together.

The Whigs have never done well in power, is the popular impression. For the last fifty years they have had but little practice, and a Whig Administration would have great difficulty in stemming the torrent of unpopularity that would in all likelihood set in against it. A measure proposed by the Whigs, that deviated ever so slightly from *orthodox* politics, would raise a storm over their heads not easily allayed; when the same measure, proposed by the present Cabinet, would pass comparatively as a summer cloud. Besides, whatever may be said to the contrary, the Whigs, of late years at least, have never shown themselves over-anxious for place.

Mr. Huskisson's party is stronger, we suspect, than is generally imagined. In point of numbers, it is pretty well appreciated by the community; but its moral influence upon politics generally, and Parliament in particular, is probably not so well appreciated, although understood by the Cabinet, and all those whose attention is accurately drawn to the subject, if there be any truth in Downing-street gossip. There is no occasion, in this place, to enter into the details that bear upon this particular point; but those who are most conversant with the present influence of parties, are, we believe, more alive to the circumstance than any one else. But notwithstanding the importance of the Huskisson party, its leader wants weight in the country. Highly as his talents are appreciated, it would be difficult, we think, for Mr. Huskisson to form an efficient Cabinet,—a Cabinet that could stand the wear and tear of Parliamentary opposition.

These, then, pursuing the narrow track we have hitherto been treading, appear to us the chances for the Wellington Administration; but they are chances that may be overthrown. Parties individually gain strength from various circumstances, and, what is still more common, parties coalesce to discard political adversaries from power, and occasionally, we would fain hope, from higher motives. Almost within the recollection of the present generation, the most extraordinary coalitions have taken place; but there would be nothing extraordinary in the Whigs and the friends of Mr. Huskisson uniting. What has happened may happen again; and any Government, having those ingredients of power that at present are necessary to its existence, would find a tower of strength in the support of the people, if disappointed hopes among them should be connected with the secession of the former Ministry. Information has reached a point, and popular opinion an ascendancy,



that no Cabinet can control, and the one that is not prepared to go along with them to their fullest extent cannot expect to stand.

We will now take the more enlarged view of this question, and approach more closely what we believe to be its real merits, which consist in a determination on the part of the Government to do its duty, in the broadest sense of the term, without favour or affection to any party or faction, to any private interests or petty jealousies; and the proof of this is in the Duke of Wellington consenting to take office, and in Mr. Peel continuing in it, under, to him, the trying circumstance that has occurred. The Duke, when he accepted the premiership, was in a position that must have satisfied the widest range of his ambition. By his talents and exertions he had reached the climax of fame; a grateful sovereign had covered him with honours, until he had literally no more to offer him; a grateful country had loaded him with wealth, and, what is of higher value still, there was not an individual in the three kingdoms who ever ventured to assert that it was not well bestowed. He came into power when every department of the state was out of joint, and after having declared in terms so unmeasured his reluctance to accept it, that although the country, when symptoms of dissolution in the Goderich administration were apparent, looked anxiously to him: still it could scarcely be thought that his mind would be employed in watching over the national destinies. It has, however, been so employed, and the first great measure of his policy was to consolidate the British Empire; really, and in truth, to unite the three kingdoms.

If the whole tenor of the Duke of Wellington's life has been devotedness to his country's service, the great measure to which we have alluded afforded to Mr. Peel an opportunity of sacrificing at the shrine of public benefit prejudices long and zealously maintained, friendships early formed and affectionately adhered to, political connections that his heart must have cherished, from the honour they conferred upon him. That man must have indeed a jaundiced mind who can seriously imagine that Mr. Peel, so well able to enjoy his *otium*, would have retained the turmoil of office, rendered oppressive to him in a tenfold degree by reason of the taunts and opprobrium cast upon him by former friends and associates, for his departure from opinions of which they had deemed him the child and champion, merely from selfish and unworthy considerations. There are other matters of deep interest identified with Mr. Peel's official career. He has fearlessly defended them through evil report and good report.

We come now to a less gracious part of our duty, but it must be performed in all sincerity—the conduct of the Administration during the first month of the session. That month generally opens to the public view the intentions of the Government, but it has especially done so in the present season; and we are sorry to observe, that the period in question has furnished some important negative as well as positive information. It has shown to the community that the Government does not *voluntarily* intend to enter upon extensive and beneficial retrenchment; it has shown us that the servants of the Crown are not prepared to renovate the constitution by repairing the representative system. We shall greatly rejoice if we be wrong, but we apprehend that it has also shown us that they do not intend to recommend an annihilation of the grinding monopoly of the East India Company, or any



change in the still more grinding oppression of the Corn Laws. In a sketch like the present we can do but little more than allude to the several leading questions that have come before Parliament, and remark upon the policy of Ministers upon these respective occasions. We know that cards will beat their makers, and hungry hounds worry their huntsman. We feel too deeply that a long course of public profligacy and shameless expenditure, is so mixed up with the national system; that it is so much the interest of many powerful individuals, whose influence is widely extended through every department of that system, to protect abuses; in a word, that the designs of a rapacious oligarchy, which are directly at variance with the best policy of a British statesman, are so thwarting the Government upon all occasions,—not to be aware that, whoever may receive sinecures out of the public purse, it is not his Majesty's Ministers. We know also that by incautiously lopping the excrescences we may endanger the trunk of the tree. We are anxious to notice this to guard ourselves against the imputation of being rash innovators, hasty politicians. No unofficial individual can be more alive to the embarrassments of the Ministry than ourselves; but the time has now arrived when the difficulties of the nation must be met; there is no escaping from the contest; they will conquer you if you do not overcome them. The question is, Do the ministers fairly look the difficulties in the face? And, first, as to the finances. Did the preliminary statement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, which announced a saving of 1,300,000*l.* satisfy the country, or ought it to do so? We have too great respect for the Duke of Wellington to take any unfair advantage of the present cabinet, and the period assigned to Parliamentary affairs, in this paper, does not include the detailed financial *exposé* of the year; but the statement already given was promulgated under some excitement, and after Mr. Goulburn had been a good deal bantered upon his tardiness in announcing the saving he proposed, and consequently it is to be inferred that it was swelled to its utmost extent; and what does it amount to? Why it scarcely covers the previous decline in the revenue. Could nothing be done in the way of retrenchment beyond that amount? Are there no officers with enormous salaries whose duties could, with the utmost convenience to the public, be dispensed with? Is a postmaster-general absolutely necessary? A lieutenant-general of the ordnance the same? Are there no other military departments that could be spared besides that of the chaplain-general? Now that an efficient police is established, are seven battalions of household infantry, and three regiments of household cavalry requisite for the protection of the internal peace of the metropolis and the splendour of the throne? Could no saving be made in the establishment in the Old Jewry, where there are commissioners and clerks and an immense expenditure annually incurred under the title of National Debt Reduction-office?

Taxation is pressing the middle classes into poverty, and the lower classes into desperation, and the small retrenchment offered has disappointed the best hopes of the people, and a general burst of dissatisfaction has followed its announcement. We hope that better things are in store for us. We shall hail with delight every event that proves to us the desire of the Ministers to free themselves from aristocratic fetters, and to listen before it be too late to the warning voice of the nation. But nothing that has fallen from the treasury bench in either house can



justify a rational expectation that real economy will be practised. Ministers, in a tone of exultation, assert that they have reduced that part of the expenditure really capable of reduction to twelve millions. The remaining five millions of the current expenditure, independent of the interest for the National Debt, are destined to the payment of claims that are sacred. God forbid we should ever propose a breach of faith towards the gallant defenders of our country, or any one connected with them, who are receiving the national bounty, and experiencing the national gratitude for services performed ; but we think that these five millions are susceptible of reduction in strict conformity with the most honourable preservation of good faith ; and we will endeavour to prove our assertion in a few sentences. It has been said these five millions cannot be reduced : but how does this declaration accord with the fact stated by the Secretary at War in the clear details given by him on the army estimates ; that, during the past year, he had, by the judicious application of a sum of money under his control, commuted with *two hundred and ten subaltern officers* for their half-pay, thus redeeming a considerable life annuity, (for in no other light can it be considered,) on terms highly advantageous to the country. Why then should not a plan, the beneficial effects of which have been already experienced, be carried to the utmost extent of which it is capable ? for no doubt the long continuance of peace has placed many hundred officers in situations that preclude the possibility of their services ever becoming available, and who might, therefore, willingly accept a commutation in lieu of half pay ; and surely, in many cases, where advantage to the country, by the purchase, and accommodation to the officer by the sale, shall be mutually acknowledged, it would be desirable to conclude the bargain. Nothing would be more easy than to form a scale of commutation commensurate with the length of service of such officers who have not purchased their commissions, and the application of the plan in a general way, without particular reference to either army, navy, ordnance, or marines, could not fail to be productive of important benefits under the present state of our finances.

Many objections may be urged against any attempt to encroach upon such tender ground, but they must all yield to experience and plain fact : if the Secretary at War has found an advantage in the adoption of his plan on so small a scale, it follows that a proportionate result might be gained on a more general one ; and, at the present value of money, an immense advantage would be derived, even though a loan were resorted to for this express purpose—provided the proposition be not confined, as heretofore, to subalterns of the army only, but be generally made to every branch of the military and naval services.

But to return for a moment to the twelve millions. Ministers talk about the extended possessions of Great Britain as a necessary consequence of extended expenditure. Without stopping to inquire whether some of these possessions may not be retained more for the sake of swelling patronage than any other purpose, we would ask, if others were well managed, why are they not to maintain themselves ? Canada, for instance, has been worried with arbitrary measures and repulsive governors ; the consequence has been, fortresses have been resorted to as substitutes for attachment to British rule ; and a virtual bounty upon rebellion has been offered, by showing to a remote community that you



are determined to govern them upon the impolitic and unjust principle of serving yourselves, without reference to their interests. Many of the British colonies possess a numerous and wealthy population, which, in proportion as the mother country imparts to them the benefit of good government, would be able and willing to bear her expenditure with regard to them.

Upon the question of alterations in the representative system, the Government is running a course that, we do confess, has grievously disappointed us, both as regards the general good and its own credit. We believe that we are not far from the mark, when we assert that the debate upon the franchisement of Birmingham, Manchester, and Leeds, was what is technically called a trial of strength; and upon that occasion they were left, in one of the fullest Houses of the session, with a majority of forty-eight! We sincerely congratulate the country upon the fact; but we would ask Ministers, what can they expect from the result of that night's debate? They must be aware that the measure will be triumphantly carried in another session, unless by perseverance in that system which for years has been alienating the people from their sovereign, and cementing that most unnatural alliance between the crown and the aristocracy, they should be enabled to fight it off for a few years longer, until they will have no alternative but accepting the ragamuffin system of annual parliaments and universal suffrage. A stirring spirit is abroad—it may be controlled, it cannot be opposed; and if an alteration so reasonable, just, and necessary be resisted, startling claims in time will be boldly demanded. The only means of preserving the Gothic edifice, whose antiquity was so pathetically noticed in that debate, is by repairing it. The elements of the British constitution are aptitude to circumstances and susceptibility of change. Boroughs were the safeguards of the sovereign and his people against the encroachments and violence of former aristocracies—and in what would consist the value of the constitution, where would be the principle of its durability, if it could not take advantage of those new elements that the progress of time and circumstances has produced in the national system, which are to be found in the wealth, intelligence, and general importance of the great manufacturing towns? Are they not to be used as a set-off against the perversion of the decayed boroughs, which are become instruments of tyranny in the hands of an oligarchy, acting against both king and people, instead of being what they were originally established for—barriers to protect them from that tyranny? They were originally established for the control of that power which they are now grievously augmenting, to the destruction of the national happiness and prosperity. The debates upon the East Retford Disfranchisement Bill showed unequivocally the desire of the Ministry, upon these points of policy, to succumb to the aristocracy, to pander to their prejudices, to forward their views against the feelings and interests of the people. The Hundred of Bassetlaw is bandied about as an important district, in franchising which a sufficient boon is offered to the public in this instance; when every one, who is at all acquainted with that country, knows that this celebrated hundred of the county of Nottingham, which, to serve a purpose, is held up as a pattern of independence, is in the heart of the *Dukery*, and as much under control as the gamekeepers at Clumber—it is, in fact, made up of tenants and depen-



dents. Ministers must inevitably be driven out of this system, and it is extraordinary that they will stick in a morass, when they might place themselves upon a pinnacle of popularity in these cases.

The debates upon the State of the Nation have been principally designed to force the Government again into the adoption of a false circulating medium. The firmness with which it has met that question deserves the unreserved approbation of the country. In order that rents may be raised, the landowners are trying hard to bring again into play those nuisances in the political and commercial systems, country bankers, in their capacity of unlimited issuers of promissory notes; trying again to furnish them with the King's prerogative of supplying the circulating medium of the country, the effect of which would be, in one month, to raise the price of all the necessaries of life, and in six months more, to produce a more destructive reaction than that which occurred in 1825. With respect to the Currency, we are now in the right path, notwithstanding the clamour of oligarchists. If we were again to tamper with it, confusion, greater than that we have escaped from in this respect, would undoubtedly ensue, without our having the satisfaction of knowing when and how it would end. Upon this question, it may be well to observe the facility that is now given to private individuals in getting their bullion coined at the Mint. Within the last few months, two millions of sovereigns have been thus coined by the Jews alone. This operation proceeds with reference to the foreign exchanges. When capitalists find that it is more for their advantage to send sovereigns to meet demands upon them on the Continent, than to buy bills on the London Exchange, they do so. The transaction often changes the mercantile situation of this country with the Continental one, before the coin has been four-and-twenty hours in the foreign capital; often before it reaches it; and back it comes, to assist the circulation of England. To enter into the minute details of these operations would carry us into a wide field, and would be uninteresting; but they are important in their application to the currency. In the present condition of Great Britain, every thing depends upon unflinching economy. If that be not pursued, all is lost; but if it be, her aids and resources are still large. We will advert to one, very much overlooked—South American loans and schemes. As regards those transactions, England, at present, is in the worst possible position she can be placed in. All has gone out. Nothing in the shape of returns, or comparatively nothing, has reached our shores; but the most gloomy foreboder of evil can scarcely imagine, that great, although, probably, very inadequate returns, must ultimately be derived from those States.

Upon the East India Question, Ministers have declared a perfect impartiality. We wish that all the circumstances connected with the appointment of the Committee upon that question proved the assertion. We put out of view the silly letter of a very weak man, that has made so much noise, and look chiefly to the appointment of the Committee and its conduct. The outrageous fact of East India Directors being members of that Committee does materially, we confess, shake our faith, as we believe it has that of most other persons, in the impartiality of the Government on this occasion. Can any thing be so barefaced as setting a man up as judge in his own cause? Would it be endured to place a member whose return is petitioned against on the



committee appointed at the instigation of the complaining candidate? This, we shall be told, is contrary to Parliamentary usage, and therefore cannot occur. That may be; but in point of principle and common sense are not the two cases analogous? The Committee has chosen to sit with closed doors, therefore we shall not refer to the circumstances that have come out with respect to their labours. We shall have other opportunities for commenting upon them; in the mean time we may observe, that as far as we are at present informed, the course pursued by the Committee has not tended to relieve the impression we felt in common with the country, at the partiality of the cast at its first appointment.

*Quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione querentes!* We deprecate most sincerely the late prosecutions against the press; but the Tory clamour about them is nauseating. Those which were instituted by the Chancellor, and which would have been conducted without the aid of *ex-officios*, as one indeed was, had his well-regulated and honourable mind been left to the exercise of its own discretion, without the busy interference of the Attorney-General, can alone be defended. He is placed in a station of especial delicacy. His purity must be like the virtue of Cæsar's wife, "above suspicion;" and although the well-educated part of the community laughed to scorn the vulgar efforts of malignant minds, the justice-seat must be incontrovertibly proved pure to the nation. We think a great deal more good powder and shot have been wasted upon the Attorney-General than he deserves. A junior boy in the fifth form at Westminster is quite good enough to chop logic with Sir James Scarlett; he is entirely beneath the criticism of scholars and gentlemen. But with a strong feeling against these *ex-officios*, is it to be endured that ultra-Tories are to find fault with them, and rave about the liberty of the press, or any other liberty but that of crushing the people, and making them serve the hateful purposes of their tyranny? Does it belong to the "Morning Journal" to cant, and whine, and pule about oppression, when it is the organ of a party, the head and front of a faction that is incessantly working against the people, and whose system, had it been pursued, would have inevitably driven them to despair, and whether we are escaping from it sufficiently fast to prevent that despair from blazing into popular fury, is at present quite problematical?

From what has occurred in the early part of it, we augur favourably of the intentions of the Government as to the system of licensing public houses, and that in the present Session that wholesale job will receive its death-blow. The appointment of a committee to inquire into the subject, is a great point gained; for we are convinced that every step it takes will open to its view such abuses in the system—its villainy and impolicy will be so apparent, that a report damning to it must be the result.

Upon the question of reforms in the law, we will now only observe, that whilst Mr. Peel is entitled to the warm approbation of the country for the indefatigable zeal and industry he has evinced in this herculean task, we have our misgivings as to the delay that will be experienced in its completion. Not with Mr. Peel, for we believe that even during the incessant labour of the session he is applying his time and talents closely to the subject; but it is the interest of those from whom he is



seeking information, to delay his progress in the good work. We notice this because we have opportunities of watching them which they little suspect, and we will not lose those opportunities. We feel bound here to make a single observation regarding the Chancellor. We have occasionally heard his name mixed up with the delay that has taken place in the reforms of the law, and that, as the Court over which he presides requires more purifying than any other, he ought to have been the most active in the cause. In reply to this we merely remark, that Lord Lyndhurst came from a common-law court, where he had practised all his life, to his present high station, with the exception of a few months at the Rolls; and that had he attempted to reform abuses in the Court of Chancery before he had become thoroughly conversant with the nature and practice of that Court, he would have done more harm than good. His Lordship, like Mr. Peel, is surrounded by interested advisers when he is making inquiries respecting reforms in Chancery, whose machinations can only be set aside by practical knowledge. The Chancellor has laboured hard to gain that practical knowledge; *we speak advisedly when we say so*. He has already given fruits of his knowledge in the cause of legal reform, and we have no fear of his progress in that course as far as his personal exertions avail.

That Augæan stable, the Irish Church Establishment, has been looked at during the present session. The object has been to increase the incomes of those who perform all the clerical duties in Ireland, and cause those who perform no duty to pay for their ease. It is always well to have these cases brought before the public in any shape; but this is a pigmy effort against the monstrous abuses in the Irish church establishment. We shall hope to see a different notice taken of it at no distant day—a reduction in enormous ecclesiastical incomes in many cases—a total annihilation of them in others. We wish not incautiously to interfere with present incumbents, but that four archbishops and eighteen bishops, many of them with princely incomes, all of them with very large ones, should be retained over a poverty-stricken flock of hardly a million of souls, is an anomaly and a stretch of power that the present state of knowledge will not long endure. Can it be seriously asserted that this can be necessary with deans and archdeacons, and all the expensive accompanying machinery, for the cure of souls? If it be, we can only say that an Irish soul requires more spiritual care than any other upon the face of the globe.

The supporters of abuses like these are the true revolutionists, and we earnestly call upon Ministers, before it be too late, to get out of their fangs, and look for support in the only legitimate place they can find it—in the attachment of the people. God and Mammon cannot be served together. The haughty selfishness of the Tory faction, and the great interests of the nation cannot be amalgamated.

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## MR. DICKSON'S NARRATIVE.\*

*Mexican Banditti.*

THE lady and her female attendant who had travelled with me, had entered the carriage before me, and taken their places in the back seat. The Indian seated me, erect on the front part, and as the vehicle commenced moving, I fell back against the front panels. I tried to move my body into one corner, but my effort was unavailing. I then entreated the females to place one of my feet against the opposite cushion to steady my position. They did so. I now tried to push myself with one strong effort, but could not succeed. At last, with infinite difficulty, I edged myself into one corner, and tried, by means of pressing my foot against the opposite cushion, to keep myself steady. The continual movement of the carriage as it passed over the rough uneven ground, rendered my situation very painful, and my head got severe blows against the broken panels and glass of the front window.

I endeavoured to keep the gunshot-wound in my breast from bleeding. I grasped my right wrist with my left-hand, which was unwounded, and tried to press it against my side; but the pain even from this exertion was so severe in my left shoulder, that I instantly let it drop; from thence I concluded my left shoulder was more severely wounded than I had before imagined.

Finding my attempt of no avail, I pressed with what remaining force I had, my right elbow close to my side, and then contrived to keep my dress hard against the wound. I partly succeeded, but ever as the carriage jolted, it was suddenly loosened from its position, and I could distinctly feel the warm blood trickling down my side with a strange hot sensation.

The carriage, I found from the exclamations and conversation of the soldiery, had been brought by the brigands a considerable distance to the left of the main road, and in our effort to regain it, we passed over much broken ground and brushwood. We had gone on for a considerable time when the carriage on a sudden stopped. They had come to a very uneven spot where they found it difficult to pass; in their exertions, some of the traces had broken, and they stopped to fasten them. The ropes had been very much cut by the robbers when they left the carriage, and it was with difficulty they were able to repair them, and fit them for the journey we had still to undergo.

I took advantage of the pause to beg the females to look for some wine, which I recollected had been brought with us in the morning when we left Puebla. They looked, but found only broken fragments of the bottles. I suffered much from thirst—not quite so much, however, as before; but I was bitterly disappointed when they told me there was no wine. I felt it the more as I began almost to despair of reaching the village alive. I felt frequently a strange faintness coming over me, but had no resource but patience. I resigned myself, not without deep anxiety, to my fate. I felt renewed hope when the carriage again moved on, and they said that we were now only a short distance from the village. I thought, if I once arrived there, that there



was no fear—I should indeed recover. 'Twas a long, dreary time. It seemed to me as if we never should enter it—the time was an age: all at once we left the broken ground, and issuing once more into the main road, galloped towards the village.

The darkness had set in as we neared several straggling groups of the cactus and enclosures of the aloe. I recollect well the joyful moment when I first beheld these plants, for I knew we were near the longed-for Acajete. I still kept up my spirits in the hope of recovering, for I was perfectly myself. At last a few detached houses appeared. I considered myself arrived, but had again to experience disappointment for a brief distance; the carriage rolled on for some time longer. At length we entered the village. I implored the females to desire the postilions to stop at the first house we passed, where I saw a numerous concourse of people by the glare of torches. We did so, and they brought me, at my earnest request, a jar of water.

At that moment a person rather genteelly dressed came up and advised me not to drink it, for he said it would endanger my life. I could not resist the temptation in part. I tasted a few drops, and then they took it away. The females told me that the assemblage of people was caused by the dead bodies of my comrades having been brought in, and that the villagers were looking at them. So much had my own danger occupied my thoughts, and so exhausted was I, that I could not for worlds spare one expression of commiseration for their fate. We left the spot quickly, and after driving a little farther into the village we reached the Posada, where the Señoritas had put up; the carriage stopped at the door of the house, and the inmates immediately came out to see who it was. The postilion telling them that I was still alive, the attendants brought out a mattress and laid it on the ground close to the carriage door. I was lifted carefully out of the vehicle by three Indians, and placed upon the cushions. They then carried me gently into a large saloon, and deposited me on the floor.

The exertion had weakened me so much, that when I attempted to move my position on the couch a spasm came on, which lasted for nearly a minute, depriving me of all power to breathe, and almost carrying me off. I entreated them, so soon as I could speak, to raise up my head; they placed cushions underneath, and I felt relieved.

The apartment into which they had brought me was entirely divested of furniture, excepting a round table which stood in the centre. They had laid me down close to it, and then placed lighted candles at my side. The room was immediately filled by a great concourse of Indians and Creoles, staring at me in silence. I inquired faintly for the G——, for I longed to see some well-known countenance. They came immediately with their brother: when they approached the mattress whereon I lay, I perceived they were weeping.

“Oh! poor Santiago,” said they, “what a dreadful affair! poor Señor N—— and R—— are quite dead; we saw them brought in. Why did you not surrender?—what a shocking accident!—are you much wounded?”

“I do not know,” I replied faintly, “but I am very weak and weary, and the sight of so many people confuses me; I wish much they would leave the room.” They spoke to the Indians, who immediately retired, and the Alcalde entering, we at last obtained some order and silence.



I took advantage of the moment to ask if there was no surgeon in the vicinity. There was no one nearer than the city of Puebla.

"'Tis of no use ; we are at least eight leagues from thence," said I bitterly. "I shall be dead before then, if I have not assistance—perhaps there is a barber in the village?"

"No! we have already inquired, but find none."

"Oh, God!" groaned I, "then there is no hope ; I must die. I shall lose so much blood during the night that by to-morrow I must be dead."

"Oh! Santiago," said the young ladies, weeping, and seating themselves on the mattress, "poor Santiago, do not speak so! we will try and do what we can for you ; we have sent to the Cura's for some balsam, it will soon arrive—try and be patient for a moment, and tell us where you are hurt."

"I cannot tell, indeed!" said I, trying to move my position, for it pained me very much, "but you will soon know. Oh! for a little wine to refresh me—a little wine—I should feel so much invigorated, I am sure."

"I will go and look for some," said the brother, rising, and leaving the apartment : he soon returned to tell me that there was none in the Posada, and that it was hopeless to think of getting any in the village without money. "We were robbed, have lost every thing, and have no money to purchase it," he observed mournfully.

One of the Señoritas had saved a small piece of jewellery by concealing it in her dress ; she now produced it, and gave it to her brother, telling him to try and dispose of it for wine. The brother again left the room, and I waited long and anxiously for his return ; he came at length with a bottle of Xeres wine. I felt quite revived at the very sight of it, and entreated him eagerly for a little. There was no glass, so he put the bottle to my mouth. I eagerly drank some of it, but suddenly turned away, for it seemed to scorch my tongue and throat. "'Tis too strong—'tis as hot as fire," said I ; "I cannot take it so ; would you mingle water with it." All the time I was so very faint that the slightest exertion of body or mind fatigued me greatly, and threatened to bring on a return of the spasms, which had before affected me.

He returned from another room with a glass of pure cold water, and poured some of the wine into it, and gave it me, putting it to my lips. I drank it all off, and felt so much refreshed that I longed ardently for more. This the ladies would not permit me, being afraid it might prove injurious ; and they begged of me to await quietly the arrival of the balsam. While I lay panting heavily for breath, anxiously expecting the balsam to come, and considering that I should be most speedily restored to health when it was once applied, the G—— inquired of me some of the particulars of the attack and defence ; but I had nearly lost all memory of what occurred ; in fact, so reduced was I in strength, that I could scarcely remember a conversation which had occurred but a few moments before.

After a long, weary time, during which I gazed listlessly around me, and ever looked anxiously at the door of the apartment, the balsam came : it was a black, thick, oily substance, in a little bottle. The



Cura had no lint, so they were puzzled how to apply it to the cure of the wounds.

At that moment the youngest of the ladies observed, that if the others would cut off my military jacket with their scissors, she would take a piece of linen and undo it into threads, which might perhaps serve the purpose as well. She immediately took a piece of the linen which had escaped the pillage, and commenced taking it, thread by thread, to pieces. The others asked me if I would not wish to see the Cura before they dressed my wounds. I told them that I should prefer seeing him afterwards, being more anxious to have my wounds examined.

The sisters then took the scissors and began cutting the jacket and taking it off in pieces; then the gold lama vest and linen, leaving my neck and breast uncovered. I suffered dreadfully while they were removing it, the greater part of the dress having affixed itself to the gashes with the clotted blood, and in tearing it away it caused me great agony. I was too weak to express half my feeling of pain in words, but I moaned heavily: They often wished to pause, fearful of the pain it caused me; but I implored them to disregard my feelings, and only to think of saving my life by speedily dressing the wounds.

When at length they cut away the last portion of my dress covering the breast, and saw the numerous bleeding gashes which disfigured it, they shrieked in horror, and one of them suddenly fainting, they left me for a moment to aid their sister: they led her out of the apartment, nor did she return that night, the sight being too revolting to her feelings for her to look upon. The sisters shortly entered, and lifted up the cloak they had thrown over me when they left the room. On examining, with their brother and the Alcalde, into the wounds I had received, they found sixteen stabs of a poniard on my breast, shoulder, and right-hand; nine stabs had passed through the latter, which was swollen dreadfully; another wound was lower down on the left side; but they were unable to determine whether it was the grazing of some ball, or a stab from lance or dagger. The wound on my right breast puzzled them most, for I told them it was a ball-shot from one of the brigand's pistols. They shook their heads, believing it impossible for me to have survived if it had been so, and then asked me if it had remained or issued again. I told them that I felt no pain except at the orifice of the wound; but that if they looked, perhaps they would find some other hole where the ball might have come out. They did so, and found another opening about twelve inches distance from the entrance; it was lower down on the left side: they had not seen it before, because it was covered by a portion of the dress.

They now commenced cleansing the gashes with cold water; and having dipped a little of the thread into the balsam, they placed it carefully inside the wounds. The operation was tedious, and caused me great pain: it was at length finished, and some linen was torn into bandages, with which they bound up the wounds; and then they covered my person over with some blankets, for my feet had become icy cold. I thought of some plan to restore my feet to the usual warmth, for I recollected how dangerous it was to have the lower members of the body without circulation of the blood. It occurred to me that



I had often heard of bottles of hot water being applied with good effect ; I therefore mentioned the circumstance to the brother of the G——. He went immediately and procured one, and filled it from a jar in another apartment. He then placed the bottle close to my feet, but it was long ere I felt the slightest return of warmth.

From the conversation passing in the sala, I found, though they spoke low, that my death was considered inevitable, and that the next morning would certainly find me dead ; it was impossible that I could survive so many wounds : in fact, they were consulting whether I should be buried in the cemetery, or as a heretic ; for the Indians had not given implicit faith to the story of my being a Cristiano. I heard the G—— inquiring frequently for the coming of the priest. When I perceived them thus coolly discussing my death, and seeming to regard it as a fixed event, I must own that I began to think it might indeed be likely ; the more so as I had but little confidence in the manner my wounds were dressed, for no surgeon had been there to examine them.

The young ladies approached me, for they had seated themselves near the door ; they implored me earnestly to see the Cura, and confess to him ; that there were no hopes of my surviving, and that it would be the best thing to have the consolations of religion as early as possible. They told me, that no doubt in my own country, if I was dying, the ministers of my religion would come and sit by me in my last hours, and that there was not so much difference as to preclude my seeing one of the Catholic persuasion. I told them that I was ready to confess to him so soon as he should arrive.

At length the Cura came. He was a fine mild-looking old man ; he advanced to the couch, and asked me tenderly how I felt.

I replied to him, that I was fearful my death was near ; that I scarcely hoped to outlive the night, and that I would be glad of the consolations of religion as soon as possible, for I might even die in a few minutes, if one of the spasms that attacked me before returned.

“ You are a Cristiano, then ? ” said the Cura.

“ *Si Señor.* ”

“ You believe in the Holy Trinity ? ”

“ *Si !* ”

“ In our Saviour Jesus Christ ? ”

“ *Si Señor !* ”

“ You firmly believe in the purity of the Virgin Mary, the mother of Jesus Christ ? ”

“ *Lo creo !* ”

“ *Basta !* ” said he, rising and approaching the G——. He put some questions relative to me ; they answered him, but what it was I do not know, but one of them came near me, and took from the pillow some little embroidered images of the Señora Guadalupe, which they had given me at St. Martin, and held them up to the Cura, saying I had worn them about my neck, and that when they were dressing the wounds they found them there. What else they said to him seemed to satisfy him ; so he came again near me, and asked me solemnly if I wished to confess to him. I said that I was willing. He then desired every one to leave the room. They departed, closing the door after them, and we were left alone.

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When the doors were reopened, they found me weak, exhausted, and panting strongly for breath. I murmured out a request for wine; they brought me some, as before, mingled with water. The young ladies then inquired of me anxiously if I felt any better, and hoped I had received relief, and was now prepared to die. I thanked them for all their kindness to me, and regretted only that I never might have an opportunity, in this life, of thanking them again for all their kindness and Christian conduct towards me, but that the Almighty would reward them. They entreated me not to despond; perhaps I might recover, and they hoped I did not repent having seen the Cura.

“No!” said I to them, “confession is not such a dreadful affair as I always imagined it, and I feel greatly relieved in mind and less afraid of death than I ever was before—but—’twill be all the same to me now—I shall never again see the light of day.” They retired, telling me they would remember me in their orisons that night, and tenderly bade me adieu!

After they were gone, I received the sacrament of the communion, and the extreme unction was administered to me; but not before they had coincided that I was sure to die that night, and that there was indeed no hope.

All those who had been lookers-on now left the room, one by one, and I was left alone with the three Indians, who had volunteered to sit up that night along with me. After giving me a little wine and water, they retired to a distant corner; and while one sat himself down on a low bench with a lamp near him, the others wrapped themselves in their serrapes, and lying down on the earthen floor soon fell asleep.

It would, indeed, be difficult to describe the strange thoughts and feelings which possessed me on that eventful night; and, even deeply engraved as they are yet upon my memory, I can find no words, no human simile, in which to clothe their intensity. Nevertheless, amid the despair of life which had gradually seized upon me, I felt a strange confidence that I was not to die—my time had not yet come. I lay a long time in silence, brooding in my mind over the past; of the future I could not bring myself to think, for I clung to life with the convulsive energy of a drowning man; it was not that I felt a dread of a future state, for, strange to say, I felt my soul wholly relieved by the religious intercourse which had taken place, and I felt a firm hope of mercy at the throne of my Creator, for I knew that I had repented, and that my Saviour would intercede for me. These were my feelings for a considerable time after the Cura left me, till at once I became entirely taken up with my hope of still living and surviving the night.

I thought often what a strange thing death appeared to be, and I felt resolved to watch his approach, and retain my senses to the last. I lay long revolving in my mind how I should feel when the time came, till minutes and hours passed away, and I found myself so far from weakening, gradually feeling more and more invigorated, and afraid of the approach of death.

Were I to record here the strange thoughts—now bordering on the sublime, now on the ridiculous—that flashed across my mind in the long hours of that tedious night, no one would believe me; so contradictory, so extraordinary do they seem to me even now, that I scarcely dare trust my memory.



Long ere the midnight passed I thought the morning come, and every minute that flew away seemed a weary age to my anxious mind. It would be in vain to describe my thoughts—I feel it impossible—images, fleeting and wild, flashed before my soul, like the swift sparkling of brilliant meteors, crowding one upon the other in strange confusion. Altogether, it was the most incomprehensible night ever mortal passed.

At length day dawned, and a streak of light shot through the interstices of the door and reassured me that the long wished-for morning had at length arrived. I awoke the Indians from their sleep, by disjointed murmurs for them to open the door; they arose, and as they drew the bolt and flung it wide open, a fresh current of air swept into the sala and fanned me as I lay.

Oh! how lovely and refreshing seemed the breaking of that morn, while all around me was silent as the tomb: it was the ushering in of a Sunday, and the Indians were all at mass. The sun rose quietly, and the gleams of light fell on the floor of the sala as he gradually ascended the heavens; it was late ere any one came to disturb the silence in which every thing lay. The first who entered was the Alcalde; he asked the Indians who had sat up with me, if I had outlived the night. I replied to him feebly, that I felt much better. He immediately approached the couch, and tendered his congratulations: while he was yet speaking, the G—— entered the room, and were rejoiced to find me recovering. My countenance instantly lighted up with a smile when I perceived them: few there can be who feel not pleasure when visited by such friends in the hour of adversity, and the single fact of their presence invigorated me more than I can express. They asked me what I meant to do?—whether await in the village the arrival of a surgeon from Puebla, or be conveyed there at once in a palanquin. They told me, if the latter, it would be evening ere I could reach the city. I thought I had sufficient strength still left me to bear the fatigue of the journey, and requested the Alcalde to make the necessary preparations; that I had friends in Puebla who would be happy to discharge all expenses. He said that till mass was concluded, the villagers could not go, but at mid-day they would be ready; meanwhile, he would prepare a *littera* in which to carry me. The Alcalde then said something to the G—— relative to the burial of the dead bodies of N—— and R——. They answered, but they spoke so low I could not hear. The Alcalde next turned to me and asked whether N—— was a heretic or a Catholic.

“He was a Cristiano,” said I, evasively, for I knew that if I called him a heretic he would be buried in unconsecrated ground.

He again asked whether he was a Protestant or *Catolico apostolico Romano*.

I said he never told me what his religion was, therefore it was impossible for me to say.

The Alcalde then called the two young postilions who had survived the attack, and enquired of them whether they had ever seen El Señor N—— attending mass. They answered that they had not.

“*Pero, Señor,*” said I, “these Muchachos have not been with us one Sunday yet, therefore how can they tell whether he attended mass or not?”



“ Oh !” remarked the Alcalde, “ he has, no doubt, died a heretic.” So, in spite of my remonstrances, they decided on burying him in unconsecrated ground: and the Alcalde departed to give the necessary instructions for the interment.

I had now become sufficiently recovered to make some enquiries of the G—— as to the manner in which they had been robbed. They told me, that after we entered the shady ravine, they had gradually got the advance of us some hundred yards; that they were suddenly surrounded by a numerous body of men, some seventy or eighty banditti, masked and armed, who ordered them to deliver up their arms; their brother immediately handed over his pistols, and they were then commanded to leave the carriage; they did so, and the banditti commenced searching the vehicle, and commanded them to give up their doubloons and keys. They then opened the trunks and ransacked them for jewels: all that they discovered they took, as well as some of the dresses. The robbers were going to tie them up to the trees, but they implored them to have mercy. One of the brigands snatched up a beautiful shawl from one of the trunks, and was taking it away, when the elder of the young ladies took hold of his arm, and said eagerly, “ This is mine—you shall not take it—give it me.” He laughed and threw it to her. The robbers having insisted on their taking out their earrings, also took them, as well as every article of value they found.

The ladies were then asked how far the English were behind. They would not tell; but when the brigands threatened them with their sabres, they mentioned about a quarter of a league. Instantly one, who seemed to be the leader, rode off with a few men; in less than five minutes they heard the report of fire-arms, and in a moment the whole of the banditti left them, and galloped off to where their companions had gone.

They heard nothing but a continual discharge of fire-arms for a short time, and then one of the brigands came galloping past them, with a body slung across the saddle bow, and bleeding from a shot in the forehead: as he passed them, he reined in his horse for a moment and shouted fiercely, “ *lós co—jos han matado mi hermani*—but they shall die for it; they have slain my brother, and I will murder you too.” He then put spurs to his horse, and galloped across the country towards some hacienda, leaving them almost fainting from terror. They concluded that we were all shot, and gave themselves up to despair. In a few moments they saw our carriage, guarded by the robbers, issuing from the ravine, and entering the deep glades of the forest, while a party of the horsemen rode up to them, and were going to kill their brother; the ladies instantly threw themselves on their knees and prayed for their brother’s life; it was granted to them when they declared that we did not belong to their party. The banditti having assured themselves that nothing of value was left, rode off into the wood, and the G—— immediately drove off to the village of Acajete, where they gave the alarm. So near were they to it that almost every person in the village had heard the firing, but did not seem to regard it as proceeding from an attack of brigands. When the young ladies concluded their story, I asked them if the brigand who had rode past them had his mask off?—whether he was a tall man with a wide scar on his cheek?

“ The very same,” said they eagerly.

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Y



"Ha! the villain, it was he that stabbed me so much. Thank God, I killed his brother!" exclaimed I, rejoicingly, as my rage got the better of me; and, had not the presence of the ladies restrained me, I should not have been, I dare say, very choice in my epithets.

What a sad thing passion is when it once gets the upper hand! The single fact of having sent a few of the villains to their long home did more to recover me from my lassitude and debility than any medicine administered to me. I shall never forget the satisfaction I received while dwelling on that idea. It is sinful, no doubt, to glory in revenge, yet I did glory; it was justice; I had a right to kill them. I had asked the G—— how the lady and her attendant, who had been in the carriage with me, were? I was informed they had passed the entire night in weeping, nor were they as yet wholly themselves, such a hold on their imagination had the horrid affair taken; they had, however, gone to mass, and would soon return.

Not long afterwards they did come in, and, as they entered, I perceived their dresses were stained with blood; they told me they had been plundered of all their clothes that were in the equipage, and that, till they reached Xalapa, they could get no others. I asked the female attendant, rather angrily, what induced her to tell the brigand I had fired? That she could easily have said it was one of those who were already dead. She told me she was so terrified by the threatening address of the robbers, that, if he had asked her if she had fired too, she should have answered him in the affirmative.

"Ah!" said I, "I was afraid, while in the carriage, you would say so when questioned, and I wished to put you on your guard, but imagined the brigands would hear me speak—'Tis no matter now. When do you leave this ——?"

"To-day, Señor," replied she, "as soon as the carriage is ready. *Adios, Señor,*" continued she, bidding me farewell, "*Dios guarda-Vm. muchos anos.*"

"*Adios, Senora; Adios, Amiga,*" returned I faintly; "may you reach your friends in safety and *viva-Vm. mil anos.*"

After a few minutes' conversation, such as my weak state would permit, the lady also bade me adieu, deploring the unfortunate issue of the affair, and thanking me for the effort I had made to defend them. She told me she would ever remember me in her prayers, and hoped God would spare my life, and that ere long I might be restored to my friends and native land.

After her departure the G—— tried to cheer me, and inspire me with hope of recovery. I assured them that I had now little fear, and that if I could reach Puebla that evening, all would be well. They were surprised to find me in such good spirits, considering the number and pain of the wounds I had received, and the great loss of blood I had sustained; but they were the more so when I mentioned the fact of this having been all foretold, and that I knew it was to come to pass, but in what particular manner I was not assured.

They seemed puzzled to understand me. I then asked them if they believed geomancy? They understood me better when I said that my nativity had been taken and my horoscope cast by a celebrated astrologer of London, before I crossed the Atlantic, and that what he then mentioned referred to this individual affair with the brigands; that



when I first resolved to leave Mexico, it was not without forebodings as to the danger and risk attending the attempt; it was foretold to me that, within a certain period, my life would be twice narrowly endangered. The first referred to certain circumstances which had previously occurred—the second evidently referred to this affair, since it was mentioned as Mars in the house of travelling, under events of a peculiar force. The G—— listened with much attention to what I mentioned, and were surprised that in Inglaterra there were also fortune-tellers.

I am really not in jest when I thus speak of my nativity having been cast; it was actually done about three years ago, by a gentleman of celebrated talent in the Fine Arts: his name it is not necessary to mention, but, if required, I have no objection; and every thing that he spoke of likely to occur, has actually taken place. It is no doubt a very strange coincidence, but a stranger yet I have to state. It had been my purpose to engage a passage, on my arrival at Vera Cruz, in an American schooner bound to New Orleans, with the intention of proceeding up the Mississipi. I was attacked by brigands, wounded, and consequently delayed. The schooner left Vera Cruz—on its passage to New Orleans a violent storm came on; that same vessel foundered at sea, and all hands on board perished. If this was really the case, and my information was from authentic sources, it is one of the most extraordinary instances of peculiar intervention of Providence on record:—overpowered by one danger that another and more fatal one might not come near me: it is strange, but yet it is true.

The time at last came when the G—— too departed, and, as I kissed their hands, I said to them that some day, soon, I would be at their tertulia in Vera Cruz; and I kept my promise.

Ere they left the village they obtained a small escort of ten villagers to accompany them for the first day's journey; it was not, however, without difficulty that they obtained such aid, but the Alcalde being a very excellent man, he commanded them to accompany the party without charge.

The mass had been over some time when a few of the Indians carried into the apartment a rude sort of hand-barrow, which they called a "littera;" they speedily contrived a covering for it of mats, and when they had finished it, the Alcalde desired them to place my mattress in it. They lifted me out, and one of them held me on a chair, while they arranged the couch, and put it with the blankets into the littera. I was soon installed also, and completely covered over with the arched matting they had fastened over it, sundry hoops having been formed into semi-circles rising about three feet above the littera; over these, and fastened to them, was the matting which was to protect me from the heat of the sun in the journey we had to go.

They had agreed with the Alcalde to carry me the twenty miles—there being sixteen Indians, four to relieve the same number every hour—for the sum of four rials each, or about two shillings of our money; but just as we were departing, they laid down the palanquin again, and said they would not go unless each received six rials; this the Alcalde would not submit to, saying it was an imposition, and that four were quite enough.

They then said that it would be evening before they could arrive at



Puebla ; consequently, that was one day ; and that it would take them the greater part of the next to return, besides the expense of remaining all night in town : in fine, they would not stir an inch without a guarantee of six rials per man. The Alcalde still opposed it, till I begged of him to give them whatever they asked, and to take me away as fast as they could.

They arranged matters with the Alcalde, and I was to pay them on my arrival in the city, or at the hospital, to which they were desired to carry me, if I could not find out the name of the street where my friend Don Juan de Palacios Trueva lived.

We at length set out on our journey ; they lifted the palanquin on their shoulders, and bore me rapidly away. I stopped them frequently to drink a little of the wine and water they had brought along with them for me—as also some limes and oranges, of which they squeezed the juice out, and gave to me to cool my thirst. I found them very refreshing, and they served, more than any thing else, to keep up my spirits and to invigorate me.

We had journeyed on for a considerable time in silence till we had nearly passed the outskirts of the forest ; and by the speeches of the Indians, who now commenced whispering among themselves, I understood we were near the place of our attack. After they had again betaken themselves to silence, they hurried on, and on arriving at one of the breaks in a shady ravine, they turned aside, and tried to ascend to gain the higher ground, and enable them to take a shorter cut across the country to Amasoque. After some short time and difficulty, we reached the summit of the elevated banks of the fissure, and were once more resuming our pace, when suddenly shouts, and cries of “*Para-Vm.*—stop! stop!” were heard in front of us. The Indians hastily laid down the palanquin, and I heard the tramp and galloping of horses coming nearer and nearer.

“Oh God!” cried I, “the villainous banditti are upon me again ; they have heard that I am alive, and come to kill me!—Villains! devils!”

“*Que quiere-Vm?*” asked one of the Indians, who heard me muttering.

“Who are they crying to stop?” said I, in alarm.

“We know not, Señor—but they are not ‘*Ladrones.*’”

In the instant, the party of horsemen, who had descried us as we rose out of the ravine, galloped up, shouting—“*Que el diablo!—que es eso?*”

“*Un herido Ingles—*’tis a wounded Englishman.”

Then followed numerous inquiries, of how, where, and when? Some of these being answered, one of the new party cried, “Can he speak?” and, without waiting for an answer, he asked aloud in English if I was much wounded. The sound of my native language had a considerable effect upon me ; but, weak as I was, I could reply but to a few of the many questions he put to me ; and, indeed, before I had answered the first, he told me his own history : he was a Yankee, going to Vera Cruz, with mules laden with flour, &c. He kept the palanquin on the spot nearly half an hour, questioning me till I was nearly dead with impatience, anger, and fatigue. I implored him to let the Indians go on, and not to keep them waiting while I was so severely wounded and ill. The rascal that he was, he cared little whether I lived or died, so that his confounded curiosity was gratified. I believe I said a few



severe things, and sent him to the Devil more than once for his rascally behaviour—sitting on horseback, cold and calculating, and keeping me there against my will. This same fellow had the impudence to say, when he arrived in Vera Cruz, that I was laughing and joking about the affair with the brigands, while my sufferings were calling forth all my fortitude. I never was so fortunate as to meet him again, nor do I remember his name. At length, having got the whole story repeated some dozen times, he moved off with his cavalcade of mules and flour.

I commanded the Indians, for the twentieth time, to take up the palanquin. Having no one to hinder them now, they lifted it up, and ran along quickly towards Amasoque.

It was nearly four in the afternoon ere we reached the village. Immediately on our entrance into the Plaza, the Indians laid down the palanquin, and sate themselves on the ground close to it to rest awhile. A large crowd of people soon came round us, and eagerly inquired into the particulars of the affair. One or two of the women lifted up the mat over my head and looked in at my countenance, disfigured as it was with blood, which had never been removed when my wounds were dressed at Acajete. They asked the Indians if I was a “*Christiano?*” They answering in the affirmative, I heard instantly expressions of commiseration, and “*pobrecito!*” and “*pobre Inglesito!*”—“*los picaros de Ladrones!*” which every one now let fall. One Indian girl brought me some limes, which she made me a present of; and every one in the Plaza seemed to lament the misfortune that had befallen me.

We at length resumed our journey, amid the good wishes and “*adios*” of every one, and soon issued from the village of Amasoque. We journeyed on for some considerable time, during which I became gradually weaker and weaker, and felt no slight wandering in my ideas—so much so, that I mistook frequently the Indian language spoken by my bearers for English; and, once or twice, so firmly was I convinced of it, that I actually stopped them to inquire who it was that was speaking English? and not even their surprise and repeated assurance could make me think otherwise.

During several hours, we pursued our journey without any interruption, while I found myself becoming more and more confused in my mind, till I neither recollected what had happened nor where I then was. I frequently mused as to what had befallen my right hand, it felt so very icy cold and heavy, till all at once I thought it had been converted into a bar of silver—and so firmly did this curious idea take possession of my mind, that I lay long meditating which would be the best mode to bring it to its natural state again. It puzzled my chemistry nevertheless, and I gave up the attempt in despair, and commenced abusing some friend of mine, who resided in the city of Mexico, as being accessory to causing the metamorphosis.

My thoughts soon took another course, and it appeared to me that some one had placed a four-cornered wooden box under my left shoulder, for something pressed with a hard sensation against it. I suddenly called out to the Indians to stop, and desired them to look for my right hand, which, as I told them, had become pure silver.

“*Plata!*” cried they, in astonishment—“*Li! plata fina.*”

“Where, Señor? *No hay plata ajin*—it is only your wounded hand,” said they.



“ Well ! ” continued I — “ but there is a box under my left shoulder ; look for it.” They raised me up, shifted the cushion, but found nothing, and they began whispering and laughing ; and I heard frequently the word “ *plata*,” and “ he is mad — *es loco*,” bandied amongst them.

I now began to have some faint glimmering of the real case, and to recollect that I had been wounded ; and desiring them to replace me gently on the cushion, I ordered them to move on.

Some time afterwards, when it had already become evening, we arrived at the “ *Garita* : ” here I came once more perfectly to my senses, in the moment I perceived the edifice and heard the questions of the Custom-house officers. I was detained nearly a quarter of an hour, while they examined the bearers as to the particulars of the fight, a confused rumour of which had already reached the city ; at length we were permitted to move on, and in a short time we entered the town of Puebla de los Angeles.

The instant I found we had entered the city, and were traversing the street, I desired the Indians to carry me to the house of Señor Trueva, who lived in the same street where the “ *Correo* ” was. After some time passing through the principal streets to the Plaza, they stopped at the door of my Spanish friend ; by this time, a considerable crowd had collected and had followed the littera. The larger gate of the edifice was unlocked and opened, and I was carried in the palanquin into the Patio, or square court, inside the mansion.

They had scarcely brought me there when my friend Trueva, who had been at the theatre that evening, came home, owing to a report which arose there, that the English who had quitted Puebla the day before had been all murdered in the Pinal forest. He was very much alarmed when he found the report so far true that we had been attacked ; and he came close to the palanquin in the persuasion that I had been killed, and that poor N—— had been brought in wounded. He was addressing me to that effect, when I cried out, “ It is I, Santiago, that am alive, though they have left me so against their will ; but, *Gracia a Dios* ! I have killed a few of them. *Picaros* ! rascals ! ” He was delighted to find I had escaped, and desired them to carry me immediately up-stairs into one of the western apartments, where he said I should be more free from the noise of the streets ; and he ran off for a surgeon.

They contrived, after some difficulty, to remove me, palanquin and all, to the room he had designed. The females had in the mean time prepared a bed for me, to which I was removed immediately. At last, after some delay, the surgeon came with Trueva. I was lying on my back when they entered ; they started on perceiving my hair all matted with gore, and my face disfigured with patches of dried blood, imagining that I was wounded in the head. I undeceived them, and they instantly commenced their examination. They tried the passage of the ball with their probes, but found it already closed up in the middle. They next applied proper balsam to the wounds, and in the course of another hour they left me to repose.

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## SPECIMENS OF GERMAN GENIUS, NO. I.

THE party were about to rise, when Manfred exclaimed, "Only this one bottle, my friends! of delightful Constantia; let each fill his glass, and drink a health, right from his heart." Ernest raised the liquid gold, and said, not without some solemnity, "Health, and long life, to the father and liberator of Art among us, to the noble German, to our GOETHE! of whom we may well be proud, and whom other nations might envy us!" All touched glasses; and when Theodore was about to recall some recent discussion, Manfred exclaimed, "No, my friends! no criticism now. Let us unite all the joys of our youth, all that we have to thank him for, in one remembrance at this moment!"

"You are right," said Wilibald; "the moment of awakened love must be love alone; and therefore, let us unite with the recollection of him, that of SCHILLER, whose earnest and grandly-aspiring mind should have longer tarried among us."

"I drink this glass," said Anton, with emotion, "to the noblest and kindest of spirits—to the most amiable of old men, whom all good and prosperity attend—to the sage who was never a sectary—to the child-like JACOBI; may a gentle destiny long preserve him to us!"

"We close our repast solemnly," said Emilia: "it is impossible not to be affected by the thought of so many beloved absent ones."

"Let us give ourselves up to this delightful emotion!" exclaimed Manfred, with animation, "and therefore fill your glasses, and let us celebrate the memory of our fancy-gifted, witty, and truly inspired JEAN PAUL. Not him should ye forget, ye youth of Germany! Thanks be to him for his flowery mazes and his wondrous imaginings; may he in this moment think kindly of us, as we recall that time with emotion when he joined in our circle with ready and delightful cordiality!"

"Nor be the twin stars of the German firmament forgotten," exclaimed Theodore, with unwonted earnestness, "our FREDERICK and WILLIAM SCHLEGEL, who have excited and promoted so much that is beautiful: may the penetration and earnestness of the one, the refined taste and devotion to art of the other, be remembered by grateful Germany to all ages."

"Be it, then, permitted," said Lothair, "to invoke a genius who has long since been severed from us, but who may perhaps hover above us, if all hearts call on him with the deepest longing and veneration;—the great Englishman, the true and perfect Man, the exalted spirit fresh in ever-during childhood, the one SHAKSPEARE! be he, by us and our posterity, through all ages, praised, loved, and honoured!"

All were strongly excited; and Frederick stood up and said, "Yes, my dearest friends! as it is only through friendship and love that we are gathered together, and by them that we are made one, the memory of all noble and true-hearted friends surrounds us from afar, and their hearts are, perhaps, even now turned hither: but Faith, also, piously invokes the departed to our social pleasures, to our joys and our festivities, with longing affection, and tears of gladness. And this is the worthiest crown and consummation of our delight; death is no separation; his countenance is not terrible: hallow these last drops to the beloved NOVALIS, the apostle of religion, love, and innocence, the prophetic morning glow of a better future!"



Rosalie raised her glass in silence and emotion; ; “Women,” she said, softly and tenderly, “are especially bound to be grateful to him.”

*Tieck, in Phantasmus.*

In those days, however, we had more remains of the old times before our eyes. The traveller found monasteries, ecclesiastical principalities, free imperial cities: many ancient buildings were not as yet pulled down or ruined; many works of elder German art not yet torn away; many customs handed down from the middle ages yet remaining: the popular festivals had more of character and joyousness; and at every few miles, he found different manners, different buildings, a different form of society. To see, to feel all these varieties, and to bring them together into one picture, was formerly my project. To investigate what peculiar and characteristic remains of painting, sculpture, and architecture our country possesses; what are the manners and constitutions of each province, and city; to correct the misrepresentations of our modern, trivial history-writers; to show what aspect of nature surrounds each race of men,—fashions it, and is fashioned by it;—all this such a work ought to accomplish.

I would defend, against every-day jeers and gibes, the noble race of Austrians, who, in their fruitful land, and amid their enchanting hills, preserve unchanged their antique joyousness of spirit; I would praise the warlike and pious Bavarians; paint the friendly, sensible, inventive Suabians, in the garden of their beautiful country; the animated, gay Franconians, in the romantic, varied scenery of their province, of which Bamberg was formerly the German Rome; the intelligent dwellers along the banks of the lordly Rhine; the brave, honest Hessians; the handsome Thuringians, whose forest-clad mountains still wear the character and aspect of knightly times; the Low Germans, who resemble the true-hearted Hollander and the energetic Englishman:—at every remarkable spot of the land of our fathers would I recall ancient histories. And thus did I think to wander amid all the hills and valleys of our noble country, once so flourishing and so great, watered by the Rhine and the Danube, and the stream of old traditions; guarded by lofty mountains, frowning castles, and by the brave German heart; garlanded with green meadows, the abode of so much love, and confidence, and single-mindedness.

Truly he to whom it is given in such a manner to paint the country of his birth and his affections out of his own most deep and immediate feelings, and wholly without affectation,—such an one will have conceived a work of the most enchanting poetry.—*Tieck, in Phantasmus.*

Concerning nothing do we come to more false conclusions, and make more false steps, than concerning woman's cheerfulness. Ah! how many of these affectionate creatures are there who pine unknown, despond smiling, and wither jesting; who with bright, joyous eyes, flee into a corner, as if behind a fan, that there they may right gladly break out into the tears which oppressed them; who pay for the day of smiles by a night of tears just as an unusually transparent, clear, and mistless day, surely foretells rain.

*Jean Paul, in Der Campaner-Thal.*



“The blind Agnes was sitting by a clear brook—I can never forget that evening; the brook glittered along the winding valley, and the stars and the moon played in the pearly waves at the feet of the blind girl, and either bank was fringed with a thicket, the bowery home of the nightingales. As I came nearer,—how was it, Hermione?”

“You heard, then, that a friend was reading to her by moonlight out of ‘Thomson’s Seasons.’”

“And sweetly she read, but soft and low. At my voice,—physiognomy to the blind,—the dark one knew me, and presented her friend to me, who immediately lifted up her long veil. I had seen her once before; you must know where, reverend Sir?”

“In a convent at . . . which the Emperor afterwards suppressed. The recommendation of an abbot, to whom I had introduced a priest who could read mass more rapidly than any other priest living, opened my path to the refectory, where, out of all the nuns, who were generally too fat, only one pleased me; and she was neither the one nor the other, for she was a novice—this very friend of the blind girl. I shall never forget that gentle, pale, serene face, with a wooden trencher on which were only lentils, set before it for mortification’s sake.”

“So strange are we men; I should much more willingly see a lovely creature suffer, sigh, and weep bitter tears, from fruitless love of me, for two whole days, than endure that she should have to eat a miserable piece of ashen bread, or wear a garment of humiliation, or a girdle of hair-cloth, or do penance by a walk of three miles, on my account.”

“Do you relate the rest, Hermione; you had it from me.”

“You told me, farther, that the good Agnes was more cheerful than the nun, and willingly alluded to her misfortune, which you would not have expected.”

“Yes, for women speak, and we men are silent, about griefs; we always turn over the leaves of the romance of our lives, to get at the pleasantest engravings, and at the last chapter. But go on.”

“The good girl hung a black gauze over her dead eyes, out of consideration for others. She always looked at you when you spoke, but it was only the voice she sought. You asked her, what the British scene-painter of Nature, (that was your expression,) or, indeed, what a fine evening, could be to her? She said she enjoyed a cheerful day as much as any one; that the air was purer and fresher, the song and call of the birds clearer, and the gurgling and rustling of the brook and leaves more pleasant; and when all this entered her watchful soul, she rejoiced to its inmost depths without knowing wherefore.”

“Who, then, can help being, as I am, ashamed and repentant at the murmurings in which we often pass a few cloudy days, when he thinks of the contented spirit which is blessed even through all its wholly benighted ones? But blindness, though a polar winter without day, in this resembles the night,—that it softens and stills; the blind is a child whom its mother, Nature, has fashioned darkling for the deepest tranquillity. Like a man in a balloon, high above the clouds, the hermit-blind knows only voices and sounds; but the bewildering, gaudy shows of life, the low, the hateful and hating forms, full of wounds and scars, are hidden under the thick cloud which enwraps him.”

*Jean Paul, in Titan.*



On the earth lay yellow, faded rose-leaves, and skeletons of nose-gays, in which there was more of sticks and threads, than of flowers : it seemed to me as if I saw the summer in which they had grown and blossomed, lying withered at my feet ; and the evening joys which Sunday shed among the villages ; and many a youthful, high-breathing bosom, from which (perhaps more brightly blooming than they) they had dropped faded ; and gladly would I have put the summer, and its withered joys, by their dead stalks into the water, and revived *them* ; and I looked at the tall organist, to whom the thing was nothing but a vexation, as he took the broom and swept it away among the dry dust.

As we came down, and I trod, like death, over the breast of many a strong mail-clad knight, and his gently-supplicating lady-wife, I thought deeply, but cheerfully, of the old by-gone Catholic times, whose rostrum and whose theatre this place had been. A Catholic Church, as it now is, presses the near image of the gloomy, ponderous, middle ages too heavily on my heart ; but if its service has passed away then, the dim, shadowy picture pleases me ; and I figure to myself indulgently, how many a fevered bosom here caught fresh air ; how many a breathing sigh, how many a sanctifying prayer, were uttered here ; and how the poor human beings, sunk in the deepest shaft of monkery, beheld, not indeed the quickening sun of our living day, but, like other miners, some star of the second day :—even that is something. And I would rather dwell in the dim fog of superstition, than in air rarified to nothing by the air-pump of unbelief, in which the panting breast expires, vainly and convulsively gasping for breath.

In general our century has removed rather errors, than the moral sources of errors. Our mental cataract is not operated on with the couching instrument, which removes it entirely, but only with the lancet, which pushes it back into the inmost part of the eye.

*Jean Paul, in Titan.*

They came, saw, and conquered,—all who were at table expecting them. Heavens ! they were enlightened, eighteenth-century men. They stood up stoutly for Frederick II., for moderate freedom, and good amusing reading, and moderate deism, and moderate philosophy. They delivered themselves most clearly against the apparition of spirits,—against all illusions and all extremes. They liked very well to read their poets—as models of style to be advantageously used in business, and as relaxations from solid affairs ; they relished nightingales—roasted ; and liked myrtles, as Spanish bakers do—to heat their ovens with ; they had killed the great sphynx, who sets us the riddle of life, and carried off the stuffed hide, and they held it for a wonder if any body else would now submit to be puzzled. Genius, said they, we would certainly not cast away ; we would keep it for sale. And their icy souls burn but for one object—for the body ; this is solid and real ; this is the true state, and religion, and art. *Jean Paul, in Titan.*

As with artisans, so with the higher order of artists, we see the most striking proofs that man can least appropriate to himself that which most completely belongs to him. His works leave him, as a bird the nest in which it was hatched.

The lot of the architect is herein strange above all others. How often does he turn his whole mind and soul to the construction and



perfecting of rooms from which *he* must be for ever shut out. The royal halls are indebted to him for a splendour, the full effect of which *he* is never to enjoy.

In the temple, he fixes an impassable barrier between himself and the Holy of holies. The steps which he has laid for the celebration of the heart-elevating mysteries, *he* must never venture to ascend ; as the goldsmith looks with distant reverence on the sacred chalice, to the gold and gems of which he has given shape and brilliancy. With the keys of the palace, the architect delivers up to the rich man all its conveniences and enjoyments, of which *he* is never to share in one.

Must not this gradually estrange the art from the artist, when his work, like a full-grown child, no longer reflects its influence on its father ? And how much would the art advance if it were occupied almost exclusively with the external, which belongs to all, and, in common with all, to the artist himself.

*Goethe, in Die Wahlverwandschaften.*

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There is a fable of former ages which is grave and solemn, and may, to some, appear awful and terrible. They figured to themselves their forefathers sitting on thrones in a circle around large subterranean halls, mutely discoursing. When a new inhabitant entered, if he were worthy, they all arose from their seats, and bowed their heads to him in welcome.

Yesterday, as I sat in the chapel, and fixed my eyes on several other carved chairs over against the one on which I was sitting, this thought seemed to me most cheerful and agreeable. “Why canst *thou* not remain thus seated ?” I asked myself : “Why not calm, motionless, and wholly withdrawn within thyself, remain seated, long, long,—until at length the friends should come at whose entrance thou wouldst stand up, and motion them to their places with a friendly sign ? The many-coloured casements turn the day into a dim and solemn twilight ; and each must tend an eternal lamp, that the night might not be utterly dark.”

*Goethe, in Die Wahlverwandschaften.*

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“It was well,” said Ernest, “for even in our emotion we were glad. I understand not the joy of most men : it seems as if they must keep at a distance all remembrance of real life, in order, with toil and travail, to find in blind dissipation what they call amusement and gaiety. The fulness of life,—a healthful, powerful feeling of existence,—stands in need, even, of a certain melancholy to deepen the sense of pleasure ; as this same sound and vigorous state of mind first gave birth to tragedy, and is still necessary to the enjoyment of it. The more feeble man becomes, the more weary of life, the less can he find joy in any thing but laughter, or the frivolous comedy of modern times. Shun him who has lost all power and relish for aught but laughter ; for with earnestness and a lofty melancholy, all the inward stores of his life have vanished : he is bad, if he is capable of being any thing more than a fool. The more our sense of existence is quickened and exalted by pleasure and by love, the louder our inward shout of triumph in those few and rare minutes which a niggard fate deals scantily out to us, the more rich and bounteous ought we in those minutes to feel. Wherefore, then, in these most bright and beautiful moments of our lives, should we drive our departed friends and their love away from us ? Has death made them



our enemies? Or is their state, to our apprehension, so utterly afflictive that their image must needs trouble our joy? In such felicity of mind I would fain exclaim, let them come to us, let them come into our arms, into our hearts, that our riches may be made richer! But if you can bear with the belief that they are forlorn and helpless, driven out into the wide and weary desert, oh! let some drops from the overflowings of your joy fall on them! But no, beloved, departed one! in such moments I feel myself transported into thy peace and thy joy; and thou art more mine than in this earthly life thou ever wast; for together with all my love, my highest and deepest sorrow now belongs to thee,—that nameless and incomprehensible, anxious wrestling with the fearful doubt of having lost thee for ever: then was my love first compelled to call up and to understand all its strength; then did I first win thee in triumph from death,—never more to lose thee; and from that time thou art mine, mine without change, without sickness, without misunderstanding; and thou smilest in every smile, and swimmest in every tear of mine. Where can I better lodge thee than in this heart when it is opened to joy? With such a guest, I say no more to her, ‘What wilt thou?’ or, ‘Thou art mad,’ for thy benign presence makes her nobler, gentler, more humane.”

*Tieck, in Phantasus.*

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“Dream out your lovely dream,” said Anton; “intoxicate yourself with your happiness, for you belong not now to the earth: hereafter we shall find each other again; for, some time or other, poor man must awake and become sober.”

“No, my dear, timorous-hearted friend,” exclaimed Frederick, with sudden animation, “suffer not yourself to be persuaded by the prate of this pretended superficial wisdom, for it is despair itself. Can that love die which now shines in the deepest deep of my existence, and enlightens the darkest chambers and all the strange treasures of my heart? It is not the beauty alone of my beloved that transports me; it is not her gentle engaging character alone, but, above all, her love; and this *my* love, which goes forth to meet her, is my most holy and undying will,—my soul itself, which in this feeling breaks loose from the bonds of darkening matter. In this love, I see and feel, faith and immortality, nay, even the Nameless himself, and all the wonders of his manifestation, in the very centre of my being. Beauty may fade and vanish; it only goes before us, thither where we shall find it again; but faith abides with us. Oh! my brother, dead, long dead are, as men say, Isalde and Sygune: you smile,—well, they never existed; but the race of man lives on; and every spring, and every love, kindles anew the celestial fire; and, therefore, in all ages have the holiest tears been shed for the most beautiful, which in appearance only has withdrawn itself from us, and still looks forth and smiles upon us, (calling up some dim and secret recollections,) out of the eyes of children, out of the lips of young virgins, out of the flowers and brooks; and therefore is that poetical fiction undying. In this holy state did I first find *myself*, and I must loose myself again, I must be annihilated, if this rapture can, at any time, die.”

*Tieck, in Phantasus.*

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We may try to fancy ourselves as we will; we think of ourselves always as seeing. I think we dream only that we may not



cease to see. Is it not possible that the inward light might in time break forth, so that we should no longer stand in need of the outer?

*Goethe, in Die Wahlverwandschaften.*

The year is dying away like the sound of bells. The wind passes over the stubble and finds nothing to move. Only the red berries of that slender tree seem as if they would fain remind us of something cheerful; and the measured beat of the thresher's flail calls up the thought, that in the dry and fallen ear lies so much nourishment and life.

*Goethe, in Die Wahlverwandschaften.*

His portfolio contained, indeed, scarcely any thing but outlines, but, as they were traced through on the pictures themselves, they had perfectly preserved their antique character; and how touching was that! On every figure and countenance rested the spirit of simple, serene existence. It was impossible not to feel certain that all, if not great and noble, were gentle and good. A cheerful spirit of union, a willing acknowledgment of an object of reverence above us, a calm surrender of the soul to love and expectation, sat on every face and breathed in every gesture. The old man with the bald head, the rich-locked boy, the high-spirited youth, the sedate and earnest man, the glorified saint, the hovering angel, all appeared blessed in innocent contentment, in pious acquiescence. The homeliest figure bore traces of a heavenly life, and the service and worship of God seemed the occupation fitted to every nature.

*Goethe, in Die Wahlverwandschaften.*

#### INDECISION :

##### *Our first Day in Paris.*

"COME, quick, send the breakfast away,

'Tis half after twelve, I declare!

Let's settle the place for the day,

For really we've no time to spare.

What sight shall we see to begin with?

Lord bless me! will no one decide?

Well! order the carriage, and in with

The Map and the 'Traveller's Guide.'"

"I vote for the tour of the Fountains,"—

"And I for the gay Tuileries,"—

"I'm mad for a rush down the mountains,"—

"And I—for whatever you please."—

"Then let's take a peep at the Louvre."—

"Psha! we've plenty of time to go there;

Stop, and see the Guard-Royal manœuvre."—

"Pooh! nonsense, we've no time to spare."

"The Luxembourg let us agree on."—

"We pass'd it an hour ago."—

"Suppose then we see the Pantheon?"

"'Twould take us an hour to go;

But, since we're on this side the water,

The catacombs let us explore."—

"Oh! they're quite in a different quarter;

Besides, they're a terrible bore."—



“ ’Tis too warm up Montmartre to scramble,  
 And thence all the city behold :  
 Through the vaults of St. Denis let’s ramble :”—  
 “ We shall find that a little too cold.”  
 “ To the Gobelins !”—“ As I am a sinner  
 The porter has just closed the gate.  
 How provoking ! ’tis too soon for dinner,  
 And for ev’ry thing else ’tis too late.”

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GANGANELLI AND CARLINI.

[Clement XIV. and Carlini, the celebrated buffoon, were in their youth playmates and schoolfellows. The following letters are supposed to pass between them in the after-vicissitudes of life.]

LETTER I.

*From Carlo Bertinazzi to John Vincent Anthony Ganganelli, a Scholar in the Holy House of the Dominican Brothers at Rimini.*

You are anxious about me, my Ganganelli ; you have already a thousand times accused the hair-brained volatility of your friend. My family, irritated and uneasy, have doubtless consulted you as to the motive of my escape,—the place of my retreat ; and unable to satisfy their inquietudes, you have upbraided me as selfishly regardless of my friends,—as boldly indifferent to my own fair fame. Yet it is to *you* alone I confide my secret,—to you alone, dear Ganganelli, my friend, my playmate ! Re-assure my uncle, if you will ;—tell him I am well—happy—prosperous ; but were you to betray to him whence my prosperity, and from what source my happiness, you would not only mar the fortunes of a vagrant whom you love, but put a thorn in the old man’s side for the monotonous remnant of his pious days. My Ganganelli, I have enrolled myself as a comedian !

I need not remind you how repiningly I ever shared in the exercises of our seminary ;—how abhorrently I confined my active mind within limit of the hope-excluding and Dantesque gates of its sanctuary ;—how loathingly I abstemed over its messes of musty Polenta ! I could not but believe that the power which sanctified the fruits of earth for our use, sanctified them also for our delectation ; and that sleep and food, in their best attainable degree, were destined for the innocent re-invigoration of our bodies. Your opinions, my Ganganelli, were incomprehensible by a philosophy so narrow as mine ; while I beheld the earth lacking labour,—the waters navigation ;—while I saw the wants of man demanding the ministry and co-operation of his fellow-man,—I could not teach myself to fancy that prayer, and fast, and vigil, were the duties all-in-all sufficient to our salvation. Ganganelli, I should have drilled myself, at best, into a sorry friar ; but I feel that I shall become an excellent harlequin !

You may remember that I was deeply affected at bidding you farewell, when my uncle insisted upon despatching me on a holiday excursion to my Venetian grandame’s ! Yet it was only a vague presentiment that originated my tears ; for I swear to you that I had formed no projects for the future, nor could I have retained one unconfided secret within my heart. My calculating uncle dreamed but of refreshing my grandmother’s affections, as the securest tenure on her zequins ; be-



thinking him how far her goodly inheritance would serve to enlighten my perceptions, and swell the tide of my eloquence, when I should have hereafter stultified my faculties beneath the legal and doctorial robe of Bologna. My Ganganelli! I should have made a detestable Doctor of Laws; but I feel that I shall become an admirable harlequin!

Oh! that Venice!—by what words shall I convey to *your* calm and contemplative mind the rapturous sensations thronging round the busy heart amid its Moresque arcades,—upon its voiceless waters,—and the moonlight stillness of its lone lagoon! The mysterious torch flashing from the prow of some gliding gondola,—the animated pictures of Ariosto lisped into life by the *gondolieri* through the listening air of midnight,—a fair form gleaming from some latticed balcony,—a soft voice murmuring its orisons through the lugubrious dimness of some twilight church;—I saw these,—I saw and felt them all!—and my languishing heart ached in its anticipations of the breviary, and the discipline, and the musty Polenta! Is it not true that I should have made a sorry friar?

But the cup of profane blandishments had not yet offered its most inebriating draught to my lips. I was permitted, for the first time, to visit the theatre of St. Chrysostom; for the first time the quips and cranks, and chartered jests of the Bergamasque interpreters of fancy, made prisoner of my reason! Brighella and Arlecchino,—Il Dottore, (my prototype, the learned jurisconsult of Bologna,) Pantaleone, delicious, Venetian-bearded, vain-glorious Pantaleone! I saw them with their stratagems, their witty knaveries,—I heard them with their biting jests, their court satires; the ecstasy of a listening multitude stunned them with its applause; and lo! the incipient energies of a harlequin\* already struggled within my ambitious bosom!

Let me not too tediously particularize. I returned again and again for intoxication to the enchanted stream, which had welled thus auspiciously from the gloomy rock of my destiny. I balanced the joys of a comedian's errant existence against my grandame's heritage, my uncle's exhortations, and the penances and Polenta of our ascetic superior,—and in a moment of enthusiasm I proffered my services to the company. I was unhesitatingly put on trial, and, laud we the gods, approved by the critics of St. Mark! Our *impresario* was bound to Milan; I agreed to join his march, and here I am, the happiest and most popular of the motley tribe of harlequins betwixt Savoy and Rimini! I feel that an illustrious destiny summons me to the Temple of Fame; the foreshowing of an ardent mind assures me that I shall become the favourite of nations, the guest of princes. Your old father, the compounder of simples, was wont to revile me as a scapegrace;—I tell you, Ganganelli, that *Kings* shall hereafter weep or smile at my bidding.

And now my beloved friend, before you irrevocably gird on the funeral array of a monastic life, before you resolve on swathing your expansive soul in the infantine garments of perpetual childishness, for the love of Heaven, for the love of *me*, reflect on the barren prospects to which you restrict your earthly hopes! Our company would bear the addition of a second Brighella; say but the word, and you are

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\* The Arlecchino parlante.



already engaged! Say but the word, and I will instantly remit you a sum enabling you to reach the Milanese without delay; where your presence will complete the happiness of a friend,—no longer Bertinazzi, but

CARLINI.

LETTER II.

*From Ganganelli to Carlini.*

MY friend and brother!—It may not be! I rejoice in thy happiness, without venturing to inquire into the blamelessness of its origin; thy soul had ever a buoyancy, thy heart an earthward tendency, gifting thee with impulses of enjoyment unknown unto my temperate nature. For me, I have taken up my staff, and will pursue my pilgrimage; howbeit its paths are thorny, and its rewards of distant promise. At Easter my profession will be sealed by its holiest vow; and trust me, dear Bertinazzi, *my* spirit's vocation is as true as thine; for I love the tranquil seclusion of the cloister, without sealing my hopes against the ambition of a nobler destiny. *I*, too, may become honoured among the nations. *I*, too, the associate of princes; but, alas! our several paths to eminence will scarcely tend to re-unite us.

Yet love me, my best Carlo: and if ever the intoxications of the world delude thee even unto folly, even unto vice, think of the sinless pleasures of thy youth, think of the trusting friendship of my affection, and restrain the promptings of human frailty in remembering thy

GANGANELLI.

LETTER III.

*From Carlini to Father Lorenzo Ganganelli, Counsel in the Holy Office of the Pontificate at Rome.*

Paris, 175\*.

SAID I not, dear Ganganelli, that I should achieve greatness—that I should conquer fate—that my name should become rife among the rumours of the earth? and have I not amply redeemed my word? “Ahi! Ganganelli mio!—fratello chiarissimo, carissimo amico.” Why did you embrace so scurvy a profession? why did you refuse the office of Brighella? why, why did you not emulate the ardour of a Carlini?

It is now twenty-five years since we severally embraced our various careers of life. During that period the occasional communications prompted by our unabated friendship, have still shown you to me restless, mortified, and unhappy. You did not disguise from me the vexations and harassing cabals to which you were exposed during your sojourn with the Dominican brotherhood; you were unpossessed of the means to gratify the benevolent suggestions of your mind, or the influence requisite to introduce among the brethren, and justify to their superiors the severe degree of ecclesiastical reform instigated by your own unswerving self-denial. Deny it not, my Ganganelli, although you repined not at your choice and its resignations—you were mentally and physically wretched! Nay! even since you have been domiciliated in Rome, and promoted to the honours of the Holy Council, you have entertained many secret causes of mortification and disappointment. The late Pope was, it is true, amiable as a man, and eminent as an ecclesiastic; but what intrigues had you not to encounter in order to



retain his friendship, and direct his favour towards objects as blameless as yourself? Deny it not, my Ganganelli! even while you were sunned in the affectionate patronage of Benedict XIV. you were a miserable man! The tone of your letters to your friend betrayed in every line the unacknowledged fact. And now, during the troubled Pontificate of his successor, your grievances have been of fourfold endurance. Your resources have been diminished, your worldly affairs embarrassed, your spiritual views thwarted by the undue interference of others. My beloved friend, it is not yet too late! Leave your pompous Rome and its hollow conclave,—abandon the papal court and its base intrigues—resign yourself no longer to the ungrateful tyranny of your crafty profession. Enjoy, for the first time, the universal creation and its beauties—indulge in social virtues without renouncing your own—become once more my companion—my guide—mine own familiar friend!

And first let me briefly contrast my destinies with yours. From the first hour of my becoming an ambulant comedian, my days have been all sunny, my nights all peace. My heart is naturally a cheerful one; I found a welcome occupation in my calling, superseding the tedium of idleness; and my healthful frame has been unvisited by those accessions of disease which have so frequently racked your sedentary existence. That my efforts have been successful, you know; all Italy has spoken of me with regardful applause, and Sacchi or Truffaldino, the darling of Naples and of Venice, has willingly ceded his laurels to a younger rival. Yet, neither as man, as actor, nor as manager, have I found myself embroiled in a single quarrel; and when I received the letter of the Duc d'Aumont, first Chamberlain to his most Christian Majesty, earnestly inviting me to visit Paris, under an appointment to the Italian company, attached to the Royal Household, my prosperity was unembittered by one envious comment or interposition.

And now I am in Paris! dear, joyous, refined, intellectual Paris! crowned by the approval of the most cultivated of European minds; surrounded by the familiar companionship of the wisest and wittiest of the earth. Buffon, whose works you so devoutly admire, deigns to become the associate of one whose gaiety serves to cheer the intervals of his scientific labours. Diderot is my friend—Fontenelle condescends to visit me—Voltaire unbends his brow to laugh at my sallies. I have an apartment overlooking the gay resort of the Palais Royal gardens; the famous Cracovian chesnut-tree spreads its broad shadows beneath my windows. The *cafés*, which at the breakfast hour unite all the busy idlers of the city, send up the incense of their merriment to enliven my waking; and at night the unvarying plaudits and exciting laughter of the illuminated theatre reward my heart-prompted sallies, and send me home contented to my supper and my bed.

Supper! what multitudinous sensations of delight does that single word awaken in a frame of Parisian experience! What banquets of immortal hilarity arise prospectively and retrospectively before my eyes at the mere sound! Feasts that might mollify the most rigid saint—society that might humanize the fiercest ascetic; wine, women, viands, that might embody the Pagan fictions of Arabia, are nightly tendered to my enjoyment. Le Kain, Molle, Clairval, Marmontel, Florian, Grandval, Monsigny, d'Argental, Richelieu, Prévile, Favart, Collé,—ay!



and better far than a thousand, such,—Clairon, dear Ganganelli! the enchanting Clairon, Dumenil, Du Gazan, Riccoboni, La Buette, and others, who might pass for Minerva, did they not emulate the loveliness of Cytherea, share in the delicious orgies to which I am admitted. It is said among them, and my experience hitherto avouches the fact, that no historian of any nation had yet acquired from the fastidious pit of Paris, the intimate favour lavished upon “Carlin!” Yet I flatter myself, and feel that it is not to this fickle distinction I am solely indebted for the friendship of so many of my gifted contemporaries. Oh, no! it is that they find me free from envy, free from guile, free from care; willing to amuse, but far more willing to be amused. And for *my* sake they would open their arms unto yourself; even while your abilities and excellence remained unknown. If it were your will, you should keep a strict incognito in sharing my home, my board, my purse, my pleasures; or if, despising the aid of the *Buffo* Carlini, you chose to maintain your independence, benefices abound; and your eloquence would soon raise you to any ecclesiastical rank you chose to command. Write to me, my Ganganelli! say you will come, say you will at length be happy as you are beloved. We will teach the current of your care-catted blood to flow as luxuriantly as the glowing flasks of the Garonne,—we will put the breath of joy into your heart,—we will smooth your pillow with the rest of the contented *Eminentissimo!*—*stimatissimo!*—*carissimo!*—Come, come, come! But ah! my Ganganelli, why did you embrace so scurvy a profession!

CARLINI.

## LETTER IV.

À Monsieur,

Monsieur Carlini, Comédien-ordinaire de Sa Majeste,  
au Palais Royale.

1759.

ALAS! my Carlini, your letter of warm and friendly invitation arrived too late! How should I have been enabled to resist the escape it offered from the cabals of the most intriguing city of all Christendom, to the *dolcissimo far niente* of luxurious Paris? or how to steel my heart against its own eager suggestions of flying to the embrace of my very earliest friend? But my evil destiny prevails! Last week I was elected to the Sacred College;—alas! my Carlini, I am now the *Cardinal* Ganganelli!

Yet dream not that this unlooked-for elevation will preserve me from the evils of the vocation which you so justly characterize. “Envy,” says the English philosopher, “envy, like the sun, beats hottest on the highest heads;” and my new dignities have already exposed me to more malevolence than I had ever thought to excite in the minds of my fellow-creatures. Those aspiring brethren of the Church, whom the fiat of His Holiness has destined me to overpass, regard me as the son of an obscure physician, and unqualified by birth for the honours of the Cardinalate; and they even assert, that one who has thus strangely risen above his degree, will become still more aspiring. How little do they imagine my own humble consciousness of demerit! or my deep and intimate persuasion that it is the robe of St. Francis which has been honoured in my person,—and not the mortal man Ganganelli!



To *him*, how unavailing that honour,—how infructuous his empty dignity! A few syllables will be thereby added to his epitaph,—but will he read them?—or will the worm delay its repast upon one who hath worn the purple?

Harassed by cabals and anxieties, I shall still confine my modest residence to the Convent of the Holy Apostles, avoiding show, and escaping equipage;—happy if I can also escape the malice of a thousand disappointed rivals, and assist in rescuing the Holy See from the external perils to which it is just now so imminently exposed. Farewell, my best friend—my dearest Bertinazzi! The peace of Heaven be upon you, and render you happier than I am!

GANGANELLI.

LETTER V.

*From Carlini to the Cardinal Ganganelli.*

*Eminentissimo!* Yet no! wherefore should my pen address you otherwise than my heart suggests? No, no! you are still mine—my own faithful Ganganelli!

With what sympathy, alas! do I learn the turmoil and vexation in which you are involved! with what grief do I hear that just indignation with which all Europe, and France in particular, regards the innovation purposed by the Holy See upon the States of Parma, attached even to the name of my own beloved Cardinal! You may imagine the eagerness with which I interrogate every traveller arriving from Italy touching the progress and probable termination of these dissensions;—all unite in blaming you, that you refrain from active remonstrance with His Holiness on the ruinous irritations excited by his rapacious views among the potentates of Europe, and in asserting that *you* are the only member of the Sacred College able and willing to disperse the storm at present lowering over the Vatican.

My Ganganelli! you may remember that for many years I was domesticated at the Court of Parma. In favour of my lively vein, I was admitted to the familiar intercourse of Don Philip,—to hunt with him,—to sup with him,—to listen to his most intimate opinions. He saw me wholly unambitious, and wholly disinterested; and pleased by qualifications of such rare occurrence in a Court, I think I may say without fatuity,—that his Highness really *loved me*. Nay! his gracious partiality remains unabated; and more than once I have been honoured by letters and confidential commissions from his hand. Will you, then, permit the poor Carlini to become the interpreter of your dutiful sentiments towards him?—will you suffer me to become the feeble instrument of healing the wounds imprinted by political schism in the bosom of the Catholic Church?

Again, the Duc de Choiseul favours me with his peculiar predilection;—twice, last year, he insisted on recruiting my exhausted strength by a sojourn at Chanteloup; and he frequently beguiles an idle hour in my apartments—listening to and furnishing food for the *Caneans* of Paris. Shall I speak to him of your pacific views? of your intended submission to the arbitration of Louis XV.?—of your deep consciousness of the obligations hitherto incurred by the Holy See towards the



House of Bourbon? Many here suggest that were you yourself appointed to the French Legation, every disputed point—ay! even the thorny difficulties of the Jesuit Question—would be speedily arranged. Say, my Ganganelli! shall I suggest this alternative to my friend the Minister?

And oh! with what transport, after so many bitter years of separation, should I fold you once more to my bosom. Despite my naturalization here, and the popular favour which has been its motive, the blood of Italy still scorches my veins. My heart is all meridian; and its tides are molten into lava-like fervency at the very sound of my native accents. My Ganganelli!—my own—my beloved—come to Paris! Fulfil the utmost triumph of my life, by letting me see you invested in all those illustrious dignities which so become you, and which you so become! And I *should* see you! My appointment at Court insures me all the *entrées*—and necessitates my appearance in all the excursions of his Majesty to Marly, Compiègne, or Fontainebleau. I have my *logements* at Versailles; and am frequently honoured by the partial notice of the King, and of Mesdames.

Dear Ganganelli! deign to visit Paris,—to smile once more upon your friend,—to unbend your harassed mind among the enchantments of the most polished Court in Christendom! But ah, why, why did you ever embrace so scurvy a profession!

CARLINI.

LETTER VI.

*From Clement XIV. to Carlini.*

ONCE again, my kindest Bertinazzi, your retardment has been fatal to my prospects of happiness. I can never visit Paris,—can never refresh my heart by witnessing the esteem and affection in which you are justly held. Alas! the rumours of Europe must have already acquainted you that I have been elected Pope! There was a time when the first ecclesiastical dignity of Christendom shone before my eyes as a glorious, but unattainable means of redressing the injuries, and equalizing the revenues of the church; as well as of redeeming the fold of the meek Jesus from its present stigma of rapacity, ambition, and vain-glorious assumption. But hopes so futile as these have long since vanished from my mind. The Church of Peter is no longer the Church of Christ; its crosier hath become a spear of worldly contention; and patience and humility are no longer its apostolic virtues. Vain were it for *me* to stand alone against the cabals of a factious conclave; and behold, it will be mine to bear in single odium the discredit of their decrees; and every weapon unsheathed by their innovations upon the rights of the laity, will be pointed against Ganganelli! My beloved friend, if the crown of a temporal prince be in truth a crown of thorns, what—what must be the suffering endurance of the Tiara? Oh! for the repose of my monastic cell—for the companionship of my books—as a blessed exchange for these angry contentions! The question of the Suppression of the Jesuits bewilders me on every side—Spain, France, Naples, Portugal, alternately perplex me with remonstrances; may Heaven—who hath assigned to my apostolate so stormy a ministry—enable and enlighten me to subdue the violence of the tempest!



And now farewell! Favour I have none to offer you; for, elevated as I am, Carlini, *you* are still above me;—you are happy, contented, unambitious! My blessings now, as ever, rest upon your head!

1769.

CLEMENT.

## LETTER VII.

*From Monsieur Carlini to Clement XIV.*

1779.

It is not often that I now presume to address your Holiness! Not that I doubt the continuance and fervour of your affection, but I am aware how fully the painful duties of the Pontificate have occupied your every moment, and I also know—forgive me!—that evil tongues might be moved by the betrayal of a correspondence between the mighty magnet of the Christian Church, and the *buffo* Carlini.

Recent tidings from the Vatican, however, have acquainted us with your grievous sickness, and with the afflicting straits that compass you about. Pardon me, dearest Ganganelli, if in such an emergency I have presumed to act in your behalf, and without your gracious permission. Happy as I am in myself, in my wife, my family, how could I bear to think of the friend of my youth, lonely amid all his pompous splendours, harassed, and sick, and wretched, beyond the reach of consolation! Alas! why did he embrace so scurvy a profession!

You are aware of the favour lavished upon me at Court during the late reign; but it was only a faint foreshowing of that which the partiality of our charming Queen—blessings be about her!—has since insured me. My setting-sun shines brighter than the star of my meridian. The approaching marriage of Madame Clotilde with the Prince de Piedmont and the alliances of Monsieur and the Comte d'Artois—which have settled two Princesses of Savoy at Versailles—have also procured an especial vogue for every art and every diversion connected with Italy and its language. The pieces of my friend Goldoni are continually performed at the Theatre of the Petit Trianon; and during the last six months my time has been exclusively occupied in giving instructions to her Majesty and the Princesses. During the last week our joy—the joy of the whole household—has been completed by the certainty that all domestic differences have ceased in the Royal family; and that an heir is about to be born to the kingdom of Henri IV.

Yesterday, as I was completing my lesson with Madame Clotilde, Marie Antoinette unexpectedly entered the room, and I seized on the opportunity of offering the respectful homage of my joy. “Carlini!” said the Queen, with tearful eyes, “you are a faithful servitor, and I have long wished to offer you a token of regard. Give me an immediate occasion of favouring your wishes.”

I threw myself at her feet, and assured her that the favour of the Royal family had left me no opening for a single desire.

“But you have a wife—you have friends.”

“I have a wife, Madam, who, like myself, enjoys the blessing of content; but if your Majesty permits me to solicit in favour of a friend——”

“Ah! I knew it would not be for yourself. Some fellow-countryman, I am persuaded, *mon bon Carlin!* Some needy literary man.”



"A countryman, Madam, and a man of letters; but neither needy nor obscure."

"Ecoutez Mesdames—écoutez! Voici Carlin qui sollicite notre protection pour quelque illustre inconnu. Ma Clotilde! c'est sans doute ton Prince de Piémont."

"Helas! Madame—peu s'en faut."

"C'est donc notre digne protecteur, Giovanni Mocenigo, notre aimable Ambassadeur de Venise!"

"Ne déplaie à votre Majesté, encore moins."

"Allons donc! voilà mon imagination épuisée!"

"Let me presume then, Madam, to solicit your interposition with his Majesty, in favour of one against whom the persecution of thousands is now directed; one whose devotion to the House of Bourbon, I can myself, as the companion and friend of his early years, expressly attest."

"Et qui se nomme?"

"His Holiness Clement XIV!"

"C'est impayable!" exclaimed the Queen. "But my royal word is pledged; his Majesty is at this moment in his cabinet; and all my influence shall be employed as you desire. Thus far I may at least pre-assure you,—that the King is most favourably inclined towards the cause you advocate. Should you entertain a confidential correspondence with the Vatican, (she could scarcely repress a smile,) add the expression of my affectionate allegiance to that of your own respectful friendship."

I presume to believe that this intelligence will not be unwelcome to your Holiness: and in the fervent trust, my Ganganelli, of hearing of your speedy recovery, I subscribe myself your humble, but faithful friend,

CARLINI.

[This letter reached the Vatican after the decease of Clement XIV.; an event attributed by many contemporary historians, to poison and the Jesuits;—by his household, to the vexation arising from their contentions. Carlini was observed to fall into a state of profound melancholy; and the darling of the Parisians expired shortly afterwards a victim to hypochondriac affections.]

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#### THE FAIR SEX.

WHEN Eve brought *woe* to all mankind,  
 Old Adam called her *wo-man*;  
 But when she *woo'd* with love so kind,  
 He then pronounced it *woo-man*;  
 But now with folly and with pride,  
 Their husbands' pockets trimming,  
 The ladies are so full of *whims*,  
 That people call them *whim-men*.

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## ENGLISH MANNERS, OR SATIRIC SKETCHES.

“The *Devil* is a name for a *Body Politick*, in which there are very different Orders and Degrees of Spirits, and perhaps in as much variety of Place and State as among our Selves—

\* \* \* \* \*

I offer this account of the Probable Design of those wicked Agents—viz. : that having none to rule or tyrannize over within the circle of their own nature and government, they affect a proud empire over US—the desire of Dominion and Authority being largely spread through the Whole Circumference of Degenerated Nature.”—*Glanvil on Witches*.

————— “There is no hell  
To a Lady of Fashion—All your tortures there  
Are pastimes to it.——” *The Devil is an Ass.*

“L’on ne peut se passer de ce même monde que l’on n’aime point, et dont on se moque.”—*La Bruyere*.

## ARGUMENT.

Prefatory Lines.—Part the First—The Ball-room—Lady —— and her daughters—Matrimonial Manœuvring—Peculiar to England—Lord —— Public Delinquency among us defended by assertions of Private Virtue—What is Private Virtue in England explained—The three Cardinal Sins in our Society, viz. : Poverty, Civility, and Eccentricity—Remarks on the First, the Second, the Third—Story of the Frenchman and Mr. Brown—Application!—Consequences deduced from Poverty, Civility, and Eccentricity, being considered offences, viz. : 1st, In ostentation, and a miserable competition with each other; 2dly, In rudeness or bashfulness; 3dly, In the mimicry and imitation which pervade Society, rendering it stiff, unnatural, and artificial: hence an Universal Vulgarity—Allusion to Lord Chesterfield’s observation that every thing affected is vulgar—Description of a Man who cannot forfeit *caste* however *unfashionable* in his habits—Mrs. ——, want of familiarity and friendship in acquaintance—The melancholy appearance of the English in Public Places—De Stæel’s observation; addition to it—Imitation of Lord Byron—Reflections on the charge of such imitation—The Dancers—Mr. A——, and Lady T——, Count V——, Lady H——, the Miss F——s, Mr. F——, Lord B—— Observations on the English art of “cutting”—On our Method of Education; note upon it—Upon the Silence of the English—Upon the Prevalence of Slander amongst us—Sir —— Recipe for Making a Country Gentleman—Conclusion of Part the First.

## PREFATORY LINES.

AGAIN—again!—since *last*, my lyre,  
I woke thy chords, what years have flown!  
And when the heart hath lost its fire,  
The harp can scarce retain its tone.  
Yet never more I ask from thee,  
My lyre, the notes I loved of yore;  
My bark of life is on the sea,  
Away the memories of the shore!—  
The shore, the glowing shore, where dwell  
“The sisters of the haunted stream;”  
Where Heaven is open’d by a spell,  
And Earth ‘is rounded by a dream.’  
Away!—no falsehood on that earth  
I love; how bright so e’er it be,  
One truth, however harsh, is worth  
An Eden, if of dreams, to me!  
I ask, my lyre, one measure meet,  
On life, on English life, to treat:



Not with the plume, with which was writ,  
 To Julia, that delightful letter,  
 Where Folly wears the garb of wit,  
 And Wisdom scarce could wear it better :  
 Where Town, the hydra bore, is made  
 Her claim to bliss, so gaily pleading—  
 We pause, and ask the sense dismay'd,  
 If such the life *we're really* leading?  
 The life where Spleen, the nightmare, lies,  
 On all enjoyment darkly pressing :  
 The sleep—where Strife with Torpor vies—  
 And while we clasp, we curse the blessing !

No ! not for me, howe'er she move—  
 Whether with Luttrell's easy air,  
 Or, with more sparkling graces—rove  
 The dingy mazes of "May-Fair ;"  
 Scattering rich gems—less wise than merry—  
 O'er smoke-dried streets, in glittering waste,  
 And more than once—like Londonderry—  
 Mistaking jewel'ry for taste ;—

No ! not for me the Muse, whose lays,  
 "At English ton," with rapture glow—  
 What she, sweet love, exults to praise—  
 The dancing nights—the lounging days—  
 And all a mimic fashion sways—  
 What she, the highest of the high,  
 Esteems—to my malignant eye,  
 Seems lowest of the low.

My Muse, at what *she* prizes, sneers ;  
 To mine, her god—a calf appears ;  
 This '*ton supernal*,'—this most rare  
 And fine of "England's moral air,"  
 I deem the breath of dull disease,  
 At which all daintier lungs would sneeze ;  
 And this (the vulgar word I use),  
 This *Fashion*, which, on such high places,  
 Is held to shed diviner dews  
 On all "your Lordships and your Graces,"  
 Appears to me no sacred cloud,  
 For "gods and god-like men" the shroud,  
 But a base, fog-fed exhalation,  
 The veriest vapour of the nation,  
 Producing only mushrooms—(fools  
 And mushrooms grow in dirt the sweeter!) —  
 Or, varying solely from toadstools,  
 By, now and then, a chance toad-eater ;—  
 In short, a sky whose dingy weather  
 Calls mean and upstart things together ;  
 Live fungi, other fungi wonder at—  
 Stare, giggle, imitate, and blunder at.

Come, let us wing our way to where  
 Soft Folly holds her nightly fair,  
 Where, just three-quarters past eleven,  
 Young ladies find themselves in heaven ;  
 With eldest sons for partners—filling  
 The atoms destined for quadrilling ;—  
 Come, let us gaze and smile at all—  
 And play the Cato of the Ball !



PART THE FIRST.

SCENE.—*The Ball-Room.*

(The satirist in evident alarm, hurrying across the room.)

1.

Away—away—Dame \* \* \* \* I see,  
I know her by her stately carriage,  
I know her by her daughters three,  
All breathing tenderness—and *marriage*!

I wish we could conjecture why  
Maids are so bold and men so shy,  
Why lurks the dark maternal snare  
In slender note and pasteboard square,  
Why spinster smiles like boards appear,  
That warn us off with “men-traps here!”

If ask'd to dine with Mrs. D,  
That card—that card your fate is dooming;  
For oh! be sure at eight to see,  
Two sweet *Miss D's* beside you blooming!

2.

But here remember where you're treading,  
There's thrice in waltzing as in wedding;  
At dance the first the sage *Mamma*  
Will ask, *sub rosâ*, ‘*Who you are?*’  
At dance the second—sure to win you,  
She'll own ‘*she takes an interest in you.*’  
But when, rash youth, you've danced another,  
Then comes the question or the brother!

This boon and bolus of a wife,  
Is England's most peculiar evil,  
Where loss of happiness for life  
Rewards the man who dares be civil!

Where all most courteous and polite  
To such a nice excess we carry,  
That if you are not rude to-night—  
By Jove! to-morrow—you *must marry*!

3.

It charms me greatly, dames to hear  
On England's home-endearaments prattle—  
Ah! wives, indeed, may well be *dear*,  
When set for show and sold like cattle.

How strange that men so much are prest,  
When maids may be so lightly bought;  
For marriage surely must be blest,  
When courtship is so sagely taught:  
And damsels of such artless lives,  
*Must* make most unoffending wives.

But after all, the husband's carriage  
Is really what I most adore;  
How generous Trust is *after* marriage  
In ladies all deceit *before*!  
Oh Hymen hear thy suppliant!—send  
A wife, I pray thee to—*my friend*.

4.

Observe Lord \* \* \* \* ! through the nation  
None have so fair a reputation.



What boots it that each sapient deed,  
 My Public, seem'd but done to hurt you,—  
 For who, my Public, would not bleed,  
 When leeches have such *private virtue* !  
 Whene'er of statesmen we complain,  
 They cry—" Ye rogues to cause us strife so !  
 'Tis true that tax too hard may strain—  
 But then—*his Lordship loves his wife so !*  
 That law indeed may gall ye rather—  
 But then—*his Lordship's such a father !*"  
 Suppose we pause here to enquire  
 (Now that this theme we've chanc'd to hit on,)  
 What things we mean when we admire  
 The private virtues of a Briton.  
 We mean the boiling bones to soup  
 For mendicants each Christmas one day ;  
 We mean subscribing to the troop,  
 Who make old women starve on Sunday ;  
 We mean the leaving friends, who've been  
 The least suspected, in the lurch ;  
 We mean the being weekly seen  
 With all one's yawning chits at church ;  
 We mean a sound religion—known  
 By slandering sects which differ vilely ;  
 We mean good morals, which are shown,  
 When sin invites—in sinning slyly ;  
 We do *not* mean a single end  
 Which Virtue once was taught to know ;  
 The faith which ne'er forsakes a friend—  
 The meekness which forgives a foe ;—  
 The open heart which in relief  
 Will seek to shun the prayer it wins ;  
 The tenderness for human grief,  
 The charity for human sins :  
 The freedom from the frailer springs,  
 Which move the baser minds we meet ;  
 The soul which never stains its wings  
 To stoop from honour to deceit.  
 We mean not this—for this is real,  
 And what we mean is all ideal.  
 It is—no longer to descant—  
 A most prodigious love of cant.

## 5.

Talking of sins, in our societies  
 Are three most glaring improprieties ;  
 And oh, if one of these disgrace you,  
 Scarce Lady J——y could replace you.  
 The first is—(ah, what skill can cure  
 Atrophic purses?) *to be poor* ;  
 The second (though a lesser evil,  
 No less a crime,) is—*to be civil* ;  
 And sin the third is—to aspire  
 From " vulgar flight of low desire,"  
 Leave the dull paths by others trod,  
 And dare with \* \* \* \* \* to be odd.  
 For independence all condemn,—  
 To please *oneself* displeases *them*.—



In sin the first—'tis oft amusing,  
To watch the climax of abusing;  
'To hear one term'd, in censure grave,  
Fool, coward, liar, cheat, or knave;  
And then the final period note,  
“ *Poor paltry scamp—not worth a groat !*”

Nay, the impoverish'd so we scout,  
We hardly let them walk about;  
Ne'er in the street they wander blameless,  
But we must call them bold and shameless,  
Grudge them the very light, and rail,  
And wonder when they got from gaol.  
Marriage—Acquaintance—Love—e'en Air,  
“ Are bann'd and barr'd forbidden fare ;”  
In short, so fierce on them we fall,  
We scarcely let them *be at all*.

6.

But whether he live well or live ill,  
Oh, who would venture to be civil?  
Who, in a *public* room or *private*,  
Would dare a stranger to address?—  
In *either* case we so contrive it,  
To make the dire offence no less:—  
The first, designs upon his purse,  
The bold address might haply show him;  
But oh, the last is almost worse  
For then—you can but *want to know him!*  
Or who, through kindness, would offend  
By calling oft upon a friend;  
Sure that the man will wonder why  
You come in his affairs to pry;  
Or, if you're grown a little thinner,  
Suspect intentions on his—dinner!  
In short, each courteous art assuming  
We plain blunt Britons term “ *presuming;*”  
Civility is “ *making free,*”  
And ease “ *a monstrous liberty.*”

7.

But oh, the ills which wait the crime  
Most sinful in this sober clime!  
What woes for him who does not smother  
Whatever differs from another!  
As none of monkey tribe would hail  
The venturous ape who shaved his tail;  
So if you dare but to be known  
By one bold custom of your own,  
Each idler comes to know the matter,  
All gibe and splutter, grin and chatter,  
And deems you in your different shape  
More odious than a tail-less ape.

A story makes the truth more clear—  
Suppose we introduce one here.  
A Frenchman once who came to town,  
Took up his rooms with Mr. Brown,  
(A plain, blunt, honest Cit, who loves  
All things correct, and deals in gloves.)  
Monsieur was quiet, grave, and sad,  
And weekly paid for all he had;



And, though he seem'd a queerish codger,  
Brown's soul rejoiced in such a lodger.  
At length, however, there were strange  
Tokens and types of coming change ;  
A dark, suspicious cloud hung horrid  
O'er Mrs. Brown's foreboding forehead ;—  
While went the maids in threes and pairs,  
Whene'er they pass'd the Frenchman's stairs.

At first when Monsieur rang or sent,  
Though slow and sulky, still they went ;  
But now, where once she'd merely linger,  
Sall vows she will not wag a finger ;  
The fire goes out for want of coals—  
The morning comes—but not the rolls—  
And dim in all their sullied hues  
Remain his *only* pair of shoes.

Condemn'd at last, thus flown—to fly,  
His bill he summon'd with a sigh,  
And with a most *unforeign* frown  
Thus made his speech to Mr. Brown :—  
“ Sur ! tell me verefore dey no bring  
My coat, my café, ven I ring ?  
Sur, ven I meet your servants, dey  
Do make *grands yeux*, and run away ;  
Pray, Sur, vy dis ? pray am I vun  
Rheum—plague—or fever—Monsieur *Brun* ?”

The Frenchman ceased, and sourly eyed  
His host, who gravely thus replied :—  
“ Sir, I'm an honest man who labours  
In daily trade, and loves my neighbours ;  
My God, Sir, and my king revering,  
Nor understands your *foreignneering*.  
Pray where's the wonder they refuse  
To scrub, Sir, at your Popish shoes,  
When, (Lord, what nastiness to take  
The thing *at all* at such an hour !)  
You every day at breakfast make  
A *sallad of a cauliflower* !”

## 8.

This is a fact, and if you doubt, you  
Have only got to look about you,  
And see if none are shunn'd and hated,  
Traduced and excommunicated,  
For acts which but with horror strike you,  
Because the actors are unlike you?  
For every Briton is a Brown,  
Whom sinless oddities make *malade*,  
And what's not done by all the town,  
Seems *cutting cauliflower to sallad* !

## 9.

We've seen our world's three worst offences,  
A word now on the consequences.  
First, since the want of wealth is blamed,  
We're all of what we *are* ashamed ;  
All scorn their proper size, and labour  
To burst, or quite out-swell their neighbour,  
And *real* want with joy endure,  
Provided none may *deem* them poor.



Oh! who while fêtes and concerts thrive,  
 The vulgar thought of bills would broach?—  
 Destruction on the box may drive,  
 Provided Baxter build the coach;  
 And gaols *before*, be all you find,  
 If two tall footmen stand *behind*.

## 10.

In sin the second, since to be  
 The least urbane is “making free,”  
 We never dare be won or warm’d  
 Into the social mood,  
 And men in two great sects are form’d—  
 The Bashful and the Rude!  
 This is the only reason why  
 We boast of our sincerity;  
 Call it “plain truth” to treat you coldly,  
 And wounding feeling—“speaking boldly:”  
 Why folks abuse the “foreign graces,”  
 And think no crime like smiling faces;  
 As if they had not, as we know,  
 The falsest hearts of all—  
 As if they did not cringe more low  
 Than any supple Gaul,  
 Wherever Rank erects her banners,  
 With Eastern meanness—though with English manners.\*

## 11.

In sin the third, since thus we press  
 So hard on all who dare possess  
 A nature of their own,  
 Each mimic Mathews takes from each,  
 Dress, manners, customs, look, and speech.  
 And hence that falsehood which pervades  
 Society in all its shades,  
 That artificial tone,  
 That apeing of each varying whim  
 Which sits so ludicrously prim  
 On those it never fits:—that blind  
 “Follow the leader” of the mind.  
 It seems as if we all had made  
 A scramble with each other,  
 And lost our own to be array’d  
 In garments of another;  
 Here some have squeezed their portly souls  
 Into a dandy’s small dimensions,  
 And there some meagre spirit rolls  
 Entangled in a wit’s inventions;

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\* There are few things in the world more ludicrous, if we were not accustomed to them from our infancy, than to hear an Englishman boast of his abhorrence to servility, and then display his veneration for the Peerage—to hear couples, who never meet but at dinner, dilate upon the domestic endearments which hallow an English fireside—or to come from the statue in Hyde Park to listen to eulogies on the delicacy and good sense of our countrywomen—to hear qualified sportsmen declaim upon the equality of our laws, and parish-overseers upon the comforts of our poor—to be told of the warm feelings of a Briton, after having made one in a mob, collected (round a person who has been run over) not to *succour*, but to *stare*—or to remark the lordly disdain of commerce manifested by nobles of whom half are descended from shopboys.



Here minds which loll'd in morning gowns,  
 In martial panoply look big ;  
 And there some once good easy crowns  
 Grow wise and woful in a wig.  
 Here hearts, which should be huntsmen's, muse  
 Sown in an Author's parchment stitches,  
 While Authors sigh for easy shoes  
 To change the pomp of boots and breeches ;  
 Through all, whate'er the nature shown,  
 Be sure at least it's not their own.\*  
 And so, most patient and most pain'd,  
 We sit stiff, awkward, and constrain'd,  
 And rather hug the spells which bind us,  
 Than be what God and sense design'd us.

## 12.

What marvel, when we think of these,  
 That every where we see  
 That dull and pestilent disease  
 Yclept "Vulgarity?"  
 The infection never fails to flow  
 Wherever affectation's seen;†  
 The natural may be *coarse*—not *low*,  
 Like men, *false* manners *must* be mean.  
 When what you are not, you'd be thought,  
 That instant the disease is caught ;  
 'Tis false, and therefore must be low,  
 To weave your rank with those you know,  
 Or coin your phrase by fools, and prate  
 As poor Lord —— may dictate.  
 You've caught it when lamenting how  
 You call'd not *cu*, to *cumber*, *cow*;‡  
 But they who damn you in the *cu*  
 Have caught it twice as bad as you.  
 What then, ye ask, would you refuse  
 Society its sign ?  
 Fools—can your Eleusinians choose  
 No token more divine ?  
 The man who sees in gentle birth  
 No licence for the want of worth ;  
 Who wins no custom from his grace,  
 Nor moulds his nature from the crowd ;  
 Who boasts contempt but for the base,  
 Nor turns his pride but on the proud ;  
 Who dares with names unknown be seen—  
 Who does not owe to Stultz his mien—

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\* Whoever has read Plautus will remember—when I mention the "Amphytryon"—the analogy between the borrowers, satirized in the text, and the thievish deity, who having taken upon himself the form of a slave, says—

—— "Quoniam formam cepi hujus in me et statum  
 Decet et facta moresque hujus habere me similes item."

† See Lord Chesterfield's admirable exposition of this truth.

‡ Since it has been discovered that the *ignotum vulgus* are particular in giving its proper pronounciation to the syllable *cu* in the word cucumber, it has been determined, for the sake of patrician distinction, to change the sound into the ancient cockneyism of *cow*, a vulgarity as great as that of boys at a public school, who dress *worse* on a Sunday, lest they should be mistaken for those who are, on that day, in the habit of dressing *better*.



Who is not of *himself* ashamed—  
 Yet ne'er one right denied him claim'd—  
 Who views the crowd, the shock, the strife,  
 With somewhat of a sage's eye,  
 And bears about a charmed life  
 Which can the laugh of fools defy,—  
 Believe me, HE can never lose  
 His *caste*, whate'er the path he choose ;  
 In safety he may make abode  
 On either side of Oxford road ;  
 May lose no rouleaus at *ecarté*,  
 Nor go to Lady Jersey's party ;  
 Pass verbal rocks without a stammer,  
 And laugh at H—t—d's rules of grammar.

## 13.

Pray would you fancy from my bow  
 So stiff, to Mrs. —, just now,  
 That since my earliest bow was made, I  
 Have known and bow'd to that good lady?  
 And oft as I have seen and met her,  
 I know her not one jot the better.  
 Lo ! what a shining proof we've hit on,  
 Of that warm heart which marks a Briton !  
 No friendship in another land  
 Could thus for years at freezing stand ;  
 But here we never suffer coarse  
 Attempts at social intercourse ;  
 For who, *at eve*, on friends could call,  
 Unless they ask you—to a ball ?  
 Ne'er may those mystic wheels be seen  
 Which sway the family machine ;  
 For every guest that comes unbidden,  
 All have some secrets to be hidden ;  
 For all would be undone, if caught  
 Like painted beauties, when they're hueless—  
 The "gentry," lest they should be thought,  
 Than Dukes, to have a single sous less ;  
 And Dukes—because what Duke would like  
 Without his gala state to greet you ?—  
 For Dukes your eyes would faintly strike,  
 Unless they'd all the world to meet you :  
 And, as we've said, from low to high,  
 We're *of ourselves* ashamed and shy,  
 And think that every fool would scout us,  
 If made not by the fools about us :  
 Hence we've acquaintance—not affection ;  
 Hence we have intercourse—not ease ;  
 Hence Love's too stately for inspection,  
 And friends are to display—not please.  
 We've no society where heart is—  
 But then—we have such crowded parties !  
 We've none to help us at a crisis—  
 But then—we've Gunter for our ices !  
 We're scoffed and sneer'd at—well, so be it,  
 While we have Plate, and Peers to see it !  
 While guests and dinners are well-dress'd,  
 Who cares three straws for all the rest ?



## 14.

Pray why do people look so very  
 Sad, when they've met here to be merry?  
 'Tis said, that Spaniards are but bad  
   Companions, megrim to beguile;  
 And some one writes, that at Bagdad  
   He only saw *one* Moslem smile!  
 And then, embolden'd, venturing near,  
 The wonder "withered to a sneer!"  
 But I, a loyal squire, will stand  
 For Church, and King, and native land!  
 It is a free-born Briton's pride  
   Such slavish countries to o'ercome—  
 And Britons, more than all beside,  
   *Enjoy the art of looking GLUM!*  
 De Stael, I think, has dared to call  
 Our breezy London "Boreas' Hall!"  
 And oh! the sharp, cold, peevish faces,  
 One sees scowl out in public places,  
 Seem sweet embodied exhalations  
   Of Fog, and Frost, its bitter brother,  
 Sent forth upon the occupations  
   Of looking *black at one another*.

But oh! thank the stars, that we have not at present  
 The mania to mimic the poet we read,  
 When to look at one's neighbour extremely unpleasant  
   Was the proof of a very great genius indeed:  
 When young ladies declared that no looks could be dear  
 Which had not "a devil to laugh in their sneer:"  
 When young men, with pale faces and raven-black hair,  
 Made frowns in the glass, and wrote odes to Despair.  
 And each magazine rhymers, in dark discontent,  
 To some nice little party by Russell-square went;  
 Where of "Pleasure's false meteors" he movingly told,  
 Looking up quite entranc'd at the candles of mould—  
 And went home to his attic, all tearful and tender,  
 To write on the "*heartless allurements of splendour*."

## 15.

Yet ah! before thy minstrel sung,  
   O Grief! our bitter boon thou wert—  
 His chords but seem'd so sweetly strung,  
   Because their echo was—the heart!  
 Each sufferer shares the woes of Fate,  
   Though one, perchance, might best reveal them;  
 And dare we say they imitate  
   Who have the common lot to feel them?  
 But as for me, my heart is proud,  
   Nor loves its deeper thoughts to show—  
 How well that mirth can mock the crowd  
   Which wanes when none are near to woe!  
 Within the temple of the mind,  
   There is one hush'd and holy spot,  
 There lie those sacred thoughts enshrined  
   Which human eye profaneth not:—  
 There lone and still, a mystic fire  
   Amid the darkness wastes away—  
 Oh! would it might at once expire,  
   Or—that the altar would decay!



## 16.

But now let us turn to the dancers, and see  
 To quadrilles what allurements belong,  
 Mr. A—— is match'd with the sweet Lady T,  
 And his Lordship is *seul en avant*.  
 Count V—— bad legs in nankeens is displaying,  
 For once Lady H—— is still ;  
 And the charming Miss F——s softly are saying,  
 They must make up a beauty quadrille.  
 Mr. F., and Lord B. two young men about town,  
 Who are made by a nod from another,  
 Are the one looking up, and the one looking down,  
 From the fear to be cut by the other.  
 If thou wouldst know when seems the soul  
 At once most sneaking and most strutting,  
 Bid yonder youths their lore unroll,  
 And learn the English art of *cutting*.  
 “ Man is a pendulum ('twas said,)”  
 Between a smile and tear,” but now  
 We have a new machine instead,  
 And for a *tear* we read—a *bow*.  
 Your fame, your name, on others hold,  
 The alternate task—to seek or shun—  
 Your high profession be to mould  
 The rude and servile into one ;—  
 Then lo ! thou wilt have gain'd the end,  
 Of each expertest *cutter* fully,  
 And most divinely wilt thou blend,  
 At once the dastard and the bully.

## 17.

Observe those Frenchmen talking o'er  
 Those brilliant youths around the door,  
 No wonder that so low they rate them !  
 And yet the wonder's greater far  
 Those brilliant youths are what they are,  
 While thus we educate them.  
 We send them first to Eton, where  
 At eight they “ tie a cloth ” and swear.  
 At eighteen, when they're sent to college,  
 Just pause to marvel at their knowledge.  
 In science, it is true, their lore,  
 All things consider'd, might be more—  
 But then how justly one retorts,  
 They make such charming “ longs and shorts.”  
 They might know something geographic,  
 But what is that to verses Sapphic?  
 One word of history, church or laic—  
 But what is that to verse Alcaic ?  
 One single subject literary—  
 But how much better odes on “ Mare !”  
 In ten years, if not quite obtuse,  
 They've hoarded up for after-use  
 Six books of Virgil—half of Flaccus—  
 In Ovid have dim thoughts of Bacchus ;  
 And glide, by help of Latin *crib*,  
 O'er even Homer smooth and glib.  
 But if you vainly hope to see a  
 Of aught beside most faint idea—



Dream that they have been taught to pause  
 On English literature or laws ;  
 One slightest glance, *par hasard*, turning  
 On Europe's languages and learning—  
 Have one dim ray of science critical,  
 Mechanic, moral, or political,  
 Have learnt one single thing that can  
 Improve the boy, or guide the man ;  
 Then know ye not how English schools  
 Perfect the raw material—Fools—  
 You've look'd abroad, reflecting never  
 Why our envoyés are so clever ;  
 You've look'd at home without surprise  
 That country squires should be so wise—  
 Nor know ye in the House to tell  
 Why learned L—— speaks so well.  
 You've counted not, in scenes like this,  
 The hoards (by Gray's account) of bliss,\*  
 Nor stopp'd the sapient stores to note,  
 Pack'd up so tight in Stultz's coat ;  
 Nor ask'd why youths are so seductive,  
 And conversation so instructive—†  
 Why stand those bright Promethean friends  
 So stiff and mute together,  
 And only speak as one commends  
 His horses or the weather.

## 18.

But apropos of conversation !  
 Pray have you made the observation,  
 That few sins people less forgive  
 Than that of being talkative? ‡  
 But if you must talk—talk of cooks,  
 But never say one word of books ;  
 Descant upon your poodle's tricks,  
 But mum on those of politics ;  
 And prate with parsons of a pigeon,  
 But shun, oh shun, the rock—religion.

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\* “ Where ignorance is bliss,” &c.—GRAY.

† I have not gone through the after-stages of English education, because so long an episode would lead me too much from the subject of this satire ; yet I would willingly have cast a glance over the three years spent at the University, where, if they are fortunate, the industrious may profitably exchange the little knowledge they already possess for four books of Euclid, a smattering of billiards, an injured constitution, and a Bachelor's degree. I should moreover have felt proud to express my admiration of that ultimate polish which Continental travel adds to the more solid acquirements previously attained. It would have furnished ample food for national gratification to have seen our countrymen, in their “sprees” over the Simplon, and their “larks” in the capital of the Cæsars—conspicuous for their thirst for information, and their sobriety of behaviour ; their respect for the customs of other countries, and the elegance which distinguishes their own ; for their freedom from meanness, on the one hand, and ostentation on the other ; and for that indefatigable zeal with which they maintain the honour of “old England,” by becoming a sort of circulating medium of astonishment and contempt. It is no wonder, indeed, when we consider such a course of education, that society in private is so entertaining—that opinions in public are so divested of prejudice, and that every measure for the enlightenment of the people has been so zealously aided by the efforts of the aristocracy.

‡ One may well say of our countrymen what Juvenal says of the Stoics,

“Rarus sermo illis et magna libido tacendi.”



In short, if any nobler lore,\*  
Your hearers could suspect you knew,  
Then, if a man, you're dubb'd a bore,  
But if a woman, damn'd a blue.

And hence as women must, alas,  
Say something—does it come to pass,  
That characters they learn to handle  
With such a devilish deal of scandal.  
That since it cannot turn on *things*,  
Discussion but from *persons* springs,  
And every woman in the room,  
Talks not of *what* she knows—but *whom*.

I'9.

Here comes Sir —— —, who  
Is one of that Bœotian herd ;  
To whom, before we say adieu,  
We'll beg the favour of a word.  
I'm somewhat of a country squire,  
In those bright planets an opake one ;  
And now, without much waste of fire,  
Promethean—let us try to make one.  
Take some thick skull, as thick as you  
Can get, or it will never do ;  
Fill it with Christian love—for horses ;  
With honour—for Newmarket courses ;  
With sound unerring views—for pheasants ;  
With disregard of death—for peasants.  
Mix in some bright divine confusion  
Of “ Eighty-eight ” and “ Revolution ; ”  
Of “ corn laws,” and of “ innovation,”  
Combined with “ ruin of the nation.”  
Add some proud thoughts of “ glorious charters,”  
Of “ bloody queen,” and “ hapless martyrs ; ”  
Of Popes who've neither souls nor nerves,  
And bonfires in one's best preserves—  
Then stick the skull thus stored on shoulders  
That can of such dead weight be holders,  
Fit these for covers and combustion,  
And match the head—with garb of fustian ;  
Sling patent shot-belt there aslant on—  
Clap in the hand a gun by Manton ;  
Conclude the body (which supports  
Itself on thighs attach'd to shorts)—  
By shooting shoes, and gaiters higher ;  
And lo—a true born English squire !

20.

Enough !—you yawn—'tis time to cease  
A list of which but half are reckon'd ;  
And Part the First shall rest in peace  
'Till joined, perchance, by Part the Second.  
'Tis meet the burthen of my lay  
On Folly, not on Fools, should fall ;  
For one should never bear away  
The bells that should be borne by all !  
And he who now derides the rest  
Perchance might suit such trappings best.

\* In England, sectarian bigotry is wounded by conversation on religion, party-prejudice by conversation on politics, and universal ignorance by conversation on literature. In discussing, therefore, any subject which displays intellect or information, you must hurt feeling, attack vanity, or irritate temper.



In half the gold that glows for others  
 But dross the nearer gazer sees;  
 And oh how well our wisdom smothers  
 The follies which ourselves displease!  
 A lion in a little way,  
 To crowds I rarely, yet, repair;  
 There Memory tells me that the prey  
 I chase, but lures me to the snare.  
 Ah scenes my dreaming Boyhood drest  
 In hues so lying, let me flee!  
 And form within my altered breast  
 A nobler dream of what may be!

CLYDE.

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF A GÖTTINGEN STUDENT, NO. V.

THE fifth chapter has reference principally to the conduct and morals of the students.

Diligence and good manners are recommended, and idleness and drunkenness deprecated.

(Sec. 20.)—‘It is our earnest will’ (his gracious Majesty is supposed to be speaking) ‘that the advantageous fame wherein our University has ever stood, on account of the diligence and good manners of the students, should be most expressly upheld.’

This good character Göttingen certainly has acquired; and, as all character must be comparative, so in relation to other German Universities, Göttingen doubtless has deserved it.

(Sec. 21.)—‘In the public academical testimonials to be given to a student at his departure from the University, reference is always to be made as well to his industry and acquirements as to his general conduct.’

(Sec. 22.)—‘Marriage contracts entered into by students are to be treated according to the law of the land; and therefore, without the consent of parents or guardians, they are thoroughly null, even though they should have been accompanied by oath or cohabitation.’

This regulation would seem almost to put a premium on perjury and seduction. Many cases are said to have happened at the University of young men having been inveigled into disreputable connexions by designing women, and to have given cause to this edict; but, in all probability, quite as many will have happened of the inveigling of the other sex; at any rate, as the law now stands, the advantage would seem to be all on the side of any Bursche who might be willing to play the scoundrel, and that there are some such cannot be doubted. It is, however, farther enacted, that ‘in a case of proved seduction, and subsequent pregnancy, the student shall pay the usual sum, being in a fixed proportion to what the girl would have had as her marriage-portion, and that this sum may be increased according to the personal circumstances of both parties, and especially with reference to the arts and means employed by the seducer.’

Again, in the simple case of bastardy, ‘the student is to pay for expenses and sustenance, a sum to be fixed by the Academical Council, but no more than this, even though he should have given his oath to do so.’—(Appendix 5.)

Even though it may be necessary to protect the students from extor-



tion and intrigue, it surely must have a most dangerous tendency thus to teach them to set so low a value on this most solemn moral pledge that possibly can pass between man and man.

(Sec. 24.)—‘Students who “forget the aim of their academical residence,” and become enormously idle, are, after a period has been given them to retrieve their character, and not been so used, to be sent from the University, unless they are inhabitants of the town; and even in that case, “if through their idleness or other behaviour they become dangerous to the other students,” they have to expect their removal.’

(Sec. 25.)—‘No student is allowed to keep a horse, unless he have brought one with him from home, or can show the express assent of his parents or guardians; and this regulation is not to be circumvented by a student’s horse being kept by a horse-letter as his, or by the former’s hiring a horse by the month or week for his own single use.’

(Sec. 26.)—‘If students get very much in debt, and are often therefore cited, the magistracy are to send notice thereof to their parents or guardians, and to take the debtors under their particular inspection: and if these means prove abortive, and the students continue living idly and wastefully, they are to be put in the *Carcer* till their debts are paid, and then deprived of their academical rights.’

The *Credit-Edict* in the fourth appendix contains a classification of the different things for which students may run in debt, to a particular amount; that is to say, that though “of course no one is bound to deliver any thing to a student on credit,” yet if he choose to do so, he must only allow credit to a certain amount; if he let his bill exceed this, he will have no right to recover the excess.

“We much wish indeed,” says the edict, “that things, whereof students have need, should only be delivered to them for ready money;” ‘but as credit cannot be entirely avoided, the debts of the students are divided into three classes:’

‘The first contains those as to which an unspecified credit as to amount may be given.

‘Hereto belong only (1.) the honorary fees of professors and private teachers; (2.) the claims of physicians and surgeons, and of apothecaries, for “goods delivered.”’

‘The second class comprises those things for which credit may be given, up to a specified sum.’

And herein is contained almost every thing that is either needful, useful, or ornamental,—from the bill of the *Speise-wirth*, or *traiteur*, to that of the tailor—from the bookseller’s to the “*friseur’s*,”—for most of these a period is assigned wherein the plaintiff to recover the debt must be brought; and in others the sum is mentioned beyond which credit must not be given. The *Speise-wirth* may give credit for three months’ dinners; the tailor to the amount of six rix-dollars; the bookseller may suffer his bill to amount to forty rix-dollars; and the *friseur* may let his run up for half a year’s ‘*frizzing*.’ ‘Mere ornaments, or *Galanteriewares*! (*Galanterie-Waaren*) may be credited for to the amount of five rix-dollars.’

(Sec. 27.)—‘Students playing at games of hazard, either within or without the town, are to be punished the first time with three days, and the second with six days’ incarceration, the third time with the *Consilium abeundi*, besides having to pay a penalty to the informer. Even other games, not exactly of hazard, are not to be played too high, or to the



injury of studies. “Any one squandering away whole or half nights in play, or neglecting his lectures therefore, is to be treated as an idler, according to sec. 20.”

(Sec. 28.)—‘Professional gamesters are to be removed by the *Consilium abeundi*, or Relegation.’

I now come to the sixth chapter, which treats of “insults, and acts of violence. *Self-helps* (*Selbsthilfe*, i. e. taking the law into one’s own hands); declarations of infamy, and duels.”

(Sec. 29.)—‘All injuries and insults, which students impose upon one another, or on other persons, are punishable with incarceration, the *Consilium abeundi*, or Relegation: those who lend themselves as witnesses to such transactions, are punishable with incarceration, or the *Consilium abeundi*. The punishment is to be sharpened, in case *travelers, strangers, or newly-arrived students* are insulted by word or deed; or if the injuries are inflicted on the *landlord or servants* of the offender, the buyers and sellers at *fairs*, or the persons belonging to *shooting-grounds, dancing societies, or marriage processions!*—“The mere unmannerly thronging to meetings of the three last kinds is punishable with four days’ incarceration.”

The insults which students offered to one another were tolerably numerous, and some of them sufficiently singular. The most usual was that of slightly rubbing another’s shoulder with your own in passing, looking him at the same time full in the face. Another plan was, that of usurping the before-mentioned gutter-right, which consisted in walking on the paved footway, when the gutter was to your left; and it was an insult to occupy this pathway when it was another’s due: these two proceedings might evidently with ease be joined in one, and occasionally the insult might be heightened by shoving your man into the gutter—which became sometimes necessary, in case he were inclined to dispute the gutter-right with you, instead of either at once demanding what you meant by withholding it from him, or peaceably retiring on one side. This latter, however, was thought a very cowardly trick, almost as bad as taking no notice of a rub or shove; and *that* was likely to bring the party so submitting into downright *Verschiss*. One of the above methods was usually resorted to by such *renowning* *Burschen* as frequently turned out of an evening to stroll the streets for a quarter of an hour or so, with the express purpose of getting into a *scandâl*.\* On such occasions, when the insult was not very violent, it was customary for the insulted party, if anxious still to leave a door open for amicable retreat, to ask if any ‘offence was intended;† to which the other would probably reply, ‘*Nehmen sie es wie sie wollen*,’—‘Take it as ye will.’ The insultee then, if he wished to ‘place himself in advantage,’ that is, to force the challenge to emanate from his adver-

\* This is no exaggeration: I have frequently seen the thing done. While punch and grog have been pretty freely flowing, and the loud talk and laugh, or song, or chorus have been roaring round the table, one or two of the party have been missed; and if at all *Renowners*, their object has been soon guessed, and their return was hailed as the never misleading herald to a tale of *scandâl*. *To renown* (*renomiren*), is nearly the same as *to swagger*; a *scandâl* is simply a *row*—and, *κατ’ ἐξοχήν*, a row, that shall lead to the happy issue of a duel. It is strange that the German students, who affect to despise the French so much, should have adopted so many of their slang phrases from the language of the latter.

† This is called *corromiren*; and the proceeding is often deferred for the management of a friend.



sary, would apply to him some term of insult, and thus become insultor in his turn. The now insultee would next, if the parties were unknown to each other, ask the name of his adversary, and of his 'Philistine,' or landlord, and was answered; and then either gave his own, or simply replied 'Good!' and they parted, so far satisfied. The next step to having gained one's adversary's name, was to go home and consult the printed list of students, which every one had in his possession, and then to send some friend to arrange matters. The most usual mode of verbal offence was to call a man a '*stupid youth*'—'*ein dummer Junge*;' \* which imputation of stupidity was, by the '*Comment-book*,' fixed as the greatest insult that could be offered to a student. To tell a man he was a liar, which certainly in England is not reckoned civil, would at Göttingen have produced no effect whatever, unless, perhaps, an outcry of "My God! how can you say so?" if the disputants should happen to be rather warm in the subject of argument. "*Ach! das ist ja eine Luege!*"—"Oh! that is a lie, now!" is an ejaculation I have often heard from more polite lips than students', even from such as no one could hardly take offence from. Want of truth is doubtless a sad failing, but what is it compared to want of sense? In spite, however, of the *Comment-book*, the term *Hundsfott* (scoundrel) was held of greater enormity than even '*stupid youth*;' and "*infamous Hundsfott*," was about the worst title you could bestow on a man. I remember once witnessing the application of this term on rather a curious occasion. I was at the rooms of a fellow-student, a Scotchman, and there was a German present; another German came in, the same person who had threatened me with *Verschiss* in the theft business. He was about to leave the University, I rather believe to avoid a *Consilium abeundi*; and after two or three preliminaries, he proposed to borrow a few *Thalers* of my Scotch friend. At this proposition, certainly, considering all circumstances, rather a laughable one, the other German smiled aside; but the would-be borrower caught the smile, and at once said, "You are an infamous *Hundsfott*—my name is ——" and the other party having inquired his name, "left the house," as the newspapers say: the duel to have resulted from this never took place, as the smile-disliking Bursche was previously 'counselled to depart' from the University. To observe that any thing in a man's actions or words is *singular* (*sonderbar*), was insult enough to call for a challenge. As a specimen of another manner of insult, I will mention an incident that happened to another friend of mine, also a Scotchman. He was waltzing at Marien-Spring, and while standing still, he felt some one draw his finger down his back; on turning, he saw a student, a perfect stranger to him. '*Wollen sie mich beleidigen?*—Do you wish to offend me?' asked my friend. '*Allerdings*,'—'Of all things,' replied the other, with the utmost coolness. Names were exchanged; but the *scandâl* afterwards 'went back' on the German's part; that is, he retracted his insult.

(Sec. 30.)—'All self-assistance is forbidden, with the exception only of necessary weapons of defence. If self-assistance is resorted to, and that not immediately, on the first heat of the moment, but after the lapse of some time, and with endeavours to place oneself in imaginary advantage, and to provoke one's adversary to challenge, those so acting

\* The technical term is *Einen dummen Jungen Jemandem aufstuerzen* or *aufbrummen*—To cast, or buzz, 'a stupid youth' on any one.



are to be punished, according to circumstances, with the *Consilium abeundi*, or Relegation; and those who have acted as witnesses to the transaction, with proportionate incarceration.'

(Sec. 31.)—'The so-called *Declaration of infamy* (already spoken of under the Burschen term of *Verschiss*), is forbidden under the severest punishment; even the threat thereof is to be visited with incarceration.'

Besides the other indignities to which a student in *Verschiss* was liable, he might be struck with a stick, which was otherwise in no case allowed among the students. Sometimes two different *Landsmanships* would put each other in *Verschiss*, and in such a system of things, they were said to live by the rules of *Holz-comment*—wooden-comment—the *argumentum ad baculum*. I do not know of any instance of a student's being put in *Verschiss* while I was at Göttingen.

'Duels are, without exception, forbidden. If any one is killed or mortally wounded in a duel, the affair is to be treated according to the criminal laws.'

In less fatal cases:—

'1. In duels at cut (*auf den hieb*), that is, with the *schlaeger*, or broad-sword—

'1. As far as regards the *principals*.

'(a). He who has compelled the other to the duel, whether challenger or challenged, is, according to circumstances, to be punished with from fourteen days' incarceration, up to Relegation.

'(b). The compelled party, with ten days' incarceration, or the subscription of the *Consilium abeundi*.

'But without reference to the above distinctions, all who fight without seconds, or under unusually dangerous circumstances, are to be punished with the *Consilium abeundi*; so likewise, any one who has wounded his adversary in the face, or in such a manner as to maim him, or produce the undermining of his health, is to be punished more severely than he would otherwise have been.

'2. As regards the other parties to a duel, they are to be punished—

'(a). The instigators, with the *Consilium abeundi*, or Relegation.

'(b). The challenge-bearers, and those who have lent their rooms, or weapons for the duel, with eight to fourteen days' incarceration; and this is to be increased on repetition of the offence: in like manner those who have made any arrangements for the duel.

(Sec. 32.)—'(c). The seconds, witnesses, (regular parties to the duel,) and mere spectators—also those who, knowing that a duel is to be fought any where, betake themselves thither, are punishable with reprehension (which they would not much mind), and three days' incarceration, which may be increased, if they have "inflamed the strife, or hindered its happy disposal."

(Sec. 34.)—'All parties to duels with pistols, or at thrust (*auf den stich*), that is, with the small-sword, are punished with extreme severity; he who has caused the choice of these weapons is to be openly relegated for ever: the others meet with proportionate punishments.'

Sec. 35.)—'On all occasions the punishments may be mitigated, on proof that any of the offending parties have done their best to amicably dispose of the duel. The weapons used at every duel are to be confiscated; and he who has lent them for the occasion, will not be let out of the Carcer till he has given them up.'

(Sec. 36.)—'Any one not authorized to practise surgery, who, for the



purpose of giving surgical help, shall either have been present at a duel, or, in consequence of a wound, have been called in, ought, immediately after having bound up the wound, in case that should be necessary, to give notice to the magistracy of the place where the duel has taken place, and call in an authorized surgeon. Neglect of this duty is punishable with incarceration, or even the *Consilium abeundi*.

(Sec. 37.)—‘As soon as the Prorektor hears that students are about to fight a duel, he at once communicates a *room-arrest* to them: the affair is then at once looked into, and the offending party compelled to make private satisfaction; and the execution of the duel is forbidden under Relegation. Any one who, in such a case, takes up the cudgels, or rather the *schlaeger*, for either party, is also to be relegated.’

(Sec. 38.)—‘Making out duels with *Rapiers* (the blunt broad-sword used for learning), is also forbidden; and if a wound is given on such an occasion, he who has inflicted it is punishable with from two to four days’ incarceration.’

It would seem that these laws were specific, and perhaps severe enough to prevent the frequent recurrence of duels; but the fact was very different. I am sure I speak within bounds if I say that, during the year I was at Göttingen—and it was not a particularly quarrelsome one, that I heard of—there was, on an average, at least a duel a day! A young Englishman of my acquaintance, in writing home to his friends, had stated that there were, on an average, about two or three daily, and I am not certain that *this* statement was much exaggerated; and that every other man one met in the street, bore on his face the mark of having been acquainted with cold steel. His friends, I suppose, got alarmed for his safety, or thought his account so very unlikely, that they made inquiries from the Hanoverian Authorities, and, of course, were told that the statement was an exceedingly exaggerated one; my friend received a letter, therefore, from home, telling him that the whole of his statement, from beginning to end, was a tissue of falsehood; and that, especially, there were not three or four duels in the course of a year.\*

That the official powers at Göttingen should attempt to conceal, or deny the existence of evils they cannot remedy, was nothing to be wondered at; but as certain as did the evil exist, so certain was it that they were well aware of its existence; and though they did all in their power, perhaps, to prevent it, they knew that their exertions fell very far short of success. If they stated, or in any way sanctioned the statement, that not three or four duels took place in the course of a year, they were guilty of a gross departure from truth; for at least full ten times that number came before them judicially, and were punished by them in that period. It was certainly true that almost every other man one met in the streets was scarred; many of these scars—perhaps most of them—did not indeed arise from duels, but from the exercise of the broad-sword, in which accidents for ever took place; and no student, however quiet and peaceable he might be, but learnt the

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\* It has been suggested to me that the Magistracy might have meant there were not three or four *fatal* duels in the course of a year; but this would have been but a very sorry subterfuge. The laws prohibit duelling under certain punishments; and with these punishments they visit those meetings described in the text, which, though certainly not corresponding with an English gentleman’s notion of duels, are undoubtedly recognized as such by the Göttingen Government.



exercise, as he could never be sure that some occasion might not occur of its being needful for him to take part in a duel. Any thing approaching to *informing* on such a subject would be certain to bring the informer into the Tartarean region of *Verschiss*; and the most tranquil, therefore, who were not absolute cowards, and would succumb to every insult, felt it preferable to go through the risk of a duel, with all its consequences, to exposing themselves to so fearful a battery as would in the other case be directed against them.

The exercise of the broad-sword was taught by a regular master, recognized, and even, I think, paid by the Academical Magistracy! though they knew that his school was used only to render the students proficient in the art of duelling, which they professed to be so anxious to put down. *Herr Fechtmeister Castropp* had his *Fechtboden* more surely and constantly attended than any professor could reckon on having his *Hoersaal*. He was a powerful, athletic man, and his arms—for he was in continual practice with his right and left, were as hard as marble; yet he dealt his blows, especially on the arms and heads of beginners, gently and gingerly enough—though I have seen him, when his professional skill was at stake, break through the guard of many a strong man. The weapon used for learning and exercising with was, as before stated, called a *rapier*; it was a heavy, iron basket-handled, blunt, and narrow-bladed sword, (so that I have called it a *broad sword* only because I knew no other English word that would convey an idea of what was meant,) about three feet and a half long, including the hilt: in practising with it, it was usual to wear a stiff gauntlet of leather, reaching to the elbow, on the right arm, to afford a protection from many an insidious rap which might be given thereabouts, and which were very difficult to ward off: the head, too, was guarded by a stout, rough felt hat, with a broad brim; and if the exercise was to be a desperately warm one, I have seen a sort of iron case for the head put on, with thick wire bars extending round the face; these are especially worn when practising with the crooked sabre, a much more formidable weapon than the common *schlaeger*, or its blunt representative the *rapier*. But despite all these wholesome precautions, awkward blows were often given and taken at the exercise; and the man might think himself lucky, who went through a regular course of fencing without getting a cut on the face; he would not, indeed, get one, probably, from the master or his assistant; but as the students were continually practising together, and sometimes lost their temper over the practice, these weapons frequently did a deal of mischief. A young Englishman, with a very handsome face, contrived, in a very short time, to get it disfigured by two considerable gashes, one of which had nearly taken out his right eye; however, as he is now in the army, these scars will doubtless tell in his favour of some more honourable conflict than practising with a *rapier*.\* I never heard of a *serious* duel being seriously made out with *rapiers*; but sometimes a little amicable contest of this kind was got up, just for the sake of the fun: it was usual on these occasions to take some fanciful offence at something; the pre-

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\* The attitude of fighting was singular, and not graceful; the right-leg was stretched straight out, considerably from the left, which was much bent; the loins were kept as back as could be, and the head and shoulders thrust forward; the left arm was kept behind the back; and the right stretched out as far as it would reach, holding the weapon diagonally across the face, with the point downward.



liminaries were arranged in the proper and legitimate form ; the parties met with all the solemnities of an orthodox duel ; the twelve rounds were orderly gone through, unless the sufficient-sized wound was given ;—and the “ seconds, witnesses, and mere spectators,” were treated with chocolate at the expense of the vanquished, if one of them were vanquished ; if not, the combatants shared and shared alike. An unsuspecting *fox* was generally the victim pitched on for such an experiment ; and his hands being probably unknowing how to wield a rapier, he was pretty sure to come off second-best. I was fool enough to let myself be drawn into one of these friendly duels, not long after I had been a student, never having before handled a rapier, and rightly received for my folly three smartish cuts on my chest in as many rounds ; which, though neither of them of sufficient size to put a lawful end to the duel, sufficiently satisfied my tender-hearted antagonist ; so the affair ended, and we sat down to our chocolate.

A serious duel was a more serious matter ; though, as conducted at Göttingen, they were seldom attended with fatal consequences. The weapon used was called a *schlaeger*, of the same size as the *rapier*, but the blade thinner, and with a double sharp edge and point ; the handle, too, was of bright-steel basket-work, lined with red cloth ; in short, it was as like a Highland officer’s sword as could be. Among the other preliminaries to be settled before a duel took place, was the number of rounds and the manner in which it was to be fought ; these modes depended principally on the grade of insult ; thus *dummer Junge* was expiated by twelve rounds, with *hat and bandages* (*Hut und Binde* ; protections for the head, arms, and vitals), and with *Anschiss* (a term implying a wound of an inch in length, which should be deep enough to bleed ; the infliction of such a one, when the duel was *with Anschiss*, put an end to the affair ; if the wound was deficient either in length or depth, it was not an *Anschiss*, and was counted for nothing). *Hundsrott* required twelve rounds, without *Hut und Binde*, and without *Anschiss* ; that is, the twelve rounds must be fought out, whatever wounds might be given : on aggravated affronts, the challenge was sometimes for *twenty-four rounds*, and sometimes with *crooked sabres*. The case provided against in the laws, of duels without seconds, was of rare occurrence, but one happened while I was at Göttingen ; a friend of mine knew one of the combatants, and the duel was fought not only without seconds, but until one, or both of the parties, could fight no longer. Pistols were still more rarely resorted to, and only on very serious occasions. The students dreaded them ; and perhaps no better method could be adopted by an Englishman studying among them, who would wish to avoid duels altogether, than that of resenting every insult by a challenge with pistols ; it would be almost sure to bring the challenged to their senses, and draw an apology from them. If it should be objected that this were taking an unfair advantage over the students, as they are forbidden from this species of fighting by such severe penalties, likely to affect them through after-life, that their resentment must, indeed, be high before they could be driven to brave them—to this may be answered, that the only advantage taken is that of preventing a duel altogether, without in any way injuring any one ; as the refusal to fight a duel with pistols is not esteemed cowardly among the students, owing to its before-mentioned consequences—whereas to decline a challenge with *schlaeger*, would entail on a man



such results as no strength of moral courage could possibly enable him to endure. At the worst, it is only out-bullying a bully. I know of more than one instance in which the adoption of this plan succeeded; one I will mention, though I do not believe that in this case the course was chosen from the motive before-mentioned:—Two drunken fellows pushed a North-countryman of mine into the gutter: he at once challenged them with pistols: the next day, two of their Landsmanship called on him, and “*buzzed one on him,*”—(*brummten ihm Enis auf*—in other words, gave him the Stupid!) he challenged them with pistols also, and then they all four made apologies! But beside the fear of detection in such a case, the duels of German students were paltry from another cause—they seem to have emanated from a boyish love for imitative combat, rather than from the manlier object of *risking life* in the defence of honour! Irony apart, however, it may be questioned whether a German duel with *schlaeger* is more absurd in the eyes of reason than an English boxing-match! as it cannot be doubted it is less sinful than a pistol duel.

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#### A GRAVE REHEARSAL.—UNDERTAKERS.

SURELY Dame Nature tried to cry,  
The morning when she made the die  
For moulding undertakers;  
With sallow-visag'd, scarecrow forms  
Brought into life in clouds and storms,  
With hands to knead their fellow-worms,  
And take them to the bakers.

Their grave-stone eye-balls, deadly white,  
Hang out, like flags of truce in fight,  
As sign-boards to the dying:  
Whilst their suppress'd lugubrious moan,  
Borrow'd from Satan as a loan,  
But *seems* to echo as from stone  
Automatons in crying.

Their very vesture, cut from palls  
Too brown to deck the hearse, recalls  
Grim death's fatality:  
Like Pluto's myrmidons on earth,  
Their prescient parents gave them birth,  
Industriously to cause a dearth  
In live mortality.

And when they've placed our burial urns  
In vaults, like snuff-jars of “returns;”  
Man's last magnificence:  
Making rife merriment of woes,  
Arrang'd upon the hearse in rows,  
They laugh away, like carrion crows,  
At death's omnipotence.

At last, they mount their own black carriage,  
And end, by taking death in marriage,  
Their body rakings.  
The remnants of their mortal dust,  
Encased within a leaden crust,  
Are laid beneath the earth, in trust  
For undertakings.



## SPARROW-SHOOTING ; OR, GOOSE-GREEN.

*A Dramatic Foolery for the First of April.*

OLD FIZZLEGIG.

TOM TRIMBUSH.

OLD QUIZBY.

CORNELIUS CRAMCALF.

HOAXLEY.

JEM, a Servant.

MISS DOLLY FIZZLEGIG, *Sister to Fizzlegig.*MISS PEGGY, *Fizzlegig's Daughter.**The Scene lies at Old Fizzlegig's house at Goose Green, Hammersmith.*

N. B. All the men wear green shooting-jackets.

SCENE 1st. *A Room at Old Fizzlegig's.**Enter MISS DOLLY, PEGGY, and TOM TRIMBUSH.*

*Dolly.* Never you mind, Mr. Trimbush, don't be down-hearted : my niece Peggy shall be Mrs. Trimbush before the month's over, or my name isn't Dolly Fizzlegig.

*Peggy.* But what can you do, aunt ? I'm afraid papa has set his heart against it.

*Dolly.* What can I do, my dear ? I'll tell you what I can do. Doesn't your papa, my brother Fizzlegig, know well enough that I've got six thousand pounds in the Bank ; and that at my death—Heaven grant me long life !—I can make every shilling of it yours, my darling little Peggy ?

*Peggy.* Thank'ee, Aunt.

*Dolly.* And that if he dare marry you contrary to my inclination, I can leave it all among strangers—and you shan't touch a farthing of it, bless your little heart !

*Peggy.* Thank'ee, Aunt.

*Trim.* But I fear Mr. Fizzlegig has some other match in his eye, else his friendship for me and my Uncle Quizby—

*Dolly.* A Fiddlestick in his eye ! He may have a bundle of matches in his eye, for any thing I care. As for your Uncle Quizby, he's as great a fool as my brother. There they are, a couple of old blockheads, dressed from head to foot like sportsmen, shooting sparrows in the garden from morning till night. (*A shot heard.*) There—they are at it—do you hear them ? As for you, Mr. Trimbush, a sensible young man— !

*Trim.* O, Ma'am, I put on a shooting dress, and take a pop at the sparrows, now and then, just to humour the old gentleman. If Mr. Fizzlegig likes to sit down on a camp chair, in his garden here, at Goose Green, Hammersmith, with a fowling-piece in his hand, and call it sporting, I see no great harm in humouring him. He's not very well pleased with me for leaving him now, to follow you and my dear Peggy.

*Dolly.* Sporting indeed ! And they can neither of them see the length of their noses. I'm sure it is a mercy I'm not shot whenever I'm plucking a rose, or choked when I venture to eat an apple. There is not a morsel of fruit in the garden but is stuck full of their plaguy shot. As for Mr. Hoaxley— ! but I don't wonder at him ; he is quizzing them all the time ; and so long as he can find any one to laugh at, 'tis all the same to him.

*Peggy.* But Mr. Hoaxley is a great favorite of papa's, and if he would speak to him for us—

*Dolly.* But there is no getting him to talk seriously. He turns every body and every thing into ridicule. Besides, your old fool of a papa is too busy to listen to us now, in the shooting season as he calls it. I just mentioned the matter to him yesterday, and all I could get from him was—"Well, well, there is no hurry—time enough to think of marrying the girl when there are no more sparrows in the world."

*Peggy.* So—if I'm not to be married till there are no more sparrows in the



world——! But there is Mr. Trimbush's uncle, Mr. Quizby ; he might speak to papa too.

*Dolly.* He ! nonsense ! The drivelling idiot scarcely ever opens his lips ; and when he does 'tis to say black is white if 'tis my brother's humour to say so. But here they come, a set of simpletons !

*Enter FIZZLEGIG, QUIZBY, and HOAXLEY. They are all dressed like sportsmen, and each carries a fowling-piece.*

*Fiz.* Ay, here he is ! I thought we should find him here, tied to the woman's apron-strings.

*Quiz.* So, Sir, here you are ! I thought we——That's right, friend Fizzlegig, give it him roundly.

*Fiz.* Ah ! you lump of sugar-paste ! ah ! you milksop ! Was it for this I invited you down to Hammersmith ? Instead of being out in the garden, along with us, here you are——! A pretty figure you cut while manly sports are going on.

*Quiz.* Ay, a pretty figure you——at him again, Fizzy.

*Fiz.* Look at your uncle ; there's a hearty old cock for you ! Up shooting by half after nine ! And Mr. Hoaxley too——!

*Hoax.* Pray, Sir, don't overwhelm the young man with comparisons. (*Aside.*) Tom, stick close to Peggy ; I suspect you'll have a rival here to-day.—(*To Fizzlegig.*) Every one is not born to be a sportsman, Sir ; but we——'tis in our nature ! As for you, Mr. Fizzlegig, it does one's heart good to see you. Breakfast no sooner over than, there you are, seated on your camp-stool, with your gun in your hand, letting fly at every thing from a sparrow down to a Tom-cat.

*Fiz.* Out in all winds and weathers—that is to say, when it does not rain.

*Hoax.* Braving hunger and thirst !

*Fiz.* Never thinking of tasting wet or dry when I'm at the sport—till lunch-time ; and as for fatigue, when once I'm fairly in for it, I'd as soon tramp over the wet grass as along the gravel walks. Give me your sound sportsman ; a fellow who cares to eat nothing but of his own killing. Didn't I shoot the turkey we had on Sunday ? And don't I shoot every bit of poultry that comes to table ?

*Dolly.* Ay, and every table-cloth, too, that is hung out to dry. I declare there is not a piece of linen in the press but is as full of shot-holes as the sails of the man-of-war in your picture of the sea-fight.

*Fiz.* Dolly, Dolly, you are provoking——! Can I help it if the birds will come and perch upon the clothes'-lines.

*Quiz.* Why, you know, if the birds will come and——

*Dolly.* Get away with you ; you are a greater fool than he !

*Fiz.* Why, sister Dolly, how dare you say my friend is a greater fool than I am ?

*Hoax.* Sir, the thing is impossible.

*Fiz.* Do you hear that, sister ? 'tis impossible. But, come, don't let us waste our time here. 'Tis near twelve o'clock, and the cook is catching the chickens for me to shoot for to-day's dinner. Come, Quizby ; come, Mr. Hoaxley.

[*going.*]

*Dolly.* Hark'ee, brother ; and you too Mr. Quizby. Here stands your daughter, my niece Peggy ; here is your nephew, Mr. Tom Trimbush : I have got six thousand pounds in the Bank. Well—what have you to say ?

*Fiz.* Well, sister Dolly, don't I know all that ?

*Dolly.* Know all that, indeed ! And what say you to it, Mr. Quizby ?

*Quiz.* I ? Why I——My friend Fizzy says he knows all that, and I can't help saying *that* is exactly my opinion.

*Dolly.* Once more ; do you mean that the young folks should make a match of it, or do you not ?

*Quiz.* Fizzy, do you speak first, and then I shall know better what to say.

*Fiz.* Don't talk to me now, sister Dolly, you are making me lose all the fine of the morning. Besides, as I told you before, I have got something in my eye.



*Quiz.* Don't you hear, now ? He has got something in his eye.

*Dolly.* Remember six thousand pounds, brother.

*Fiz.* Well, well, I never forget six thousand pounds, but I've got fifteen : Peggy is my only child ; Mr. Tom Trimbush there has got nothing but what his uncle may choose to give him ; and should he marry my daughter without my consent, he'll give Tom nothing, and I'll give Peggy nothing : and as that is all we will give them, the interest on that is all they'll have to live upon.

*Quiz.* No, no ; as Fizzy says I'll give Peggy—I mean he'll give Peggy nothing, and I'll give Tom nothing, and I have four hundred a year of my own in the Bank, and neither chick nor child. Come, Fizzy, let us go a-shooting.

*Hoax.* That is the longest speech of his I have heard this twelvemonth.

*Dolly.* Now, pray, may I ask what it is you have in your eye ?

*Fiz.* A capital match : an Essex man, sister ; the son of Cramcalf the rich grazier.

*Dolly.* Cramcalf or Cram-any-thing-else, think of it if you dare !

*Quiz.* Lord, how she talks to him ! If I dared but Hector him so !

*Fiz.* Well, well, 'tis too late to say any thing against it now : I have settled it all with his father. He is a match for a daughter of the Emperor of Chany.

*Quiz.* The Emperor of Chany !—do you hear that ?

*Dolly.* And why was this never mentioned to me before ? I suppose——  
(*Fizzlegig levels his piece at a flower-pot in the window.*) Is the man mad ! What, in the name of wonder, are you doing ? Do you want to blow the house up ? (*She pulls his arm.*)

*Fiz.* Plague take you, sister Dolly ! He's gone ! A sparrow as big as a pigeon, on the geranium-pot !

*Dolly.* And what sort of person is this choice of your's ?

*Fiz.* Eh ?—what ?—I hardly know. I have not seen him since he was ten years old ; that is eighteen years ago ; and then he was the ugliest brat you ever clapt your eyes on ! But ugly children change, you know. But, come, we'll talk of that by-and-by. Come, Quizby ; come Hoaxley. As for you Tom, come, or let it alone, just as you please. You, a sportsman ! A pretty fellow you are to invite to spend a week with one at Hammersmith in the shooting season.

[*Exeunt FIZ. and QUIZ.*]

*Dolly.* Go with them, Mr. Trimbush ; humour the old fools. Return to us presently, and we'll consult upon what is to be done.

*Hoax.* Come, Tom ; we will make common cause against this rival of your's ; and if he really be the sheer, downright, and most egregious ass I have heard him described to be, we will force him to abandon the contest by a powerful exercise of the noble arts of quizzing and hoaxing.

[*Exeunt DOLLY and PEGGY—HOAXLEY and TRIMBUSH.*]

## SCENE II. *Fizzlegig's garden.*

*Enter CORNELIUS CRAMCALF.* He is dressed as a sportsman, except that he wears white stockings. The calves of his legs are immoderately large.

*Cran.* So ! here I am ! That is Mr. Fizzlegig's house, and this is Mr. Fizzlegig's garden. Now let me con over what I have to do. First, I am to see Mr. Fizzlegig, then I am to introduce myself and say, " Sir, I am your intended son-in-law ;" then I am to marry his daughter in lawful wedlock, and then I'm to go home again to Calf-hall near Colchester. Besides all this, I'm to be sure to remember to take my wife home along with me ; and I'm to be very particular to tell nobody here but Mr. Fizzlegig himself what I come about. I'm not the one to make a blunder—'tis all written down for me on my ass's-skin tablets. Besides, I can't make a mistake about Mr. Fizzlegig, for the man at the gate told me I should find him in the garden, in a green shooting-jacket, and with a gun in his hand. And as sure as a gun here he comes.



*Enter TRIMBUSH.*

*Trim.* A plaguy old bore! how Hoaxley can remain with him I don't know, but for my part——

*Cram.* How do you do, Sir? Well, you see here I am—just arrived—fresh out of Essex.

*Trim. (aside.)* From Essex! so, so!—So, sir, you come out of Essex, Sir? Did you walk all the way, Sir?

*Cram.* Walk! no, Sir! I travelled up in a carriage with several more of my own species.

*Trim.* Then you came up in a calf-cart, I presume?

*Cram.* Bless you, no; in the Colchester Stage.—Do you know—I knew you the instant I saw you.

*Trim.* Me!

*Cram.* Ay, though you are much changed since you were with us at Calf Hall, eighteen years ago: You are looking much younger.

*Trim.* That is a surprizing change, indeed!

*Cram.* Not at all, for then you had a bald head; now you have taken to your own hair again. That always makes folks look younger.

*Trim.* That is an idea would never have occurred to me.

*Cram.* And then I could not fail of knowing you by your shooting-jacket.

*Trim.* A sufficient reason for knowing *me*, truly.

*Cram.* Ay, and a reason, too, that kept me upwards of a week at the Saracen's Head, Aldgate; and that cost me a pretty lump of money, that I can tell you.

*Trim.* How so?

*Cram.* Why, father told me I must be sure to wait upon you in a sporting-dress, just, as he said, to humour the old fool. He didn't intend that I should tell you that—he merely said it to me, in private. So I was obliged to wait in London whilst it was making; then the tailor disappointed me; then the coat was too big; then it was too little; then——but 'tis a nice fit now, isn't it?

*Trim.* Allow me to examine it. (*Squeezes him tightly in it, and twirls him about.*)

*Cram. (Almost choked.)* Thank'ee, that will do.

*Trim.* 'Tis exquisite!

*Cram.* And so it ought to be, for it cost devilish dear. And I was obliged to pay for it, too.

*Trim.* Why, you would not have had the tailor give you a coat for nothing?

*Cram.* Yes, I would if I could, though.

*Trim.* So, Sir, it seems you have business with Mr. Fizzlegig.

*Cram.* Yes, Mr. Fizzlegig, and business which will bring me a pretty lump of money; and that is some consolation for the trouble and expense I have been at in coming to see you.

*Trim.* Then, Sir, since this is no affair of mine, I leave you.

*Cram.* How! A'n't you Mr. Fizzlegig?

*Trim.* No, Sir.

*Cram.* And yet you have got a——this is a most extraordinary resemblance.

*Trim.* Stay—some one comes this way. (*Aside.* 'Tis Hoaxley.)—Perhaps 'tis he, I'll leave you together. Ha! ha! ha! [*Exit TRIMBUSH.*]

*Cram.* 'Twas an excellent piece of advice of my father's not to tell my business to any one but the old gentleman himself. 'Twas lucky I did not say more to *him*. That comes of knowing how to keep a wise tongue in one's head.

*Enter HOAXLEY.*

*Houx.* Sparrow-shooting is a very pretty amusement, but I begin to tire of it.—Eh! who the deuce is this? For a quiz, a promising phiz—A-hem!

*Cram. (aside.)* This must be my man. But this time I'll go more cautiously to work. I'll see whether he knows me. I'll cross-examine him as they do at Assizes.—Mr. Fizzlegig, have you any recollection of me?



*Hoax.* Do you imagine I could ever forget you?

*Cram.* But you must find me much grown since you were at Calf-hall eighteen years ago?

*Hoax.* (*aside.* Ah! ha! our rival.)—Prodigiously! you were a child at that time.

*Cram.* (*aside.* That's true; I'm safe now. Yet I'll put one home question.)—Did my parents consider me a sensible child or a fool?

*Hoax.* A prodigy of sense! And in that respect I'll answer for it you are not changed.

*Cram.* And that's true; for I am just as sensible now as I was when a baby. But you will pardon my being a little cautious about you, Mr. Fizzlegig, for I have mistaken another person for you already.

*Hoax.* You are convinced there is no mistake now?

*Cram.* Yes.—No.—(*Aside.* I have it.)—If you are he, you can tell me what I come about, and who I am?

*Hoax.* You come here to be married, and your name——(*Aside.* Hang his name, I forget it.)

*Cram.* Right! This is you as sure as I am Cornelius Cramcalf.—And now for my name?

*Hoax.* Cornelius Cramcalf.

*Cram.* My dear Sir!——(*They shake hands.*)

*Hoax.* And now, Sir, to business. In the first place, Cornelius is a name I can't endure.

*Cram.* There, I knew that would be the case one of these days. I have always said I was very ill used in that affair.

*Hoax.* What affair?

*Cram.* Why, *that*; but I assure you, Mr. Fizzlegig, I'm not in the least to blame for it. They took an unfair advantage of my youth and inexperience, and christened me without my consent.

*Hoax.* Unparalleled tyranny!

*Cram.* However, my intimate friends call me Colley;—others Mr. Cramcalf junior.

*Hoax.* Mr. Cramcalf junior, your devoted humble servant. (*Bows.*)

*Cram.* Pray Sir, don't—I hate to be treated with so much respect.

*Hoax.* I won't, I won't; I promise to treat you with as little as possible.

*Cram.* (*bows.*) You are too——But my other name—? Cramcalf? 'tis an appropriate name for a grazier? Of course you know what a calf is?

*Hoax.* (*placing his hand on Cramcalf's shoulder.*) I have a tolerable idea.

*Cram.* Talking of calves, did you ever see such a calf as this? (*Shows his legs.*)

*Hoax.* Magnificent indeed!

*Cram.* And they cost me nothing. They are a present.

*Hoax.* A what!

*Cram.* A present from my uncle, the stocking-weaver at Nottingham.

*Hoax.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Cram.* I dare say you thought they were real. No, they are—(*angrily*) I hope you don't doubt me? Sir, they are sham calves, upon my honour.

*Hoax.* Sir, your word is sufficient.

*Cram.* And, so, this place is called Goose-green.

*Hoax.* So was my grandfather before me; and so might you be.

*Cram.* Why, you don't dislike my sur-name—Cramcalf is a pretty name, isn't it?

*Hoax.* Charming!

*Cram.* And your daughter will like to be called Mrs. Cramcalf?

*Hoax.* She'll die of love for you at the very sound.

*Cram.* Mrs. Vice-president Cramcalf!

*Hoax.* Vice-president! Why, are you a Vice-president?

*Cram.* Yes, of the Friendly Burial Society. We have plenty of public amusements at Colchester.

*Hoax.* She'll lead a gay life, no doubt. (*While talking, he pulls off one of Cramcalf's buttons.*) This is your button, I believe?



*Cram.* (*putting it into his pocket,*) Thank'ee, Sir, you are very polite.—O, yes, very gay. She will be invited to all the funerals. Our club meet once a month, at the sign of the Three Coffins, and are as merry as—I seldom attend though, and so I save my money.

*Hoax.* Very considerate.

*Cram.* When you have spent your money, your money is gone, you know.

*Hoax.* A wise reflection!

*Cram.* And when—Talking of money, father says your daughter is a capital match for me. You are warm, a'n't you?

*Hoax.* Tolerably—considering the season.

*Cram.* I mean you are rich? And then she has a maiden aunt, who will die, and leave me all her dumps. But old maids are generally tough, and last a long while. I say—is your sister tough?

*Hoax.* Psha! you must not say that. (*Pulls off another button.*) Another of your buttons, Mr. Cramcalf.

*Cram.* Thank'ee, Mr. Fizzlegig; but pray don't give me any more.—Ah! I'll take care of her money, when I get it.

*Hoax.* So; you are a careful person, it seems.

*Cram.* Careful! why, I have saved every farthing of my money ever since I was a school-boy. Here, I have an account of it in my pocket-book. (*Feels in his pocket.*) Why, I declare, I have lost my ass's skin.

*Hoax.* Bless me! Sure no one has flayed you alive!

*Cram.* No, here it is! Besides, I never lent any one a penny, unless I was quite sure of my money again; and unless I was well paid for it, too.

*Hoax.* That is generous indeed! So then, it seems you are very fond of money?

*Cram.* Doat on it. When you have paid your debt of nature, you shall see how nicely I turn your's to account.

*Hoax.* Shall I? That will be a very pretty sight. But for the maiden aunt—suppose she should not be of your way of thinking?

*Cram.* But she will; for I'm told she is a very sensible woman.

*Hoax.* True; but she is extremely prodigal.

*Cram.* Is she? Then I'll soon make her turn over a new leaf.

*Hoax.* (*aside.* Now, if I could work him up to a quarrel with Aunt Dolly!) —You are right, Mr. Cramcalf. Now, listen to my advice.

*Enter QUIZBY.*

*Quiz.* So, I have found you at last, Mr. Hoaxley.

*Cram.* Mr. Hoaxley!!

*Hoax.* Confound the old twaddler!

*Cram.* Then I have been talking to a Mr. Hoaxley all this time!

*Quiz.* Why, who else do you take him to be? But go, go, Mr. Hoaxley; our brother sportsmen have sent me to say they are waiting for you.

*Hoax.* I was chatting here with your son-in-law.

*Quiz.* My son-in-law! What do you mean by *my* son-in-law?

*Hoax.* O, your son-in-law will explain all that to you, so I'll leave you together. Ha! ha! ha! [*Exit HOAXLEY.*]

*Quiz.* (*following him*) But what do you mean by my son-in-law?

*Cram.* (*takes hold of his jacket and pulls him back.*) Stop, stop, if you please.

*Quiz.* Stop! stop! I know nothing about you, and I won't stop.

*Cram.* Don't you recollect me? Colley, from Calf-hall?

*Quiz.* I know nothing about you. You are mistaken.

*Cram.* No, no; I have been mistaken twice already; and I have something else to do than to be mistaken all day. So, come this way, Mr. Fizzle-gig.

*Quiz.* I tell you you are mistaken, so let me alone.

*Cram.* Nonsense; I didn't come all the way from Colchester to let you alone.

*Quiz.* Help, there, help!



*Cram.* I don't care for your making a riot ; I have got you this time, and hang me if I let you go till I have married your daughter.

[*Exit QUIZBY, followed by CRAMCALF.*]

*Enter HOAXLEY DOLLY, and PEGGY.*

*Hoax.* Ha ! ha ! ha ! There he goes : he has fastened upon old Quizby now, and takes *him* to be his intended father-in-law.

*Dolly.* Why, then, it seems the young gentleman is a downright noodle.

*Hoax.* As flat as a pancake, and the most miserly rascal I ever met with.

*Dolly.* Another reason against him.

*Hoax.* We'll get rid of him, I'll answer for it. His little intellects are utterly confounded by the mere similarity of our dresses ; and—I've an idea. I'll once more persuade him that I'm your father ; and if I don't speedily drive him out of our dominions——

*Peggy.* But he knows now who you are.

*Hoax.* He is so arrant an ass that I'll risk it notwithstanding. Ha ! that's the very thing.

*JEM crosses with a hat and wig.*

I say, Jem, is that your master's wig and hat ?

*Jem.* Yes, Sir ; the Sunday set-out.

*Hoax.* Give them to me.

*Jem.* Can't, Sir ; I have just drest the wig, and there must not be a hair awry.

*Hoax.* Here is half a crown for you ; give them to me, and do as I bid you, and I'll give you another. (*Puts on the wig and hat.*)

*Jem.* (*looking at the money.*) I'll fetch you a night-cap or two, at this rate, Sir.

*Hoax.* No, no, 'tis not that. Haven't you observed a strange gentleman here ?

*Jem.* Yes, Sir ; he got fast hold of Mr. Quizby, just now. Ha ! there he goes.

*Hoax.* That is he. Do you go and tell him Mr. Fizzlegig is waiting here to see him, and bring him to me. Mind, no mistake.

*Jem.* No, no, Sir. Ah ! you are a funny one ! [*Exit JEM.*]

*Hoax.* Now, leave me alone with him ; I'll follow you presently, and report progress.

*Dolly.* Do what you can to get rid of him ; and should you fail, I have a little scheme of my own to try. [*Exeunt DOLLY and PEGGY.*]

*Enter JEM with CRAMCALF.*

*Jem.* There, Sir, that is Mr. Fizzlegig—He ! he ! he ! [*Exit JEM.*]

*Cram.* Well, at last I hope——Ah ! ha ! there you are, and plague enough I have had to find you—there are so many of you.

*Hoax.* I'm sorry for it ; I was out shooting. And pray how is your worthy father ? [*Hoaxley squeezes his hand violently.*]

*Cram.* Very well, I'm obliged to you, Mr. Hoaxley ; he desires to be remembered to you, and you are squeezing my fingers, indeed you are.

*Hoax.* But why do you call me Mr. Hoaxley ?

*Cram.* Dear me, I ask your pardon, but I was just now talking to a gentleman of that name, and you look uncommonly like him.

*Hoax.* There is nothing surprising in that ; he is an old school-fellow of mine.

*Cram.* Ah ! that accounts for it.

*Hoax.* (*examining his dress.*) Very well indeed ! But why don't you wear gaiters ?

*Cram.* Think of my calves !

*Hoax.* They would appear to less advantage certainly.

*Cram.* But this nonsensical whim of yours costs a vast deal of money.

*Hoax.* What then, Sir ? money is made to spend.

*Cram.* True, but the less one spends, the more one has, you know.

*Hoax.* And are you such a miserly dog as to grudge your money ! You



won't do for my daughter if you are. However, she'll take you in hand. You are rich, and by marrying her you will be still richer. I shall expect you, therefore, to do honour to your fortune.

*Cram.* I will honour it; that is, I'll never make in the least free with it.

*Hoax.* In the first place, you'll keep a good table?

*Cram.* To be sure, particularly if she be fond of veal.

*Hoax.* Why so?

*Tram.* Because we kill and eat our own calves.

*Hoax.* The Cannibals!—and do you afford no variety?

*Cram.* O, yes, when we are tired of roast veal, we have it boiled.

*Hoax.* Well, well; you must leave the management of that to my daughter. In the next place—though you already have set up a carriage for her.

*Cram.* Quite the contrary. Because when we are married, 'tis only booking two places in the Colchester stage, and there we are, you know.

*Hoax.* Niggardly rascal! and do you imagine my daughter will travel by a public coach? No, Sir; she must go with four horses, and take plenty of company with her.

*Cram.* Well, the Colchester Telegraph travels with four horses and takes plenty of company,

*Hoax.* Fie! fie! As my last word, you must set up a handsome commodious carriage in which four may ride at their ease.

*Cram.* Four! Why we are but two, at any rate.

*Hoax.* And how are her two waiting-women to go?

*Cram.* O, that is easily settled; she won't have any.

*Hoax.* Thunder and smoke! my daughter have no waiting-women!

*Cram.* You are so hasty; the cook and housemaid can help to dress her; and for great occasions is not there the barber?

*Hoax.* Enough! you shan't marry my daughter, so get out!

*Cram.* But only listen to me!

*Hoax.* Get out! I'll write to your father that you are a stingy rascal.

*Cram.* But only let her see me, and give her a chance of falling in love with me.

*Hoax.* Get out! you shan't see her.

*Cram.* So, after coming all this way, you turn me out of your house!

*Hoax.* Not for the world, but get out instantly!

*Cram.* Well, then, Sir, since my blood is up—

*Hoax.* What then?

*Cram.* Good afternoon to you. I'll have nothing to do with you or your daughter. (*Going.*)

*Hoax.* (*aside.* We have done it.)

*Enter TRIMBUSH.*

*Trim.* Hoaxley, Miss Dolly desires to see you instantly.

*Hoax.* Confound you!

*Cram.* So, this is Mr. Hoaxley again, after all.

*Hoax.* (*to Trim.*) I had just succeeded in turning him out of the place, and you have spoiled all.

*Trim.* How the deuce could I tell that?

*Hoax.* Well, come, come along; and we will see what Miss Dolly has devised.

[*Exeunt TRIM. and HOAXLEY.*]

*Cram.* So that wasn't Mr. Fizzlegig, then! I thought so at first; for the future I'll trust to first impressions. Now had not I discovered the mistake in time, I should have returned home again like a—Ah! here he comes again. Let him beware of imposing upon me now; I'll pepper him if he should attempt it.

*Enter FIZZLEGIG.*

*Fiz.* Surely the plague is in the sparrows! The moment I fire, away they fly, and the devil a one will stay to be killed.—Ha! Surely I am not mistaken. Pray, Sir, are not you Mr. Cramcalf?



*Cram.* (*turning his back upon him.*) Pooh! pooh! you know well enough who I am. But I'm not to be taken in by you again.

*Fiz.* Taken in by me!—The impudent fellow!

*Cram.* No; and instead of getting out, I shall not stir till I have seen Mr. Fizzlegig.

*Fiz.* I am Mr. Fizzlegig.

*Cram.* Now, Mr. Hoaxley, don't provoke me, or upon my life I'll make you repent it.

*Fiz.* But turn and look at me, you obstinate dog. I am Mr. Fizzlegig in person.

*Cram.* I can bear this no longer. I'll teach you—(*He turns suddenly round, seizes Fizzlegig by the throat, and shakes him violently.*)

*Fiz.* Would you murder your father-in-law, you unnatural dog!

*Cram.* And now I look at you, I think you are not Mr. Hoaxley. But tell me the truth; don't deceive me again; are you really old Fizzlegig?

*Fiz.* Why should I deceive you?

*Cram.* Because you have deceived me several times already.

*Fiz.* I!

*Cram.* Yes, you—or Mr. Hoaxley—or one or other of you.

*Fiz.* I see how it is; Mr. Hoaxley has been amusing himself at your expense.

*Cram.* Is that possible! But if you dress all alike in these jackets how is one to—besides the expense of them.

*Fiz.* I hope you are not such a miserly dog as to grudge your money to do me a pleasure.

*Cram.* There—there—miserly dog! his very words!—the very thing you said to me just now, Mr. Hoaxley.

*Fiz.* Your father has praised you in his letters to me for your habits of economy; yet I would not have a thorough stingy rascal for a son-in-law.

*Cram.* Stingy rascal! That was Mr. Hoaxley again.—Ha! you know my father's writing?

*Fiz.* As well as I know my own.

*Cram.* (*aside.* Now, I'll prove him.) (*Gives him a letter.*) Do you know whose writing this is?

*Fiz.* Your father's.

*Cram.* I have found him at last, the real original. (*Bows.*) Mr. Fizzlegig, I hope I see you very well?

*Fiz.* (*having read the letter.*) Ay, ay, he has written to me the same thing many times. No doubt my sister Dolly will leave all her property to my daughter.

*Cram.* (*rubbing his hands.*) That will be a capital haul for me!

*Fiz.* You seem to be very fond of money?

*Cram.* Love it like my own father.

*Fiz.* Well, well, we shall settle that matter with my sister; and now you shall see my daughter Peggy.

*Cram.* (*laughs immoderately*) So her name is Peggy, is it?

*Fiz.* Yes, and what is there to laugh at?

*Cram.* The wonderful coincidence! There is one Peggy in our neighbourhood already. But come, let me see her.

*Fiz.* Ah! you rogue! you'll be very glad to be married, eh?

*Cram.* Ay, to your Peggy—and the money.

*Fiz.* But, at first sight, she may not like you.

*Cram.* O, never mind that.

*Fiz.* However, in time she will, I've no doubt.

*Cram.* That is as it may happen. But it is agreed that she is to marry me, whether she like me or not.

*Fiz.* And is marrying her all you care about?

*Cram.* O, no, I care about the money most.

*Fiz.* Young man, young man, you should not say such things.

*Cram.* Pooh! nonsense; it is what I think, isn't it?



*Fiz.* Hush ! here they come. (*CRAM. puts his calves in order, which had got round to the fore-part of his legs.*)

*Enter DOLLY, PEGGY, TRIMBUSH, HOAXLEY, and QUIZBY.*

*Dolly.* Mr. Fizzlegig, it is proper I acquaint you with a step I am about to take.

*Fiz.* Presently, sister Dolly ; but first, ladies, let me present Mr. Cramcalf, my intended son-in-law, to you.

*Dolly.* So, that is your beautiful bargain, is it ?

*Fiz.* Go, go, and address my daughter.

*Cram.* But there are two of them ; how am I to guess which is your daughter ?

*Fiz.* Peggy, my dear, make a curtesy.

(*She curtseys.*)

*Cram.* So, it is the youngest I am to marry ?

*Fiz.* Now, say something gallant to her.

*Cram.* I will, I will ! Miss—ahem !—I come from a county famous for calves.

*Peggy.* Sir, you do no discredit to your county.

*Cram.* An uncommon polite young lady, indeed.

*Fiz.* Now, sister Dolly, you see the gentleman, and I trust you'll make no objections.

*Cram.* She can't, she can't, you know. 'Tis all settled between you and father that I'm to have *her* dumps and *your* dumps—(*to her*) and I'll make the most of them, I promise you.

*Dolly.* Don't talk to me, dolt !—Hearkee, brother Fizzlegig ; since 'tis settled there is to be a wedding in the family, to save trouble, I intend to marry at the same time.

*Fiz.* You marry !

*Dolly.* Yes, and carry my fortune out of the family, since you won't give your daughter to Mr. Trimbush.

*Fiz.* (*to Quizby.*) There ! 'Tis all your nephew's fault ! How dare your nephew fall in love with my daughter ?

*Quiz.* Do you hear that, Sir ! (*to Trim.*) How dare you fall in love with my—That is, as my friend Fizzy says, how dare—That's right, Fizzy, don't spare him.

*Fiz.* No matter ; what I say is law. Here, Mr. Cramcalf, I've sent for you to marry my daughter, and you shall have her.

*Cram.* Stop, stop, there is some mistake ; if old Miss Dolly marries, what becomes of the stumpy ?

*Fiz.* That's neither here nor there ; I have said my daughter shall have you for a husband, and she shall have you.

*Cram.* Have me ? But people don't give nothing for nothing, you know. She shall have me if the old lady will promise to leave her—

*Dolly.* If I leave her my fortune, 'tis on the sole condition of her marrying Mr. Trimbush.

*Cram.* Then why didn't you make up your mind to that before ? and then I needn't have come all the way from Colchester.

*Fiz.* Well, but sister Dolly, sister Dolly—

*Dolly.* No words ; I've told you my determination.

*Fiz.* You are resolved, then, that Peggy shall marry Tom Trimbush ?

*Dolly.* Resolved.

*Fiz.* In that case, what say you to it, friend Quizby ?

*Quiz.* Why, my opinion is—what's your opinion, Fizzy ?

*Fiz.* Certainly.—And you, Mr. Cramcalf, what say you to that arrangement ?

*Cram.* Why, really, Mr. Fizzlegig, it is bringing one a long way—up from Colchester to—

*Fiz.* Then since you don't object to it, be it so. Here, Tom, take Peggy, and make her a good husband. And you'll leave Tom your fortune, won't you, old boy ?



*Quiz.* That I will—you say I shall, don't you, friend Fizzy?

*Hoax.* Now Mr. Cramcalf, you are witness that my friend Tom is to marry Miss Peggy, and to inherit the wealth of all parties.

*Cram.* Well, but I did not come to be a witness in this business. Quite the contrary. (*To Fiz.*) But I'll trounce you; you have my written promise that I'll marry your daughter, with a forfeit of two hundred pounds if I refuse.

*Fiz.* Ha! ha! ha! but you have not got mine.

*Cram.* That's all one, and I've been very ill used. You are an old rogue, and I'll trounce you.

*Fiz.* Eh! what! get out, get out!

*Quiz.* Eh! what! get out, get out!

*Cram.* You are at it again. Get out! (*To Fiz.*) That is what you said when I mistook Mr. Hoaxley for you.—But you'll pay my expenses home again, won't you?

*Fiz.* I indeed! ha! ha! ha!

*Cram.* I've spent all the money father gave me, and it will be very unpleasant to walk all the way back to Colchester. Mr. Hoaxley——

*Hoax.* Get out, get out!

*Cram.* Well, if I must, let me get out genteelly. (*Comes forward.*) Ladies and gentlemen, I wish you all a very good night. P\*.

*The End.*

#### ODE TO THE NEW SOVEREIGN OF GREECE.\*

WHEN Jason hew'd the ancient pine,  
That wav'd on Pelion's hoary steep,  
And first of man's aspiring line,  
Launch'd the oar'd bark upon the deep,  
Amid the blooming Argive band,  
High on the poop, young Orpheus stood,  
Fearless he view'd the less'ning land,  
Th' expanding sky, the boundless flood;  
Then with his iv'ry quill he swept  
His Mother's gift, the golden lyre,  
And at the Thracian accents slept  
Of wind and wave the warring ire:  
In wonder rapt, from near and far,  
The hundred maids of Ocean came;  
And Neptune, on his sea-green car  
Of winged coursers, dropp'd the rein:  
Of Argo's glory sang that hour  
The bard of the Odrisian hill,  
And inspiration watch'd its power  
In every Grecian bosom's thrill.  
The Western breezes, that of yore  
Wafted the searchers of the Fléece,  
Now gently to their own warm shore  
Woo the new Lord of rescued Greece.  
To speed his galley o'er the sea,  
To sway the breeze, to smoothe the tide,  
Ah! why has Fate's perverse decree,  
That gave the Chief, the Bard denied?

\* The first five stanzas are closely translated from the opening of a beautiful Italian ode to Mongolfier, the aëronaut, by Monti.



Of ancient line, of princely birth,  
 Go, loftier destinies attain—  
 Upon a fair and classic earth,  
 O'er freemen, and o'er Greeks, to reign.  
 The vessel wins her easy way,  
 Through sunny isles, and azure seas;  
 Pause not by soft Cythera's bay,  
 Nor 'mid the greeting Cyclades:  
 On glides the prow beneath the shade  
 Of Sunium's column-crested steep,  
 Where home-bound crews their course delay'd,  
 And shouted "Athens" from the deep;\*  
 The name that rouses and inspires—  
 Leap to the land, and fix thy throne:  
 The dauntless swords, the matchless lyres,  
 Shall start to life, and be thine own.  
 Again within Minerva's wall  
 Bid Painting glow, and Sculpture gleam;  
 Again Philosophy recall  
 To the still groves of Academe.  
 To native purity restore  
 The sounds that dropp'd from Plato's tongue,  
 Or thunder'd from the Attic shore  
 O'er Macedon terrific rung.  
 For thee the bee her wing shall lade  
 On wild Hymettus' thymy hill;  
 For thee beneath the olive shade  
 Cephissus pour his storied rill:  
 O'er high Taygetus shall bound†  
 The comely forms of Spartan maids;  
 And clear Sperchius waft the sound  
 Of lowing herds from Æta's glades.  
 Go, lord of the immortal clime,  
 Chief of the gifted and the free,  
 Call back thy Hellas to her prime;  
 She yet retains Thermopylæ:  
 By Malia's‡ wave sleeps Sparta's King;  
 That way the foe must reach thy throne;  
 His banded hordes if navies bring,  
 Then meet him upon Marathon.  
 And if this lyre has dwelt too long  
 Amid the haunts of song and strife,  
 To thee more hallow'd cares belong;  
 Rear o'er them all the Cross of Life.

\* Γενοιμαν

Ακραν υπο πλακα Σενις,  
 Τας ιερας οπως προσει—

Ποιμ' αν Αθανας.

*Soph. Ajax. 1220.*

† Sperchiusque, et virginibus bacchata Lacœnis  
 Taygeta.

*Virg. Geor. ii. 48*

‡ Thermopylæ was situated on the Sinus Maliacus.



## THE LOUNGER, NO. I.

“ It is an inexpressible pleasure to know a little of the world, and to be of no character or significance in it.”—*Spectator*.

“ He hath strange places crammed with observation, the which he vents in mangled forms.”—*As you Like it*.

À Madame,

Madame \* \* \* \* .

Rue de la ———, Paris,

———— Street, Feb. 17, 1830.

You shall complain of my negligence no more! Yes, I have resolved to become an excellent correspondent; you shall prepare a vacant chest for my letters, and, positively, once a month your treasury shall be augmented. Know, my dear friend, that I have thought of an excellent plan for correcting at once my negligence and my matter—you shall not only have to pay the postage of a monthly epistle, but you shall confess that the epistle is not altogether unworthy of the postage. Instead of writing to you, “My dear friend,—Your last letter delighted me. How droll is that story about the H’s. Certainly, you are the wittiest of correspondents. But the post waits—I am in despair—I despatch my letter, and depart, to drown myself in remorse for its shortness. Adieu!” Instead of such letters as this, you shall have letters full of gossip, of one sort or the other—and so long that even you shall talk of reading them at your leisure. What is more, too, they shall no longer be hieroglyphed in a character which might defy Monsieur G—— to translate—you shall read them as distinctly as if you were reading a page in the New Monthly Magazine. Yes, my admiring, and therefore admirable friend, it is in the New Monthly Magazine itself that you shall read them. I cannot resist flattering myself that this is an excellent suggestion of my better angel. Instead of sending my mutilated pages to you, swelled into a size which the newly-conscientious sides of the Ambassador’s bag would most vehemently chafe against, I shall send them unscrupulously to the printing *employés* of Messrs. Colburn and Bentley; and if you receive them a day or two later than you might if they were sent to you in manuscript, remember the loss of time in deciphering the latter, and confess that you are a gainer by the Press. I shall not correspond with you a whit less frankly than before. You know that I care not three straws for that old gossip, the Public; and I feel as little reserve in unburthening to herself her own affairs, as I do in revealing them to you. I say her own affairs, for mine, as you are very well aware, I never disclose to any one; and my friends, whom with the advertisers in “The Times,” I carefully separate alike from “The Nobility” and “The Public,” seem to be no more communicative than myself. *Entre nous*, my penetrating correspondent, we have very few secrets to tell; and we are silent, like Lord ———, whom poor Madame de Staël declared to be so thoughtful, simply because we have nothing to say. It is only, then, the concerns of the Public that I shall confide to you; and as I know you love scandal, you may rely on my speaking as spitefully as possible. The announcement of my ill-nature to the million and one gentry who, I suppose, devour the New Monthly Magazine, will render the effort not irksome, but delicious to myself; and against the *vis inertiae*



of indolence, which resisted my movements as a manuscript correspondent, I may oppose vanity and the spleen when I publish. You, who know human nature, will be sure of the result, and will count me already the most punctual of your "Advices from England." What shall I tell you first? Like our friend, the Chevalier, shall it be one of my own *bons mots*? I was talking with D. about "Moore's Byron," and disputing with him on the nature of the pathetic. "Melancholy poets," said I, "often think they are feeling when they are solely egotistical; they imagine, that to be pathetic they have only to be gloomy—their inspiration, like that of the Pythian priestess, *is from vapours!*"

I forget whether you are a phrenologist. I went the other day to Spurzheim, for the first time. I was greatly amused, but not in the least converted. To tell you the truth, I committed rather an awkward error, and mistook the heads of the malefactors for those of the men of genius. I went by the strong lines and the hook noses. I confess I used to place a little trust in noses, till I had the pleasure of seeing O'Connell; but there was a man who ought to have had a hook-nose, and he has a snub! I have given up my faith in noses ever since. To return to Spurzheim. He struck me as a sensible, shrewd man—but I question his metaphysics; and it is very clear, that to be a decent phrenologist, the first step is to be a profound metaphysician, or one will be always confusing qualities, faculties, and feelings. He was by no means communicative as to the mysteries of my own organs. Indeed, he professes discretion. By the way, he has already made a remark which does honour to his knowledge of English nature. "What," said I, "is the fault you have found persons in this country most reluctant to own, when their formation has led you to attribute it to them?"—"Self-esteem!" said he; "none of them bear it: it is in vain that I add, 'but it may be a virtue—it *is* a virtue, if you don't carry it too far;' they all cry, 'Any thing else I may be, but my worst enemy never thought me conceited.'" Why is this morbidity? it is perfectly national. The least conceit in another puts the English into such a rage with their neighbours, that I sometimes think I hear them say, "love yourself, yea but an atom, and we will all detest you!" yet, with all this horror of conceit, the English are the most conceited of nations—as the French are the most vain! Talking of conceit, do you remember a very quaint *bon mot*, in Madame de Staël's beautiful but shallow book on the Passions? she quotes it as belonging to another—"Whenever I see Mr. —, I feel something of the same pleasure I feel in seeing a fond couple—*He and his self-love live so happily together.*"

Of balls and large parties I can tell you nothing, for a very good reason,—I make it a rule never to go them. My heart is *blasé* with red ropes and Collinet. My disposition towards crowds has "fallen into the sere and yellow leaf." I went into the great world too early; at fifteen I was at every ball, and the natural consequence is, that at twenty-five I am at none. —, however, is a regular worshipper at the nocturnal shrines; and, if you are anxious to know about the C——s and the E——s, I will get him in future to add a postscript for your edification. My chief dissipation lies among dinner parties, where I sometimes, if my morning has been long enough to allow me due preparation, solemnly act the part of a wit, but more frequently "I distinguish myself," like the short-faced gentleman in the Spectator, "by a most pro-



found silence." There I observe—note—hear— and reflect on all—and skimming, as it were, the cream of the general opinions, I am enabled to press it into a certain consistency for my own use, more solid and more calculated to keep than opinions "caught in the current" usually are. You, living abroad, cannot conceive how universal in all societies, where conversation flows freely, is the anticipation of change, (revolution is a harsh, partial, and uncandid word, or I should make use of it,) a change not of the light straws floating on the surface of the constitution, but of the very tides and properties of the source. The elements are forming strongly and rapidly, but there is no ripeness in the time. To a regency we must look for final results. Meanwhile Owen, (excellent man, who has caught, perhaps, the true system, but sees it darkly and through a glass,) harangues in the journals, and \* \* \* \* \* (good Heavens, what an example of the spirit of Christianity does the first, an unbeliever, set to the last, a Christian!) "deliriumizes," as C—— calls it, from the pulpit. Speculations—schemes—systems—dance and froth, and bubble—the ferment before the settling, while you and I, my shrewd friend, laugh from our little corners at our more active neighbours, and exclaim, with the sagacious Shaftesbury, "The surest method to prevent good sense is to set up something in the stead of it." For my part, I, who am more sanguine than you about the capacities of human nature, am disposed to add, "yes, but nothing bodes so well for our conversion to the true faith as a rapid change in our idols."

The Athenæum, to which you used to direct my letters, has become "great in the eyes of men." We are now really in our new palace, and we throw open its gates every Wednesday evening to whomsoever, among your gentler sex, are disposed to enter. What an infringement on club law! I, who am a hermit in my own way, and by no means too inclined to sociality, must confess that I never felt a more melancholy pang than when, for the first time, I beheld from the large chair in which I was "quietly inurned," a party of invading Amazons, with bare necks, and yellow gowns, sweep across the chambers, I had hoped would have been for ever sacred to frock coats, and the modest virtue of cravats. There, at least, in those classic halls, I *had* anticipated a constant refuge from the annoying amiabilities of a tea party, the *bien-séances* due to the fair sex—the attentions and sacrifices which are elsewhere extorted from "my feelings as a Briton and a man." There, in a word, I had hoped that I might for ever wrap myself up in the web of selfishness and incivility, and be left to the peaceful enjoyment of moroseness and the magazines. The illusion is vanished—true, that Wednesday is only one day in the week, but, then, that one day unsettles us for the six others; it is like going home from school of a Saturday afternoon, a luxury which every experienced Orbilius knows is the irremediable ruin of the child's healthful and regular contentment. Besides, what mischief to the *tone* of our society! Instead of the learned silence hitherto breathing around, or the murmurs of scientific discussion or literary dispute, we hear the *suaves susurri* of "Last night—charming woman—beautiful eyes—good bust—pretty ankle!" Oh ye gods! I think it quite impudent in the women to force themselves thus daringly on our retirement and our strictures. But to turn from the visitors to the mansion. I cannot resist sufficiently infringing on the spirit of party belonging to all corporate bodies, to inform you that



I think there is a lamentable lack of taste in the decorations and the furniture. The hall and the staircase are good, but the rooms are Bloomsbury-square blundering at the Vatican. The great drawing-room looks as if it had the scarlet fever. The walls are red paper—red paper!!! Just imagine!—the ground is red, and the curtains are red—and, oh! Bathos of taste!—between the windows, under red canopies, propped, and set off with the utmost pomp and circumstance, are little white plaster busts! Conceive immense height, immense length, and a row of these miserable busts elevated in the most conspicuous places, and looking as importantly ridiculous as if the room were built on purpose for them! Then the chairs and the tables! You would imagine that something large, massive, “convenient yet noble,” as our poor friend De La R—— said of your *fauteuil*, might best become a room boasting the grandeur of pillars and a fretted roof, and too long to walk across without baiting by the way. Very well—(with the exception of three or four easy chairs, that stand in pairs by the fire-places, as if they were civilly avoiding the very mixed company in which they found themselves)—conceive little Swiss chairs—one or two leather seats fastened to the wall, like—Horace Walpole would have told you what they were like, but I dare not; and tables that seem as if they had been caught in the back settlements of a shop in Camden-town, brushed up, French polished, and sent to our new country for the purpose of colonizing its dreary wastes. It is the *refuse* of an old country, you know, that colonize a new one. In my next letter, I will tell you of a piece of worse and more wretched taste than all this—that is to say, if the committee don’t eat me alive in the meanwhile. At present we have had enough of the clubs, and will begin another suit.

So, our friend Miss B—— is married. It is really quite droll to see the astonishing leap in beauty which a girl makes when from a *spinster commoner* she becomes a wedded Viscountess. Miss B—— used to be considered a well-shaped young lady, with a good foot and ankle; Lady —— is now like one of Canova’s statues. Miss B—— used to be “not such a bad-looking girl either;” Lady —— is “the loveliest vision that ever stepped to earth!” I quote literally what I hear! Oh how far the prejudice of rank extends in this country! It is the harlequin of our grand pantomime, always ludicrous, yet always working transformations. Have you ever observed that the influence of prejudice is in proportion to the pettiness of the source whence it is derived? The prejudices we acquire from a village gossip are far stronger than those we imbibe from a grave philosopher; and we owe to an old nurse a larger portion of our propensities than we ever acquire from the tomes of a reasoner, or the code of a statesman. Thus it is that we look on great things through spectacles that diminish, and on trifles through those that magnify. And thus it was that the councillor of a provincial parliament exclaimed, with indignant pride, “It is unworthy of *my* brother—of the brother of a councillor of the Parliament of Bretagne, to sink into a *mathematician*!”—that brother, so degraded in the eyes of the councillor of the Parliament of Bretagne, that degenerate mathematician was *Descartes*!

Our theatres continue in the same state as when I last wrote; and



I avoid dwelling on them, because in this Magazine you will see criticisms on the drama, which are often, in my opinion, the very best things it contains. All I shall say is, that though Miss Kemble continues to increase her store of golden opinions, I, individually, am extremely sorry that she ever rose—not that I love the Kemble less, but the Drama more. The stage never can regain its glory till Drury-Lane is gone, and Covent-Garden is a name—at least, until the monopoly of each is abolished—until we have theatres in which we can hear the actors, as well as gaze on the scenery—until it is the interest of authors to write good plays, and the interest of managers to prefer good plays to execrable farces, or to what Charles Phillips calls, pithily enough, in the prologue to *Evadne*, “*pasteboard cavalcade!*” Miss Kemble is a noble girl. She has saved Covent Garden, but she has helped to damn the drama. There has been a delightful correspondence in “*The Examiner*,” a shrewd paper, and a witty withal, touching the Scotch character. A defendant of the Land of Cakes is pleased to declare that it is “unblushing effrontery to assert that the Scotch cannot instance one of their countrymen as being worthy to compare intellectual standard with Bacon. “Now,” cries the Scotchman, in a fever of patriotism, “now I appeal to the candour of educated Englishmen whether the names of Hume, and Reid, and Stewart, are not as celebrated as those of Bacon and Locke.”

Is not this exquisite? Reid *versus* Bacon! Dugald Stewart against John Locke! “Hear, Land of Cakes!”

The ministry are going on beautifully. Mr. Goulburn has put us all in good humour. Certainly we never had men in power so much in earnest before. The Duke is quite the Bobadil of politics. He destroys abuses as that eminent Captain destroyed armies, viz.; he takes a certain number, (his colleagues,) to whom he teaches “the special rules,” and then each man attacking his individual abuse, the valiant few are to slay the whole army of forty thousand by defeating a handful at a time.

There appears to me rather a lack of sights and spectacles just at this moment. The Siamese have reduced the price which enables one to see a monster, from half-a-crown to a shilling. Tam o’ Shanter and Souter Johnny still irritate the artists—who are particularly hostile to originality—and display to the observer what extraordinary inspiration may be infused into a worsted stocking! Apropos of sights, \* \* \* \* went to see, at some place or another, a skull, which he was religiously assured was the skull of Oliver Cromwell. “It is extremely small,” said \* \* \* \* admiringly. “Bless you, Sir, it was his skull when he was a little boy!”

I have said as yet nothing on Literature. To speak frankly, I have not read “*up to the season*,” and the only new work which has possessed, for my taste, any considerable attraction, has been a tale called *Cloudesley*, just published, and written by a favourite of yours, Godwin—a man, endowed with a mind as various and accomplished as it is inquiring and profound—an historian, an essayist, a biographer, a novelist, a dramatic writer, a philosopher;—such are the triumphs over the ordinary herd with which William Godwin has enriched his life and the age. The present work seems rather that of a young than an old man; it is full of a loveliness and an enthusiasm of



sentiment, a bloom of mind, that rarely outlives the keen autumn of experience ; the story is interesting, but the interest is impaired by the prevalence of narrative over dialogue, the common fault of reflective writers ; yet perhaps it ought to please the public even more than his former works, for the moral is more within the common comprehension of ladies and gentlemen, and the language—that great charm with people, who love to think they are improving themselves without the trouble of thinking—the language is perfectly unrivalled for its beauty, its richness, and its vigour. If the work possessed no other merit, it ought to be read as a study for composition ; but it is full of humane, generous, and tender thought, and no one can read it diligently without feeling his heart insensibly more softened to those affections, which, according to the philosophy of the book, make the true illustration of the nature of man. “We are never,” says the Author, in one passage, “so truly *what we are capable of being*, as when we sacrifice ourselves for others, and immolate our self-love on the altar of beneficence.” You must let your grandchildren, my dear friend, read this book, as you let them read Tremain and De Vere, not only to amuse them, but to make them better. For my part, I look with a singular interest on all the productions of this man—I consider him a link between a past age, full of the strife and roar of newly-aroused elements of thought, and an age to which I fancy that I behold ourselves slowly approaching—when those elements will no longer struggle against each other, and men will have discovered that the severest conflicts rarely in the Moral World produce the most lasting victories. Differing as I do from him, both in the premises of his philosophical opinions and the conclusions of his political speculations, there yet seems to me, when I look on Godwin’s earlier works, something dimly prophetic in their profound and immovable calmness, unruffled as they are by party, or personality, or reference to fleeting interests—the breezes and showers of the times ! I regard him as one of those seers, foretold to the latter days, who, though erroneous in their own predictions, were to herald and indicate the Avatar of a glorious and holy Truth.

There is, my dear friend, and I grieve to say it, there is one peculiarity of the present season, which I had nearly omitted, viz. : the astonishing pertinacity of Duns. I never remember those gentlemen so pressing. Of course it is not only a sign of their poverty but of ours. Rather a hard necessity of things, that the more one is asked for money, the more certain one is of being in want of it. “The Legislature should look to it,” as our friend P—— said when his valet was caught with his master’s wig on. Lord —— values himself, however, on having discovered one person who does not complain of his poverty. Passing through Brook-street, he saw a miserable looking beggar sitting on a step and tying his ragged clothes together with a bit of string ; —— who is a good-hearted fellow, gave him a shilling, and said in his pompous way, “I am sorry to see another victim to the wretchedness of these times !” “Lord bless your honour,” quoth the beggar, “it is not for *me* to complain of the times, for I find no difficulty at all in collecting *my rents* !”

Mrs. —— and S—— have begun a Platonic affection. “What,”



said Mrs. ——— to me, “do you think of a *platonic* love?” “Madam,” answered I, very solemnly, “I think like all other *tonics*, it is very exciting!”

You and I, my dear friend, are the only instances in the whole range of my experience in which the *liaison* is without danger. But then there is a good reason for that. You allow that you are past seventy, and your love for your grandchildren would alone make you repress with severity any indecorous ardour on my part. And for me, all the little fires at my heart are burnt out, and I have shaped, and wrought, and hardened myself at last, into that every-day machine, a man of the world. I have no longer time to think about love, or even friendship; and in a short time I shall be like the Princess Barabouldad, and ask “if there be any body in the world but myself?” Adieu, my dear, witty and warm-hearted friend. Keep yourself *à la mode* for my sake, that in my insipid seclusion, or my yet more insipid gaieties, I may still be refreshed with the newest scandals and the most approved *bons mots* of that brilliant circle of which you are at once the Du Deffand and the Ninon.

B. C.

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DREAMS.

YES, doubts and griefs may cloud my cheerless day,  
But peace attends the visions of the night,  
For then, in fair and magical array,  
The loved and lost, the beautiful and bright,  
Come round my pillow in a sparkling train,  
Charming my thoughts to long past hours again

I see their sweet familiar forms, I hear  
Voices that spoke erewhile of love and truth,  
And household scenes to early feeling dear,  
Return, array'd in all the glow of youth,  
Ere sordid cares, and grovelling thoughts of earth,  
Had chill'd the festive board, the joyous hearth.

And when I wake, and o'er my troubled heart,  
Comes the dim consciousness of pleasures fled,  
Sadly I turn from life's deceptive art,  
To mourn the tried fond friendships of the dead;  
Yet sweet and soothing the reflection seems,  
That I can view them in the land of dreams.

And not, I trust, in vain, these forms of love  
Their radiant visits on my sleep bestow,  
They seem bright heralds from a world above,  
They bid me tread their holy steps below,  
And seek and pray to join them on that shore,  
Where sever'd friends shall meet—to part no more.

M. A.



## CLOUDESLEY, BY THE AUTHOR OF CALEB WILLIAMS.\*

THIS is a production from the pen of a writer of the highest class. Perhaps few tales can be named, more intensely interesting than "Caleb Williams." Whilst in the zenith of its popularity, George Colman marked it for his own; and the "Iron Chest" still retains its place on the stage as a stock piece, to which Mr. Kean's admirable personification of Sir Edward Mortimer, has given an additional celebrity.

"St. Leon" is a work of a different nature, being *magis par quàm similis*, as compared with its predecessor. With less of harrowing interest in the story, it has more of originality in the conception, and more of eloquence in the diction; and it almost equally abounds in happy delineations of character, and in a spirit of philosophical inquiry into the manners and institutions of modern civilization. Bethlem Gabor is a sketch in the style of Salvator Rosa; and, of all the heroines of fiction, not one can be named more truly heroic than Marguerite, in domestic life.

The author of "Cloudesley" is a veteran in the field of fiction. The present publication is a convincing proof, (if any were wanting,) that the intellectual organization of our veteran author is still sound and healthy. Throughout the whole of the present work there is a glow of animation that seldom flags. The writer dives into the recesses of our minds, and makes the analysis of our inmost thoughts the *materiel* for melioration of the human species.

Richard Lord Alton, expectant heir to the Earldom of Danvers, conceals the birth of his elder brother's posthumous and only child, by his widow Irene, a Greek lady, who died three days after her delivery, and a fortnight after her husband's having been killed in a duel. The infant peer is placed by his uncle under the care and protection of Cloudesley, in whom unmerited adversity, occasioned by the treachery of a pretended friend, had engendered misanthropical and selfish feelings, checked, however, by "tenderness of heart and invariable good nature."

Whilst the usurping Lord Alton, a victim of remorse, continues in the possession of the family title and estates, the youthful days of his nephew are passed in Tuscany, in the society of his adopted father and mother, the latter of whom (Eudocia, a native of Greece,) had been the confidential domestic of Irene, whilst Cloudesley was with the deceased Lord Alton in a similar situation. A pension allowed by the uncle to his confederate enabled him to sustain the character of an English yeoman, and to give his protégé the advantage of an education, including every accomplishment suitable to the high station in which it might be Julian's destiny to move, and which the growing affection and latent virtue of his supposed father rendered an event by no means improbable.

During the interval between the birth and youthful manhood of Julian, his unhappy uncle had vainly essayed, in the splendour and luxury attached to his usurped rank, to drown the recollection of his crime. At length, in the society of his amiable wife Selina, and the soothing endearments of the domestic scene, he finds comparative con-

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\* Cloudesley, a Novel by the Author of Caleb Williams, 3 vols.



solation. But the usurper of an orphan's rights is doomed to the infliction of a wound in the only part which remorse had hitherto spared, the feelings of a husband and a father. Stricken with premature disease, his beauteous children fall, one by one, from the parental tree, and their broken-hearted mother cannot survive the ruin of her fondest hopes. The wretched peer is left a widower with an only child, a sickly boy, on whom the doting tenderness of his heart is concentrated, and to whom he ardently hopes to transmit, in all their genuine lustre and unmingled with reproach, those advantages of birth and wealth which he had purchased for himself at so dreadful a price. Meanwhile, the noble qualities and affectionate disposition of Julian had awakened Cloudesley, whose heart was naturally good, to the atrocity of the fraud by which his foster son had been despoiled of his inheritance. He takes a journey to England for the express purpose of persuading or compelling Lord Danvers to concur in an act of solemn and conscientious restitution. During his absence, he leaves Julian under the care of Borromeo, a man in whom a long course of adversity had produced the utmost austerity of manners combined with a stern misanthropy, but whose integrity was inflexible.

Here we must pause and refer our readers to the work itself, as we have not space to detail the entire plot, which moreover would not be doing justice to the author.

The interest of the Tale is well kept up, particularly in the third volume, and the *denouement* is brought about in the happiest manner.

We shall now proceed to the task of selecting a few passages.

The description of Selina's conduct towards her unhappy husband is a prelude to the following observations, which appear to us equally just and philosophical.

"She did not believe that there was any perfect analogy between the wounds of the body and the mind. In the former, it is perhaps necessary to search to the bottom, to remove the diseased flesh, to use the caustick and the knife with an unsparing but a judicious severity. The way to restore the general health and soundness of the machine, is for the man of skill to apply himself to reinstate the functions of the diseased member or part of the frame. Not so in mind. To set the mind at ease, it is often most judicious not to approach the seat of the distemper. It is better to call off the attention from the source of the misery, than to direct the thoughts of the patient to the cause of his affliction. Once give occupation to the spirit, fill the soul with lively and stirring thoughts, wake up the secret chords of pleasure, give a companion to the solitary, present new pursuits and objects of attention—and the clouds that oppressed the man with heart-breaking gloom, will insensibly disperse; and a general and complete health will take possession of the machine."—Vol. ii. p. 69.

From Cloudesley's admirable letter to Lord Alton, exhorting him to restitution of his nephew's usurped rights, we select the following eloquent passage:—

"The soul's calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy are the indispensable conditions of pleasure to man. When our hearts are furrowed with care, and we have the thorns of conscience to prick and sting us within, in vain are all the dainties that would solicit our appetite, and the generous wines that would elevate our spirit. All the wealth in the world will not in that case make us truly rich. All the water in the ocean will not wash us clean. We carry that for ever about with us, that poisons every enjoyment, that fades the fairest colours, that clouds the brightest sky, that turns the most



exuberant field into a barren heath, and makes life itself wearisome and insupportable.”—Vol. ii. p. 124.

What a picture does the unhappy uncle give of the horrors of an accusing conscience!

“And if I were wretched from conscious guilt even at the best, there were seasons in which I suffered an anxiety and excitement of soul that baffles description. I anticipated the fatal blow that would fall upon me before the setting sun. On these occasions, society was insupportable to me, and exertions of every kind not to be endured. I shut myself up in solitude. Every whispering wind seemed to bring with it the intelligence of my ruin. If the floor but creaked, it was converted into the creaking of chariot wheels, that brought with them the intruder who was to drive me in nakedness and execration from the roof that sheltered me. When the door of my apartment opened, it shook every limb in my frame. I shivered like a man overtaken with mortal agonies. Cold drops of sweat stood on my brow. And when at length, after the long and endless hours of the day were passed, the darkness of night showed itself, I was lost in astonishment that the luminary of the world went down no otherwise marked than the suns of all the preceding days had been already.”—Vol. ii. p. 149—150.

The progress of Julian from infancy to adolescence, is thus well described.

“In the various pursuits, therefore, of classical studies, and of the English language, in a word, of every thing adapted to his years, the progress of Julian was, at this time, astonishingly rapid. In the course of the next six or seven years, he shook off every thing that was childish and puerile, without substituting in its stead the slightest tincture of pedantry. The frankness and nobility of his spirit defended him from all danger on that side. The constitution of his nature was incapable of combining itself with any alloy of the fop or the coxcomb. All his motions were free, animated, and elastic. They sprung into being, instant and as by inspiration, without waiting to demand the sanction of the deliberative faculty. They were born perfect, as Minerva is feigned to have sprung in complete panoply from the head of Jove. The sentiments of his mind unfolded themselves without trench or wrinkle, in his honest countenance and impassioned features. Into that starry region no disguise could ever intrude; and the clear and melodious tones of his voice were a transparent medium to the thoughts of his heart. Persuasion hung on all he said; and it was next to impossible that the most rugged nature and the most inexorable spirit should dispute his bidding. And this was the case, because all he did was in love, in warm affection, in a single desire for the happiness of those about him. Every one hastened to perform his behests, because the idea of empire and command never entered into his thoughts. He seemed as if he lived in a world made expressly for him; so precisely did all with whom he came into contact, appear to form their tone on his.

And in the midst of all his studies and literary improvement, he in no wise neglected any of that bodily dexterity by which he had been early distinguished. His mastery in swimming, in handling the dart and the bow, in swiftness of foot, and in wrestling, kept pace with his other accomplishments. Nor was his corporal strength any way behind his other endowments. He could throw the discus higher and farther than any of his competitors. But his greatest excellence in this kind was in horsemanship. He sprung from the ground like a bird, as if his natural quality had been to mount into the air. He vaulted into his seat, like an angel that had descended into it from the conveyance of a sunbeam. He had a favourite horse familiar, as it were, with all the thoughts of his rider, and that showed himself pleased and proud of the notice of the noble youth. He snorted and bent his neck in the most graceful attitudes, and beat the ground with his hoof, and showed himself impatient for the signal to leave



the goal and start into his utmost speed. Julian was master of his motions. He would stop, and wind, and exhibit all his perfection of paces, with a whisper or the lifting of a finger, from him whose approbation excited in the animal the supremest delight.—In a word, Julian won the favour of his elders by the clearness of his apprehension, and his progress in every thing that was taught him, and of his equals by his excellence in all kinds of sport and feats of dexterity, which could be equalled only by the modesty, the good-humour, and accommodating spirit with which he bore his honours, rendering others almost as well satisfied with his superiority, as if the triumph had been their own.”—Vol. ii. p. 184 to 188.

Our readers, we feel persuaded, will sympathise in the sentiments of Cloudesley with reference to the selection of a companion for his adopted child. They are written in the author’s best manner.

“ Cloudesley was specially alive to the question of the persons with whom his youthful favourite should associate. But he knew that he could not be without a companion, and he did not wish him to be without. Many of the most valuable lessons and practices that a young person can acquire, are only to be learned in society with those of his own age. ‘ It is not good for man to be alone.’ And that man is substantially alone, though living in the midst of crowds and tumults, who has not a companion circumstanced in various particulars like himself. These are the points in which human creatures touch one another, at which the virtues and the sympathies of mortals become inter-infused. The existence of a man may be continued for seventy years; and he may pass through an incalculable variety of fortunes, while yet there may be many a nerve and vein of character that shall have lain dormant in him from the cradle to the grave, if he have never encountered an equal, one to whom he has stood forth as open and undisguised as to his own soul—between whom and himself every thought has been shaped into words, and they have mutually poured their sensations into each other’s bosom, even as a mighty river carries along with it all the spars and corks, and feathers and straws that float upon its stream. They must have been together in sadness and festivity, alike, when the mind subsides into despair, and when it is made frantic with unlooked-for joy, in difficulty and in plenty, in sickness and in health. It is thus that man is made that frank creature, above all disguise, bold, confident, unfearing and unsuspecting, that beneficent Nature intended him to be.”—Vol. ii. p. 222—224.

Of a similar nature is the following passage.

“ The period of life from three years to ten, if we are kindly treated, if we are not galled with the iron yoke of despotism, if we are made to feel that we have a will of our own, if we are not thwarted and thrust aside from our innocent desires by the caprice of persons older than ourselves, is, in many respects, the happiest epoch of human existence. Then is the sunshine of the bosom, the first vintage and harvest of our newly acquired senses of perception and imagination, before dear-bought experience has convinced us of their futility and hollowness. It is the epoch in which by the omnipotent charter of Nature we have no care what we shall eat, or wherewithal we shall be clothed. But, all is provided for us by a superintendence that asks no aid from ourselves, and in which we have no participation of consciousness. It was this paradisaical period of existence that was once more set before the eyes of Julian, when he reached the territory of Verona.”—Vol. ii. p. 256.

The reflections on the death of Eudocia will find a responsive echo in the bosom of all mothers.

“ How many a youth at the presumptuous and arrogant age of eighteen, looks with disdain upon the care, the *advice*s, the forewarnings of a being of the frailer sex; and will treat his own mother, however accomplished, however sagacious, however intellectual, with contumely. Proud, with opinion of manly and superior wisdom, he thrusts aside the suggestions of female solicitude and tenderness as unworthy of his notice. He forgets



all the maternal yearnings of soul with which that mother watched over his helpless infancy, how she composed his limbs and supplied his wants, and relieved his speechless griefs, and smoothed his pillow, and sat, for weary days and nights, beside his cradle, and brought him safely through a thousand perils."—Vol. ii. p. 275, 276.

A masterly description of the comparative advantage of any certainty, however dreadful, contrasted with the tortures of suspense, is given by Lord Danvers, in the second page of the third volume.

"There is a principle in human nature by which the sufferer in almost all cases, reconciles himself to what is inevitable, is complete, and cannot be reversed. He looks round, and considers rather what he has left, than what he has lost. He gathers up the fragments of the wreck—he arranges them along the walls of his cell. He says to himself, 'This is my dowry and inheritance for the remainder of my existence.' He desperately adapts himself to the hardness of his fortune, and considers, how he shall make the best of it.

"But, the man, who, every morning that he wakes, wakes with a dull, aching pain, with a mighty depression of spirits, with an indescribable load weighing at his heart, and who, after a few moments, recollects what all this means, and what he has to expect, he is truly a wretch. Expectation, fearful expectation, is to him the vulture of Prometheus, preying on his liver, which still grows again as fast as it is devoured. His wound is ever fresh. No time cures it. No balm has the virtue to skin it over. I knew not on what day the final mischief would arrive. But I had an assured conviction that arrive it must."

A vein of kindly feeling pervades the following eloquent passage.

"Selina was the victim of instant despair. The most pitiable of all spectacles, at least to a doting husband, is that of a beautiful woman, his wife, hanging over the sick bed of their child, knowing that all her labour is vain, and the end inevitable, yet desperately bent upon the discharge of her duties to the minutest particular—administering the draught which is to bring no cure, preaching encouragement and hope to the child, that she knows to be treacherous and hollow, smoothing the pillow which is soon to be changed for the pillow of the tomb, and supporting the head which is shortly to wear the deathlike hue of the grave. If Selina could have given way to her feelings, *that* would have been a mitigation: if after each separate function of her nurse-like occupation, she could have tossed about her arms in despair; if she could have relieved her agony with torrents of tears; if she could have pierced the very roof that covered her with cries and shrieks, her situation would have been less deplorable. But no,—she was compelled to restrain herself; not to betray by look, or gesture, or sound, what passed within her, to smooth her brow, to dress her countenance with deceiving smiles, and to speak composure and consolation, while her heart was breaking."—Vol. iii. p. 15, 16.

It is an ungracious task to point out those trivial faults, from which no human performance is, or ever will be, exempt. Nevertheless, as impartial and unprejudiced critics, we cannot help remarking that the history of Meadows, which forms a considerable portion of the first volume, although in itself an interesting morceau, is as much out of place as the episode of the Man of the Hill in *Tom Jones*. We think, it would have been a great improvement if the Tale had commenced with the narration of Lord Danvers, instead of making it the subject of a colloquy with his secretary, who might, however, be introduced to the reader at the conclusion of that narrative, for the purpose of bringing about the completion of the plot.

A sound moral pervades the whole of this novel, proving that no



degree of worldly prosperity can at all compensate for the miseries of conscious guilt,

—————Tanti tibi non sit opaci  
Omnis arena Tagi, quodque in mare volvitur aurum,  
*Ut somno careas.*—*Juv. Sat. 3.*

By way of *finale*, we shall give nearly the whole of Borromeo's eloquent address to Julian, which forms an appropriate conclusion to the work.

"The true key of the universe is love. That levels all inequalities, 'makes low the mountain, and exalts the valley,' and brings human beings of every age and every station into a state of brotherhood. 'The lion and the lamb lie down together—the leopard dwells with the kid; and a little child shall lead them.' What unprejudiced man can look abroad in the world, and not see this? The splendid sun, the cerulean sky, the majestic trees, the green earth, the thousand colours that enamel the mead, the silver stream in beauty composed and serene, living in the endless flow of its waters, all talk of what softens the heart, and inspires affection and kindness to our dispositions and feelings. Has not God made man the crown of his works, and stamped all his limbs with majesty and grace? And shall we treat with harshness and indignity, what God has chosen for his living temple? No—the man that is austere to his brother mortal, is the true, the practical atheist. I have been this. I have spread blight all around me. I have frowned upon all. I have killed Cloudesley. I have almost killed thee, the dearest object of his affection. Yes, the true system for governing the world, for fashioning the tender spirits of youth, for smoothing the pillow of age, is Love. Nothing else could have made a Cloudesley. Nothing else could have made a Julian. I and Lord Danvers have been the delinquents. He, for base and selfish ends—I, from an erroneous judgment. The one thing that most exalts and illustrates man, is disinterested affection. We are never so truly what we are capable of being, as when we are ready to sacrifice ourselves for others, and immolate our self-love on the altar of beneficence. There is no joy like the joy of a generous sentiment, to go about doing good, to make it our meat and our drink, to promote the happiness of others, and diffuse confidence and love to every one within the reach of our influence.

"Thus, to the astonishment of us all, spoke the sour and stern misanthrope, the rigid Borromeo, converted from all he had been by the spectacle before his eyes, by the ascendancy of virtue, the success of gentleness, and the sight of the youth who bore his honours so meekly, on whose brow majesty sat enshrined, whose eyes swam in affection, whose limbs were fashioned by generosity and liberty, and all whose motions were inspired by the clearness of his understanding and the soundness of his heart."

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#### THE PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE.

A WEALTHY young lover once sought for his bride,  
A dame of the blue-stockings school;  
"Excuse me, good Sir, but I've vowed," she replied,  
"That I never would marry a fool!"  
"Then think not of wedlock," he answered, "my fair,  
Your vow was Diana's suggestion,  
Since none but a fool, it is easy to swear,  
Would venture to ask you the question!"

M. A.



LADY BYRON'S REMARKS, OCCASIONED BY MR. MOORE'S  
NOTICES OF LORD BYRON'S LIFE.

“ I HAVE disregarded various publications in which facts within my own knowledge have been grossly misrepresented ; but I am called upon to notice some of the erroneous statements proceeding from one who claims to be considered as Lord Byron's confidential and authorized friend. Domestic details ought not to be intruded on the public attention ; if, however, they *are* so intruded, the persons affected by them have a right to refute injurious charges. Mr. Moore has promulgated his own impressions of private events in which I was most nearly concerned, as if he possessed a competent knowledge of the subject. Having survived Lord Byron, I feel increased reluctance to advert to any circumstances connected with the period of my marriage ; nor is it now my intention to disclose them, farther than may be indispensably requisite for the end I have in view. Self-vindication is not the motive which actuates me to make this appeal, and the spirit of accusation is unmingled with it ; but when the conduct of my parents is brought forward in a disgraceful light, by the passages selected from Lord Byron's letters, and by the remarks of his biographer, I feel bound to justify their characters from imputations which I *know* to be false. The passages from Lord Byron's letters, to which I refer, are—the aspersion on my mother's character, p. 648, l. 4 :

“ ‘ My child is very well, and flourishing, I hear ; but I must see also. I feel no disposition to resign it to the *contagion of its grandmother's society.*’

“ The assertion of her dishonourable conduct in employing a spy, p. 645, l. 7, &c.

“ ‘ A Mrs. C. (now a kind of housekeeper, and *spy of Lady N's*), who, in her better days, was a washerwoman, is supposed to be—by the learned—very much the occult cause of our domestic discrepancies.’

“ The seeming exculpation of myself, in the extract, p. 646, with the words immediately following it :

“ ‘ Her nearest relatives are a ———— ;’ where the blank clearly implies something too offensive for publication. These passages tend to throw suspicion on my parents, and give reason to ascribe the separation either to their direct agency, or to that of ‘ officious spies ’ employed by them.\* From the following part of the narrative, p. 642, it must also be inferred that an undue influence was exercised by them for the accomplishment of this purpose :—

“ ‘ It was in a few weeks after the latter communication between us (Lord Byron and Mr. Moore) that Lady Byron adopted the determination of parting from him. She had left London at the latter end of January, on a visit to her father's house in Leicestershire, and Lord Byron was in a short time to follow her. They had parted in the utmost kindness—she wrote him a letter, full of playfulness and affection, on the road ; and immediately on her arrival at Kirkby Mallory, her father wrote to acquaint Lord Byron that she would return to him no more.’

“ In my observations upon this statement, I shall, as far as possible, avoid touching on any matters relating personally to Lord Byron and myself. The facts are:—I left London for Kirkby Mallory, the resi-

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\* “ The officious spies of his privacy,” p. 650.



dence of my father and mother, on the 15th of January, 1816. Lord Byron had signified to me in writing (Jan. 6th) his absolute desire that I should leave London on the earliest day that I could conveniently fix. It was not safe for me to undertake the fatigue of a journey sooner than the 15th. Previously to my departure, it had been strongly impressed on my mind, that Lord Byron was under the influence of insanity. This opinion was derived in a great measure from the communications made to me by his nearest relatives and personal attendant, who had more opportunities than myself of observing him during the latter part of my stay in town. It was even represented to me that he was in danger of destroying himself. *With the concurrence of his family*, I had consulted Dr. Baillie, as a friend, (Jan. 8th) respecting this supposed malady. On acquainting him with the state of the case, and with Lord Byron's desire that I should leave London, Dr. Baillie thought that my absence might be advisable as an experiment, *assuming* the fact of mental derangement; for Dr. Baillie, not having had access to Lord Byron, could not pronounce a positive opinion on that point. He enjoined that, in correspondence with Lord Byron, I should avoid all but light and soothing topics. Under these impressions, I left London, determined to follow the advice given by Dr. Baillie. Whatever might have been the nature of Lord Byron's conduct towards me from the time of my marriage, yet, supposing him to be in a state of mental alienation, it was not for *me*, nor for any person of common humanity, to manifest, at that moment, a sense of injury. On the day of my departure, and again on my arrival at Kirkby, Jan. 16th, I wrote to Lord Byron in a kind and cheerful tone, according to those medical directions. The last letter was circulated, and employed as a pretext for the charge of my having been subsequently *influenced* to 'desert'\* my husband. It has been argued, that I parted from Lord Byron in perfect harmony; that feelings incompatible with any deep sense of injury had dictated the letter which I addressed to him; and that my sentiments must have been changed by persuasion and interference, when I was under the roof of my parents. These assertions and inferences are wholly destitute of foundation. When I arrived at Kirkby Mallory, my parents were unacquainted with the existence of any causes likely to destroy my prospects of happiness; and when I communicated to them the opinion which had been formed concerning Lord Byron's state of mind, they were most anxious to promote his restoration by every means in their power. They assured those relations who were with him in London, that 'they would devote their whole care and attention to the alleviation of his malady,' and hoped to make the best arrangements for his comfort, if he could be induced to visit them. With these intentions, my mother wrote on the 17th to Lord Byron, inviting him to Kirkby Mallory. She had always treated him with an affectionate consideration and indulgence, which extended to every little peculiarity of his feelings. Never did an irritating word escape her lips in her whole intercourse with him. The accounts given me after I left Lord Byron, by the persons in constant intercourse with him, added to those doubts which had before transiently occurred to my mind as to the reality of the alleged disease; and the reports of his medical attendant were far from establishing the existence of any thing like lunacy. Under this

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\* "The deserted husband," p. 651.



uncertainty, I deemed it right to communicate to my parents, that if I were to consider Lord Byron's past conduct as that of a person of sound mind, nothing could induce me to return to him. It therefore appeared expedient, both to them and myself, to consult the ablest advisers. For that object, and also to obtain still farther information respecting the appearances which seemed to indicate mental derangement, my mother determined to go to London. She was empowered by me to take legal opinions on a written statement of mine, though I had then reasons for reserving a part of the case from the knowledge even of my father and mother. Being convinced by the result of these inquiries, and by the tenor of Lord Byron's proceedings, that the notion of insanity was an illusion, I no longer hesitated to authorize such measures as were necessary, in order to secure me from being ever again placed in his power. Conformably with this resolution, my father wrote to him on the 2d of February, to propose an amicable separation. Lord Byron at first rejected this proposal; but when it was distinctly notified to him, that, if he persisted in his refusal, recourse must be had to legal measures, he agreed to sign a deed of separation. Upon applying to Dr. Lushington, who was intimately acquainted with all the circumstances, to state in writing what he recollected upon this subject, I received from him the following letter, by which it will be manifest that my mother cannot have been actuated by any hostile or ungenerous motives towards Lord Byron.

“ ‘ MY DEAR LADY BYRON.—I can rely upon the accuracy of my memory for the following statement. I was originally consulted by Lady Noel on your behalf, whilst you were in the country; the circumstances detailed by her were such as justified a separation, but they were not of that aggravated description as to render such a measure indispensable. On Lady Noel's representation, I deemed a reconciliation with Lord Byron practicable, and felt most sincerely a wish to aid in effecting it. There was not on Lady Noel's part any exaggeration of the facts; nor, so far as I could perceive, any determination to prevent a return to Lord Byron: certainly none was expressed when I spoke of a reconciliation. When you came to town in about a fortnight, or perhaps more, after my first interview with Lady Noel, I was, for the first time, informed by you of facts utterly unknown, as I have no doubt, to Sir Ralph and Lady Noel. On receiving this additional information my opinion was entirely changed; I considered a reconciliation impossible. I declared my opinion, and added, that if such an idea should be entertained, I could not, either professionally or otherwise, take any part towards effecting it. Believe me very faithfully your's, ‘ STEPH. LUSHINGTON.  
 ‘ *Great George Street, Jan. 31, 1830.*”

“ I have only to observe, that, if the statements on which my legal advisers (the late Sir Samuel Romilly and Dr. Lushington) formed their opinions were false, the responsibility and the odium should rest with *me only*. I trust that the facts which I have here briefly recapitulated will absolve my father and mother from all accusations with regard to the part they took in the separation between Lord Byron and myself. They neither originated, instigated, nor advised that separation; and they cannot be condemned for having afforded to their daughter the assistance and protection which she claimed. There is no other near relative to vindicate their memory from insult. I am therefore compelled to break the silence, which I had hoped always to observe, and to solicit from the readers of Lord Byron's Life an impartial consideration of the testimony extorted from me.

“ *Hanger Hill, Feb. 19, 1830.*

“ A. I. NOEL BYRON.”



NOTICES OF THE LIFE OF LORD BYRON BY MR. MOORE,  
AND REMARKS ON THOSE NOTICES BY LADY BYRON.

MR. MOORE'S Life of the noble bard was reviewed in our last Number: it must now be reviewed again. Among the literary notices of the New Monthly, I consented to the insertion of a laudatory account of the work; nay, more, I expunged a portion of the manuscript critique, in which Mr. Moore was censured for unfairness towards Lady Byron. This I did from unwillingness to blame my friend Mr. Moore, and from having scarcely dipped into the censured parts of the book. Besides, I did not then *believe* Lady Byron to be so perfectly justifiable in the separation as I now *know* her to be. Such were the circumstances under which I circulated among thousands the little warranty of my approbation of a work, which I find, on closer inspection, to be one of the most injudicious books that was ever published. But since that time, the state of circumstances has wholly changed. Lady Byron has spoken out. As her friend, I could not keep my mind quiet about her feelings under this ill-starred resuscitation of the question concerning her. I consulted several of her friends, and it was their joint opinion, that since the ice of reserve had been broken by Lord Byron's biographer on the luckless topic, it would be the duty of some one of her friends to say in answer to Mr. Moore something more than Lady Byron could with propriety say for herself. A female friend offered to do this, and she would have probably done it better than I can. But I could not be such a craven as to let a woman come forward in my place. I went to Lady Byron for such general circumstances of truth as might not involve her in accusing Lord Byron. For more particular facts respecting the separation, I applied to a different but perfectly authentic quarter, and there I learnt a few facts, which, though my readers need not fear that I shall inflict them on their delicacy, suffice to convince me that Lady Byron was justified in the parting by circumstances, which Lord Byron had either forgot, or, "*with all his manly candour,*" had failed to state to Mr. Moore.

My plainness in speaking of Mr. Moore is a compliment to his importance and popularity, which would make a weak or timid remonstrance incapable of reaching him. My interest in a suffering woman needs no apology.

I found my right to speak on this painful subject on its now *irrevocable publicity*, brought up afresh, as it has been by Mr. Moore, to be the theme of discourse to millions, and, if I err not much, the cause of misconception to innumerable minds. I claim to speak of Lady Byron in the right of a man, and of a friend to the rights of woman, and to liberty, and to natural religion. I claim a right, more especially, as one of the many friends of Lady Byron, who, one and all, feel aggrieved by this production. It has virtually dragged her forward from the shade of retirement, where she had hid her sorrows, and compelled her to defend the heads of her friends and her parents from being crushed under the tombstone of Byron. Nay, in a general view, it has forced her to defend *herself*; though with her true sense, and her pure taste, she stands above all special pleading. To plenary explanation she *ought* not—she never *shall* be driven. Mr. Moore is too much a gentleman not to shudder at the thought of that; but if other Byronists, of a far different stamp, were to force the savage ordeal, it is her enemies, and not she, that would have to dread the burning ploughshares.



We, her friends, have no wish to prolong the discussion ; but a few words we *must* add, even to her admirable statement—for her's is a cause not only dear to her friends, but having become, from Mr. Moore and her misfortunes, a publicly agitated cause, it concerns morality, and the most sacred rights of the sex, that she should (and that, too, without more special explanations,) be acquitted out and out, and honourably acquitted in this business, of all share in the blame, which is one and indivisible. Mr. Moore, on farther reflection, may see this, and his return to candour will surprise us less than his momentary deviation from its path.

For the tact of Mr. Moore's conduct in this affair, I have not to answer ; but, if indelicacy be charged upon me, I scorn the charge. Neither will I submit to be called Lord Byron's accuser,—because a word against him I wish not to say, beyond what is painfully wrung from me by the necessity of owning or illustrating Lady Byron's unblamableness, and of repelling certain misconceptions respecting her, which are now walking the fashionable world ; and which have been fostered, (though Heaven knows where they were born) most delicately and warily by the Christian godfatherhood of Mr. Moore.

I write not at Lady Byron's bidding—I have never humiliated either her or myself by asking *if* I should write—or *what* I should write—that is to say, I never applied to her for information against Lord Byron, though I was justified, as one intending to criticize Mr. Moore, to enquire into the truth of some of his statements. Neither will I suffer myself to be called her champion, if by that word be meant the advocate of her mere legal innocence, for that, I take it, nobody questions. Still less is it from the sorry impulse of pity that I speak of this noble woman, for I look with wonder and even envy at the proud purity of her sense and conscience, that have carried her exquisite sensibilities in triumph through such poignant tribulations. But I am proud to be called her friend—the humble illustrator of her cause, and the advocate of those principles which make it to me more interesting than Lord Byron's. Lady Byron (if the subject must be discussed) belongs to sentiment and morality—at least as much as Lord Byron—nor is she to be suffered, when compelled to speak, to raise her voice as in a desert with no friendly voice to respond to her. Lady Byron could not have outlived her sufferings, if she had not wound up her fortitude to the high point of trusting mainly for consolation, not to the opinion of the world, but to her own inward peace ; and having said what ought to convince the world, I verily believe that she has less care about the fashionable opinion respecting her than any of her friends can have. But we, her friends, mix with the world, and we hear offensive absurdities about her which we have a right to put down.

What Lady Byron professes to be her main aim in her *Remarks on the Life of her Husband*, it seems to me that she very clearly accomplishes. I am not sure that I should feel my esteem for Byron, or for any man, much enhanced by finding that a foolish relative or two could sever from him a wife once doatingly fond of him. But we have not a tittle of fair evidence against this pack of —, as his Lordship politely calls them ; and, to throw the blame on her parents is proved ridiculous by Dr. Lushington's letter, for it shows that the deepest cause, or causes, of the separation were not imparted to her parents. I dismiss, therefore, this hinted plea of palliation with contempt.

I proceed to deal more generally with Mr. Moore's book.—You



speak, Mr. Moore, against Lord Byron's censurers in a tone of indignation which is perfectly lawful towards calumnious traducers, but which will not terrify me, or any other man of courage, who is no calumniator, from uttering his mind freely with regard to this part of your hero's conduct. I think your whole theory about the unmarriageableness of genius a twaddling little hint for a compliment to yourself, and a theory refuted by the wedded lives of Scott and Flaxman. I question your philosophy in assuming that all that is noble in Byron's poetry was inconsistent with the possibility of his being devoted to a pure and good woman—and I repudiate your morality for canting too complacently about “the lava of his imagination,” and the unsettled fever of his passions being any excuses for his planting the *tic douloureux* of domestic suffering in a meek woman's bosom. These are hard words, Mr. Moore, but you have brought them on yourself by your voluntary ignorance of facts known to me—for you might, and ought to have known both sides of the question, and if the subject was too delicate for you to consult Lady Byron's confidential friends, you ought to have had nothing to do with the subject. But you cannot have submitted your book even to Lord Byron's sister, otherwise she would have set you right about the imaginary spy, Mrs. Clermont.

Hence arose your misconceptions, which are so numerous, that having applied to Lady Byron (you will please to observe that I applied not for facts against Lord Byron, for these I got elsewhere, but for an estimate of the correctness of *your* statements,) I received the following letter from her Ladyship:—

“Dear Mr. Campbell,—In taking up my pen to point out for your private information\* those passages in Mr. Moore's representation of my part of the story which were open to contradiction, I find them of still greater extent than I had supposed—and to deny an assertion *here and there* would virtually admit the truth of the rest.—If, on the contrary, I were to enter into a full exposure of the falsehood of the views taken by Mr. Moore, I must detail various matters, which, consistently with my principles and feelings, I cannot under the existing circumstances disclose. I may, perhaps, convince you better of the difficulty of the case by an example.—‘*It is not true that pecuniary embarrassments were the cause of the disturbed state of Lord Byron's mind, or formed the chief reason for the arrangements made by him at that time. But is it reasonable for me to expect that you, or any one else, should believe this, unless I show you what were the causes in question? and this I cannot do.*’ I am, &c. &c.—E. NOEL BYRON.”

Excellent woman! honoured by all who know her, and injured only by those who know her not, I will believe her on her own testimony.

What I regret most in Mr. Moore's Life of Lord Byron is, that he had in his own hands the only pure means of serving Lord Byron's character—which was his Lordship's own touching confession, and that he has thrown away the said means by garnishing that fair confession with unfair attempts at blaming others. In Letter 235 Lord Byron takes all the blame on himself. *The fault, he says, was not, no, nor even the misfortune in my choice, (unless in choosing at all,) but I must say it in the very dregs of all this bitter business, that there never was a better, or even a kinder or more amiable and agreeable being than Lady Byron. I never had, nor ever can have any reproach to make her while with me.*”

\* I had not time to ask Lady Byron's permission to print this private letter, but it seemed to me important, and I have published it *meo periculo*.



Now nothing in Lord Byron's poetry is finer than this. But why, Mr. Moore, have you frozen the effect of this melting candour by dishing up the inconsistencies of Lord Byron on the same subject, and by showing your own ungallant indifference to the thus acquitted Lady Byron? In the name of both of them I reprove you. Byron confesses, but you try to explain away his confession; and by your hints at spies, unsuitableness, &c. you dirty and puddle the holy water of acknowledgment that alone will wash away the poor penitent man's transgressions. You resort to Byron's letter to Mr. Rogers for the means of inculpating Lady Byron and her friends, as blamers of Lord Byron. But *they* never said more than that Lord Byron's temper was intolerable to Lady Byron. That was true, and they never circulated any calumnies against him.

There is equal injustice in the allusion to Lord Byron having been ever surrounded by spies. What spy was near him? The only person denounced in that odious capacity by Lord Byron himself was Mrs. Clermont; and what was the fact with regard to her? If Mrs. Clermont was a spy, surely the last person in the world to have acquitted her would have been Mrs. Leigh, the sister of Lord Byron; but I have in my possession the authentic copy of a letter from Mrs. Leigh to the same Mrs. Clermont, earnestly acquitting her of the calumny, and offering even public testimony to her (Mrs. Clermont's) tenderness and forbearance (I copy Mrs. Leigh's words) under circumstances that must have been trying to any friend of Lady Byron. Another unworthy expression of Mr. Moore's is that of calling Lord Byron "*a deserted husband*." Let him read Lady Byron's remarks, and blot out this absurdity from his volume. Dr. Lushington, versed in the harshest cases of justifiable separation, and bound to admit none of a slight nature, thought that it was impossible she could live with him.

You should have paused, Mr. Moore, before you compelled any friend of Lady Byron to bring out this truth.

It is a farther mistake on Mr. Moore's part, and I can prove it to be so, if proof be necessary, to represent Lady Byron, in the course of their courtship, as one inviting her future husband to correspondence by letters, after she had at first refused him. She never proposed a correspondence. On the contrary, he sent her a message, after that first refusal, stating that he meant to go abroad, and to travel for some years in the East; that he should depart with a heart aching, but not angry; and that he only begged a verbal assurance that she had still some interest in his happiness. Could Miss Milbank, as a well-bred woman, refuse a courteous answer to such a message? She sent him a verbal answer, which was merely kind and becoming, but which signified no encouragement that he should renew his offer of marriage. After that message, he wrote to her a most interesting letter about himself—about his views, personal, moral, and religious, to which it would have been uncharitable not to have replied. The result was an insensibly increasing correspondence, which ended in her being devotedly attached to him. About that time, I occasionally saw Lord Byron, and though I knew less of him than Mr. Moore, yet I suspect I knew as much of him as Miss Milbank then knew. At that time, he was so pleasing, that if I had had a daughter with ample fortune and beauty, I should have trusted her in marriage with Lord Byron.

Mr. Moore at that period evidently understood Lord Byron better



than either his future bride, or myself; but this speaks more for Mr. Moore's shrewdness, than for Byron's ingenuousness of character.

It is another improper insinuation, when Mr. Moore hints at a resemblance between the first wife of Milton and the widow of Byron. The parallel is disgustingly unfair. Of Milton's married life we know not much; but, upon the whole, it is clear that his wife could not have got two honourable men to justify her departure. She went away from him, to all appearance, in rashness, and returned, for her own convenience, in repentance. Lady Byron acted no such part. Produce on Mrs. Milton's part a Dr. Lushington to speak for her, and we will meet you in the parallel; but beware of the ploughshare!

It is more for Lord Byron's sake than for his widow's, that I resort not to a more special examination of Mr. Moore's misconceptions. The subject would lead me insensibly into hateful disclosures against poor Lord Byron, who is more unfortunate in his rash defenders, than his reluctant accusers. Happily his own candour turns our hostility from himself against his defenders. It was only in wayward and bitter remarks that he misrepresented Lady Byron. He would have defended himself irresistibly if Mr. Moore had left only his acknowledging passages. But Mr. Moore has produced a Life of him which reflects blame on Lady Byron—so dextrously that more is meant than meets the ear. The almost universal impression produced by his book is, that Lady Byron must be a precise, and a wan unwarming spirit—a blue stocking of chilblained learning, a piece of insensitive goodness. Who that knows Lady Byron, will not pronounce her to be every thing the reverse? Will it be believed that this person, so unsuitably matched to her moody Lord, has written verses that would do no discredit to Byron himself—that her sensitiveness is surpassed and bounded only by her good sense, and that she is

Blest with a temper, whose unclouded ray  
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day.

She brought to Lord Byron, beauty, manners, fortune, meekness, romantic affection, and every thing that ought to have made her to the most transcendant man of genius—*had he been what he should have been*—his pride and his idol. I speak not of Lady Byron in the commonplace manner of attesting character, I appeal to the gifted Mrs. Siddons, and Joanna Baillie, to Lady Charlemont, and to other ornaments of their sex, whether I am exaggerating in the least when I say, that in their whole lives they have seen few beings so intellectual and well tempered, as Lady Byron. I wish to be as ingenuous as possible in speaking of her. Her manner, I have no hesitation to say, is cool at the first interview, but it is modestly, and not insolently cool; she contracted it, I believe, from being exposed by her beauty and large fortune in youth, to numbers of suitors, whom she could not have otherwise kept at a distance. But this manner could have had no influence with Lord Byron, for it vanishes on nearer acquaintance, and has no origin in coldness. All her friends like her frankness the better for being preceded by this reserve. This manner, however, though not the slightest apology for Lord Byron, has been inimical to Lady Byron in her misfortunes. It endears her to her friends, but it piques the indifferent. Most odiously unjust, therefore, is Mr. Moore's assertion, that she has had the advantage of Lord Byron in public opinion. She is, comparatively speaking, unknown to the world; for though she has many friends, that is, a friend in every one who knows her, yet her



pride, and purity, and misfortunes, naturally contract the circle of her acquaintance. There is something exquisitely unjust in Mr. Moore comparing her chance of popularity with Lord Byron's: the poet who can command men of talents, putting even Mr. Moore into the livery of his service, and who has suborned the favour of almost all women by the beauty of his person and the voluptuousness of his verses. Lady Byron has nothing to oppose to these fascinations but the truth and justice of her cause.

The true way of bringing off Byron from this question of his conjugal unhappiness would be his own way, namely, to acknowledge frankly this one, and, perhaps, the only one great error of his life. Acknowledge it, and after all, what a space is still left in our minds for allowance and charity, and even for admiration of him! All men, as they are frail and fallible beings, are concerned in palliating his fault—to a certain degree they are concerned; though if you reduce the standard of duty too low, the meanest man may justly refuse to sympathize with your apology for a bad husband, and disdain to take the benefit of an insolvent act in favour of debtors to morality. But pay the due homage to moral principle, frankly own that the child of genius is, in this particular, not to be defended—abstain from absolving Byron on false grounds, and you will do him more good than by idle attempts at justification. Above all, keep off your sentimental mummeries from the hallowed precincts of his widow's character. There, Mr. Moore, you must not fish for compliments, or poach for the pathetic.—Byron acquitted at Lady Byron's expense, can be taken home to no honest heart's sympathy, though there is no saying how much the heart yearns to forgive him when there is no sophistry used in his defence.

You said, Mr. Moore, that Lady Byron was unsuitable to her Lord—the word is cunningly insidious, and may mean as much or as little as may suit your convenience. But if she was unsuitable, I remark that it tells all the worse against Lord Byron. I have not read it in your book, for I hate to wade through it; but they tell me, that you have not only warily depreciated Lady Byron, but that you have described a lady that would have suited him. If this be true, it is the unkindest cut of all—to hold up a florid description of a woman suitable to Lord Byron, as if in mockery over the forlorn flower of Virtue, that was drooping in the solitude of sorrow. But I trust there is no such passage in your book. Surely you must be conscious of your woman, with her “*virtue loose about her, who would have suited Lord Byron,*” to be as imaginary a being as the woman without a head.—A woman to suit Lord Byron!!!—Foo! poo! I could paint to you the woman that could have *matched* him, if I had not bargained to say as little as possible against him.

If Lady Byron was not suitable to Lord Byron, so much the worse for his Lordship; for let me tell you, Mr. Moore, that neither your poetry, nor Lord Byron's, nor all our poetry put together, ever delineated a more interesting being than the woman whom you have so coldly treated. This was not kicking the dead lion, but wounding the living lamb, who was already bleeding and shorn even unto the quick. I know that, collectively speaking, the world is in Lady Byron's favour; but it is coldly favourable, and you have not warmed its breath. Time, however, cures every thing, and even your book, Mr. Moore, may be the means of Lady Byron's character being better appreciated.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.



## PARISIAN JOURNAL.

A SOLDIER of the artillery, who lately committed some offence against discipline, was condemned to a trifling imprisonment, on which he broke out into vehement cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" and indulged in the grossest invectives against the royal family of France. On these two charges he was arraigned before a Court Martial, and the officer, a Captain Lebreton, of the sixth regiment of the Garde Royale, was assigned to conduct the prosecution on the part of Government: his speech, on opening the first charge, that of crying "Vive l'Empereur," contains so much good sense that I cannot forbear quoting a part of it. "The first part of the charge I shall not press on your consideration, the cry of 'Vive l'Empereur' does not appear to me legally a matter of conviction. Either it relates to one of those august personages who now bear that title in Europe, and who being all allies of France may claim the benefit of the wish, or it is an invocation of the man whose usurped power preceded, and by its excesses paved the way for the restoration of the rightful dynasty. Assuming the latter hypothesis as the most probable, I cannot see in this senseless exclamation any thing more than an impotent malevolence, unassociated with any act or *corpus delicti*, which must form the foundation of crime; for this cry, if it could resound across the ocean, would echo only from a coffin; it could not awaken a spirit chilled by the hand of death; it could not raise that fallen colossus, of whom a modern poet has said, 'Sous trois pas un enfant le mesure.' Napoleon has passed away never to return; he has flown to extinguish himself in the ocean like one of those brilliant meteors which appear for an instant to appal the earth, and are soon lost in the abyss of immensity. Why wish to efface the luminous and bloody track which marks its course? proscribe his images, root out his name, you cannot prevent the recognition of posterity, you cannot extinguish a recollection which must remain in the memory of man, engraven with the force which belongs to what has made so deep an impression on it. And why seek to extinguish it? on the contrary, let it rest among us; let it be a salutary monitor both to people and to kings; let it preserve the one from the intoxication of power, and the other from the illusions of glory; let the name of Buonaparte live by the side of the Bourbons, that we may learn to love the latter the more. The institutions they have given us, preserved by the love of a great people, will endure for ever; the colossal empire, reared on the foundation of so many ruins, has fallen for ever. What then are the recollections of the empire which it is so dangerous to recall? an immense but unproductive glory, parricidal decrees of the legislature, striking France to the very heart; arbitrary authority every where substituted for legal order; spoliations, frauds, and all the train of tyranny. Let us oppose to this too faithful picture the gifts we have received from the Bourbons, the free circulation of opinion, civil and religious liberty, equality of law, and the free control of taxation. Is it to be feared that the glory of the conqueror should obscure the modest virtues of the legislative princes? Strange error! the glory of kings is the happiness of their people. Let us cease then to attach too much importance to this sounding recollection, which so many sweet recollections already efface. Let us reserve only contempt for vows which would be sacrilegious if they were not senseless, and which only expire on a tomb. For myself, it is my firm conviction that there is no danger in a cry which finds no echo, and which public opinion is eager to disavow; that opinion annihilates senseless theories. France, as has been said by an august person, knows well the foundation on which her happiness rests, and will disown all who seek it otherwise than in the alliance which subsists between the liberties of the people, and the throne on which they rely for support. I therefore do not press this charge against the prisoner." Had these arguments occurred in the speech of a counsel for a defendant in a criminal court, they would have called for no remark, but coming in a military court martial, from the officer charged with the prosecution by the Government, they speak volumes for the progress of right



judgment in the minds of the thinking part of the community. The flourishes on the Regna Saturnia of the Bourbons were necessary to the occasion, and do not detract from the importance of the main argument; the folly and injustice of allowing political prosecutions to survive the emergencies which gave birth to the laws on which they are founded, or in other words making them the instruments of revenge, or oppression instead of protection and defence. The prisoner was convicted on the other charge, and sentenced to three years' imprisonment.

The *Morning Journal* is not quite unparalleled in Europe, the *Apostolique*, a high church and ultra print, printed a short time ago the following paragraph—"The journals of the revolution announce the early arrival at Paris of Lafayette, Montlusier, Benjamin Constant, and other old and new revolutionists; all laws, human and divine, condemn to capital punishment the enemies of God and kings; why not make application of the law? Kings and Governments become responsible before God and man, and punishment closely follows their negligence in that respect. If King Saul had not neglected to have Agag executed, he would not have lost his throne and life, and his family would not have been destroyed; if Louis XVI. had not neglected to have Mirabeau, Bailly, Lafayette, and others executed, he would not have lost his throne and life, and his ministers and the members of the Parliament would not have perished on the scaffold, and France would not have been watered with blood, and Europe, Africa, and America, would not have been covered with blood and ruins, the disastrous results of the Revolution. The times approximate; the same causes must necessarily produce the same effects." This is in the true 'Ercles' vein! Did we not in England possess the advantage of having the aforesaid Morning Journal to refer to, we should find it difficult to believe the article above quoted to be any thing but burlesque; it is, however, written in all sober seriousness. What a pity that the idea had not occurred to the editor of the Journal before England was made desert by the passing of the Relief Bill! *Mutatis nominibus*, the same article would have done; Saul and Agag might have remained where they are, and the editor need only have substituted Charles I. for Louis XVI. and proved to his Majesty that if Charles had cut off the heads of all his Parliament he might have saved his own; put Wellington, Peel, and Brougham, instead of Lafayette, Montlusier, and Constant, and *le voila fait*. Who knows what results might have been produced! Perhaps even now the Constitution might have been safe; the gates of the Protestant churches might still have been open, the decrease in the revenue, occasioned by the loss in the Post Office from the franks of the Catholic peers might have been averted, and O'Connell might not have been member for Clare!

By the bye it has not occurred to the French Government to prosecute the *Apostolique*. The sympathy displayed by the English journals, on the triumphant results of the prosecutions against French papers, contrasts strangely with the apathy with which the latter have regarded the attacks which were simultaneously (but with much different results,) made on the English press by Sir James Scarlett. The circumstance has scarcely called forth a single observation. This illustrates strongly the selfish and superficial nature of the French feelings, even on the most important subjects; the unity of the communion of European states never appears to occur to them; they have no idea that an attack on the liberty of the subject in one state, is an attack on the principles of that liberty in all; the "*felix qui alieno periculo sapit*," forms no part of their practice, and while the veriest bauble which interests not their welfare, but even their amusement, occupies their attention and animates them to enthusiasm, events the most important to the universal principles of liberty, and the right organization of society may take place in neighbouring states without exciting more than a passing observation. Hence, perhaps, arises the unrestrained excesses into which the French people have so often been hurried by the occurrence of events operating immediately on their own happiness; unprepared for the possibility of



their arrival by the contemplation of contemporaneous proceedings, they are acted on by them with all the effect of novelty and surprise, as well as of their inherent power.

There is certainly an elegance and *savoir faire* about our Continental neighbours to which we are still strangers; if the arts are cultivated at all, even among the lowest classes, it is done with a refinement which is quite independent of situation or external advantages. This remark occurred forcibly to me, as in passing through the Place du Louvre I stopped amid a crowd assembled to listen to three females, evidently sisters, and in great poverty, who were seeking alms as itinerant musicians; one played on the harp, another on the guitar, and the third on the violin; the last was the principal, and played with a precision and taste which might be envied by some professors whom I could name, who think every thing may be sacrificed to execution and trick; they were always perfectly in tune, and sang solos, duetts, and trios with the most perfect harmony, and always with feeling and taste. Between each vocal piece, the eldest played a violin solo, accompanied by her sisters, of a simple character indeed, but never vulgar or ungraceful. At the conclusion of their performance, the youngest handed round a basket, and appeared to gather tolerably liberal contributions. What would have been the nature of an exhibition of women, similarly situated, and seeking food by similar means in the streets of London?

The proverbial expression, "gaining a loss," appears very well illustrated in the case of General Montholon. This worthy soldier, during the ascendancy of his Imperial Master, had occupied himself solely with his military avocations, and, on the return of the Bourbons, contentedly followed his General into exile, and faithfully attended him to the last, poor in worldly goods, but satisfied with his lot. Unfortunately for him, Napoleon by his will sought to reward the fidelity of his follower by a legacy of two million francs (80,000*l.*) Montholon no sooner heard of his good fortune than, without waiting till his legacy was in his possession, he purchased an estate, called Frenilly, for six hundred thousand francs (24,000*l.*), and immediately commenced making extensive improvements, the artificers of which he paid in bills, drawn so as to become due about the time he expected to receive his legacy; it appears, however, that when Napoleon made his will, he imagined the house of Lafitte to be in possession of seven million francs belonging to him, whereas they only admitted three, in consequence of which all the legacies were proportionably reduced, and General Montholon, instead of two millions, received only eight hundred thousand francs (32,000*l.*), and was obliged to give Lafitte an indemnity against any future proceedings to set aside the will, before they would pay him that. He therefore resold the estate for nine hundred thousand francs, of which he received three hundred thousand on account; in a short time, however, the purchaser finding he had made a bad bargain, took advantage of a flaw in the title, and set aside the sale, calling on Montholon to refund the three hundred thousand francs, which, however, he was unable to do, having paid it all away to the different workmen whom he had employed in the improvements. He therefore gave bills for the amount, and negotiated with the house of Valquier a loan of three hundred thousand francs on a mortgage of Frenilly; they advanced the money in their own bills, but became bankrupts before Montholon could make any use of them; he was called on to take up his acceptances, and in despair he plunged into speculations with the houses of Martinet de Guilluy and Peradet, the wool-spinners, and embarked in them not only the remains of his legacy, but the whole of his private property besides: all the houses with which he forms any connexion become bankrupt, and his creditors call for a similar adjudication against him: he alleges by his counsel that he has never been in trade, that he knows nothing of commercial affairs, is engaged in no barter save the interchange of blows, and only employed his spare capital in what he expected to be a profitable speculation, as any other honest country gentleman might be induced to do, and with a similar result: the evidence, however, was too strong; the number of bills bearing his signature, his in-



timate connexion with the manufacturers, all proclaimed him "negociant;" and accordingly the Tribunal yesterday declared the poor General in a state of bankruptcy, and abandoned all his effects to his creditors. So end the advantages of his Imperial legacy of two millions of francs.

If the Parisians hated the reality of vice as much as they delight in the scenic representation of it, they would be by far the most virtuous people upon earth; the play-goers of the Boulevards are, in turn, delighted with "Newgate," "Le Brigand," and "Fra Diavolo;" and by a sort of reciprocity of kindness, as the theatres have contrived here, as well as in London, to make their Administration the subject of discussion in the temples of Themis, the Correctional Police seem to have returned the compliment, by laying open the annals of their mysteries to the inspection of the manufacturers of melodramas. The announcement of the new piece last night, "Le Felon," appeared to promise a continuation of the same regimen, but it is considerably softened and ennobled; the culprit is a feudal lord, and is only guilty of high treason and abduction. In the opening scene, Charles of Burgundy, in heading an assault on the citadel of Grandsen, is struck down, and his troops put to flight; on his recovery from his swoon, he is compelled, in company with his page, to follow the example of his troops; chance conducts them to the feudal territory of Rheinfelt, belonging to Sigismond of Austria, but of which Charles is himself the feudal lord, by virtue of a mortgage of the territory to him by Sigismond. He takes refuge in the cottage of Berthold, an old soldier, who recognizes and conceals him: it is the morning appointed for the espousals of Berthold's daughter Anna, and during the festivities which precede the ceremony, the Bailly of the village, by command of his lord, Conrad, the seigneur and castellan of the place, endeavours to raise recruits among the villagers for the troops of Renè de Lorraine, with whom Charles was at war. This is overheard by Charles, but his situation prevents his noticing it; being refreshed, he takes his departure, to join his friends in Franche Comté, having first given Anna a ring, which he tells her to present to any one in the fief who may ever attempt to injure her or her family, and to tell them that it was given her by an unknown soldier on the morning of her nuptials. Conrad, passing the village during the continuance of the festival preparatory to the nuptials, is struck with the beauty of Anna, and desires her to come to the castle to receive her nuptial present from the hands of the lord; Berthold reminds him that he had purchased from his father an exemption from this odious ceremony, but Conrad disregards his remonstrances, and orders Anna to be carried off by force to his castle, which is done. Ulrick, the betrothed husband, to whom Anna had given the ring, gains admittance to the castle and presents it to Conrad, who, having heard of the defeat at Grandsen, and the reported death of Charles, treats the signet with contempt; and Anna, seeing the ill success of Ulrick's attempt, leaps from the bartizan of the tower in which she was confined into the fossé surrounding the castle. Berthold and Ulrick seek Charles, and inform him of these circumstances; he is at the same time joined by a body of his troops, and indignant at the conduct of Conrad, marches directly to the castle, and forming a court-martial of his provost and other officers, arraigns Conrad before them of high-treason in recruiting for Renè of Lorraine: in the mean time, it appears that Anna was not killed by her fall, but is produced at the command of Conrad: Charles orders Conrad to repair the injuries he has inflicted on her by an instant marriage, which he is obliged to consent to, having first executed a marriage contract by which Anna is to be entitled to half his property in the event of her surviving him. Ulrick is in despair at this arrangement; but while Conrad and Anna are in the chapel being married, the court-martial find the former guilty, and pronounce sentence of death on him; Charles orders him to instant execution, and he is hurried off: a noise without announces the completion of the sentence, and Anna is covered with the black veil of widowhood; Charles lifts it from her head, exclaiming—"Widow of Conrad, you are again the betrothed of Ulrick!" and the curtain drops. Although the incidents of this piece are few in number, the



situations are dramatic, and being aided by some excellent acting, it was thoroughly successful, and will probably soon find its way to the English stage.

A meeting, of a nature highly interesting to the friends of liberty in every country, was held on the 12th of February, to commemorate the birth of General Kosciusko. The Poles in France ardently partaking of the feeling common to their countrymen, and at once bewailing the degradation of their country, and cherishing the fondest aspirations towards its future re-establishment in independence, have, for many years, been in the habit of assembling on this day to celebrate the anniversary of the birth of the brightest ornament of Polish liberty. Peculiar interest was, however, felt on this occasion, from its having been announced that the venerable General Lafayette would attend the meeting, accompanied by several distinguished friends of universal liberty. The party assembled, about eight o'clock, at the residence of Mr. Leonard Chodzko, the author of the well-known History of the Polish Legions in Italy, where General Lafayette, his son, M. Benjamin Constant, M. David, the sculptor, General Jullien de Paris, the Editor of the *Revue Encyclopedique*, M. Victor Hugo, and numerous other distinguished characters, were received by Mr. Chodzko, and the majority of the Poles now in Paris. An admirably-executed portrait of the Polish hero, engraved on steel by M. Antoine Oleszczynski, a Pole, was presented to General Lafayette, with the following address:—"Your presence here, General, confers a true honour on us; it will be appreciated by every friend of liberty, and especially by the Poles; for our country, always justly sensible of the illustrious virtues of the living, places your name amongst the brightest of those which the glory of patriotism has illumined; on our shores it is never pronounced without a sentiment of religious emotion. Poland, the constant friend of France, will always hallow the bonds which have so intimately united the two nations by the community of glory and misfortunes. More fortunate, or more powerful, France fell not, while Poland was divided, and disappeared. Its fall, however, was not without glory, and the heroic Kosciusko, the companion of the perils of your youth, has entwined its earliest chains with imperishable laurels. In the time of the Republic, of the Consulate, of the Empire, the Poles lent their most disinterested efforts to forward the high destinies of France. Now, condemned to console ourselves with recollections only, we gladly seize the opportunity afforded by the return of an epoch so dear to us—the eighty-fourth anniversary of the birth of Kosciusko. Oblige us, therefore, by accepting this portrait of your illustrious friend, a work of Polish art, and offered to you in the name of all my countrymen." The reply of General Lafayette was delivered with an emotion which proved the sincerity of the sentiments he expressed. It was couched in the following terms:—"It is with the liveliest sentiments of satisfaction and gratitude that I receive the portrait of my old brother in arms, the illustrious Kosciusko, the perfect type of courage, of honour, and of Polish patriotism. Our friendship takes its date from a period fifty-three years since, when, during the American Revolution, we had the honour to combat, side by side, under the Republican standard of the United States. History has consecrated the epoch when Poland, at the voice of Kosciusko, rose to regain her independence; when the hero would have united all her citizens in one common cause, and when the glorious, but melancholy, day of his captivity blasted the noble undertaking. From that time, he was seen proudly rejecting the proffers and caresses offered him, by turns, by two Emperors, who, in the summit of prosperity, would have trusted more to the influence of his name among you, than to the magic of their triumphs, and the force of their arms; and, to win him to their cause, offered him every thing except the only two boons he would have accepted at their hands— independence, and the liberty of his country. You say, Sir, that the Poles can only console themselves with recollections, but they have still the consolation of hope. I feel my whole heart engaged in their cause, and I thank you for a present which is the more agreeable to me as being the offspring of Polish talent, and offered me by the hand which has recorded with so much



vigour and talent, the glories of the Polish legions during a course of years so honourable to them, and which have served to cherish that spirit of nationality which you have so nobly preserved amidst all the vicissitudes to which you have been subjected; it will one day constitute the salvation of your country." During the evening, the celebrated Polish pianiste, Sowinski, displayed his brilliant talents in the execution of several national Polish airs. The interest excited by meetings of this description is important, because, while the feelings which they are designed to inculcate are supported by the strong band of nationality which peculiarly distinguishes the Poles, however dispersed, and are also assisted by a corresponding sympathy evinced by leading men of other countries, it is impossible to avoid the reflection that the time may arrive when this degraded and trampled country may resume her situation among the powers of Europe. In the mean time, it is satisfactory to know that many of the richest proprietors and most influential men of Poland are dispersed in the various countries of Europe, and employing their whole time in a diligent examination of the most important national institutions of every country, that they may be prepared to make the regeneration of Poland, whenever it may take place, an example of rational liberty and highly-cultivated civilization.

The Journal de Paris recently contained a long article on the state of the public press in England, a subject which the writer informs us he has deeply studied; among other pieces of information, he tells us that the Morning Chronicle is a revolutionary paper, which gets a surreptitious admission to the tables of the aristocracy by means of an article entitled "The Mirror of Fashion;" that other papers contain articles of the same nature, but that the fashionable intelligence of the Chronicle is, by universal consent, considered the only true record of "ton;" and that, therefore, if any fashionable *debutant* in high life can by any interest contrive to get his name mentioned with approbation in this "Mirror of Fashion," he forthwith buys a large number of copies of the paper, which he distributes among his aristocratic friends, who are thus seduced into reading the political sentiments developed in other parts of the paper. All this is seriously given as the result of long personal observation, and the writer threatens to proceed with an analysis of the state of the press in all the capitals of Europe. If his observations are of the same nature, they will at least have novelty to recommend them; and, perhaps, it is rather too much, in these our days, to expect an opinion to be "true," as well as "new."

Cheap literature is becoming even more prevalent in Paris than in London; that is to say, literature of a particular class. The practical information conveyed to the working classes in England by the Mechanics' Magazine, and the Library of Useful Knowledge, is far superior to any thing of the kind here; but with respect to those works, which, without having immediate reference to the mechanical arts of life, tend insensibly to open the mind, and, by refining and purifying the sentiments, to prepare it for the reception and appreciation of the universal principles of rational liberty, there are greater advantages afforded to the student here than in London. I have now before me five prospectuses of works of this nature: the first is a collection of the principal historians, comprising Rollin, Cuvier, Anquetil, Lingard, &c. beautifully printed, and illustrated by maps and portraits; this is published in weekly volumes, containing about two hundred pages, each at twelve sous, or sixpence per volume: the next comprises the complete works of Buffon, edited by Cuvier, and published in the same manner, and at the same price: the third is a translation of Walter Scott's works, published in the same manner, but at fifteen sous per volume: the fourth is a collection of the most celebrated voyages in every country, and will form two hundred volumes, in 18mo. published in a similar manner, at thirteen sous per volume: and the fifth comprises an admirable selection of all the best authors in the French language, at twelve sous per volume: the whole are got up in a style which would make them admissible to any library, while the price and mode of publication render them accessible to those to whom otherwise



they would be for ever forbidden fruit. In the last-mentioned work, *L'Histoire de Charles XII.* is comprised in one volume for sixpence, and his *Siècles de Louis XIV. and Louis XV.* in another. The importance of publications of this description is most perceived with reference to the rising generation. Young people allowed to appropriate sixpence per week in this manner, instead of squandering it as formerly, feel at once the pride of seeing their own library accumulate around them, and shame, if they are not masters of its contents. Hence the mind is early stored with materials for thinking, and it is easy to give a proper direction to the use of these materials when collected. The importance of general education becomes every day more universally felt and acknowledged; even those who at first opposed it; find themselves carried away by the strong current of opinion, and are compelled (reluctantly, indeed, and not without some insidious efforts to poison the springs of truth,) to lend their assistance to the great work. In the *Moniteur* of yesterday appears a report of the Minister of the Interior on the subject of the elementary schools of France, together with a Royal *Ordonnance* founded on it. The mode in which the instruction is to be conveyed is not clearly pointed out; we are only told in the report, that "a descendant of Henry the Fourth will, of course, take care that the children are educated in principles of sound loyalty, while the title of His most Christian Majesty is a sufficient guarantee that the interests of religion will not be neglected:" the *Ordonnance* itself only gives the control of the schools and funds to the municipal authorities of the place in conjunction with the vicar, and rather ominously refers with praise to the old *Ordonnance* of 1816, by which the whole detail of instruction was placed under the sole regulation of the priests. The recognition, however, of the great principle of universal education and enlightenment is in itself most important; the clogs by which its march is impeded will wear themselves out in time; and although the absolute authority given to the municipal bodies, who are themselves appointed solely by the Crown, may appear to place the control of instruction too much in the hands of those whose interest it is to prevent its progress, let the impetus be once given, and the power of the human mind will accelerate its own course in an increasing ratio, more than sufficient to sweep away all the obstacles that may be opposed to it.

The Carnival, though it could not pretend to rival the festive glories of Rome or Venice, was yet a gay scene, particularly when, as in the present year, it brought the first symptoms of genial weather after a winter of unequalled hardship and severity. To the lower orders especially, it is the "one bright spot" looked for throughout the year, and for the few days which it lasts they are happier in their parade on the *Boulevards* travestied into *Marquisses* and *Peers* of every description, than many of those whose outward bearing they usurp. The masks were not so numerous as usual this year, but the costumes presented every variety of the ridiculous: here the same carriage contained a *Marquess*, a *Punchinello*, and a *Cossack*; there an Indian chief was quietly ensconced in the company of a brightly-bedizened *Venus*; the procession of the *bœuf gras*, however, was the great attraction for the gazers; this enormous animal is for three days escorted through every part of Paris, accompanied by bands of music, warriors, giants, gods and goddesses, and all the motley crew which compose the ordinary and extraordinary characters in a masquerade, some on foot, others on horseback, others in gilded cars; thus accompanied, the lordly animal visits the Royal family, the ministers, and all the wealthiest inhabitants of Paris, and at each of their doors his conductors reap some profit of their toil; the poor beast is somewhat reduced in bulk by the end of the third day, but is still a fine subject for the butcher's knife when on the morning of Ash Wednesday he ceases his peregrinations for ever. Every night during the Carnival, the various theatres and assembly rooms give masqued balls, at which the price is so varied that while the highest is equivalent to about five shillings of our money, there are others so well adapted to the meanest capacity that the like number of pence will purchase an admission. Among the higher classes



it only has the effect of making the number of balls and *soirées* rather more frequent; and in some, but very few cases, fancy balls have been given. The carriages of many fashionables were, however, to be seen in the Boulevards on Sunday, some of them placed in rather an amusing juxtaposition with the elegant vehicles containing the various masquerading parties above alluded to.

March 1st.—The Carnival has had its usual effect on the prosperity of the theatres, and though the returns for the month of February are not so great as in the corresponding month of last year, they still exhibited a great improvement on the month of January. The Opera Comique is placed at the head of the list in consequence of the production of “*Fra Diavolo*,” which being played alternate nights has drawn good houses. If novelty could ensure success, the Odeon would take a higher rank than it does, for the rapidity with which the management produces tragedies and comedies is perfectly astonishing: it is true none of them have any great success; the best during the last month was a little one act comedy, in verse, called “*La sœur Cadette*,” which, though entirely destitute of plot, excited interest by its lively and animated dialogue. On the 17th the managers of this theatre, in emulation of the Theatre François, at which the anniversary of Moliere’s birth had been celebrated by the performance of some of his best pieces, signalized the anniversary of his death by the production of a new piece called “*La Mort de Moliere*,” in which we were treated with every thing short of an actual exhibition of the last scene of life with its accompaniments of nurses, doctor’s bottles, &c.; the whole piece was very trashy, and to complete the absurdity, it was made to conclude with some ridiculous couplets in praise of Moliere, sung by all the characters after the announcement of his death. A few nights afterwards, at the same theatre, a new piece, in three acts, was announced, under the title of “*Le Veuf Amoureux*.” At the conclusion of the second act there were some slight signs of disapprobation, when, instead of proceeding with the third act, the managers chose to be affronted, and when the curtain drew up, the first scene of the afterpiece presented itself; an uproar ensued, when the manager coolly informed the audience that he thought they did not like the piece, and therefore did not finish it; but that if they wished it, the third act should be performed, although, as the principal actor was gone home, his part must be read; which was actually done, and the piece damned at the end—a pleasant mode of judging for the author. The production of *Hemani*, at the Theatre François has excited an incredible sensation, and will probably make the receipts of the theatre, during the present month, enormous. A paper war is raging between the *Classiques* and *Romantiques* on the subject; the one party characterizing it as a mere tissue of trash, the other ranking it as superior to all former attempts at tragic writing. Truth, as usual, lies between; it is a work of great poetical beauty, which the author, in his anxiety to avoid the beaten path, has disfigured with passages and situations of the most ludicrous character. Three parodies on it are already in preparation at the various theatres on the Boulevards, and in truth they may safely take some of the passages verbatim. The organs of the *Classiques* are the *Drapeau Blanc*, the *Gazette de France*, the *Corsair*, *Journal de Commerce*, and *Constitutionnel*; of the *Romantiques*, the *Journal de Paris*, the *National*, and the *Quotidienne*. The *Figaro*, the *Journal des Debats*, and the *Universel*, alone contain critiques which appear not to be written by the partisans of either school.

March 3d, “*The Constitutionnel*” contains a grave account of a plot organized by the Jesuits against the liberty of the people of Europe and the progress of civilization. They have received their information, it appears, from a correspondent at Munich, who tells them that a German naturalist being at Mont St. Bernard, in the beginning of last summer, overheard a conversation between the Superior of the Monastery of St. Bernard and the Lieutenant-General of the Jesuits, in which the formation of the Polignac ministry was decided on, and the projects for influencing the education of all the young princes of Europe in principles hostile to liberty fully discussed;



the other leading members of the conspiracy are a French minister on the Swiss frontier, a Curate of Geneva, and an ambassador from Bavaria to Berne! Here is a key at once to all the mysteries of the European Cabinets; coincidences are no longer to be wondered at, as no doubt all the king's speeches in both countries are manufactured at Mont St. Bernard, and transmitted in duplicate to the royal agents of the associated band! O spirit of Party! how well caust thou blind the understandings of even the most sensible.

The jealousy of the French towards the English takes every opportunity of showing itself through the press: the bitterest censure they can cast on Prince Polignac is the accusation of a good understanding with England; this has been doubly excited by the election of Prince Leopold to the throne of Greece, and the announcement of the expedition against Algiers. The manner in which the former is hinted at in the Royal Speech, has produced every variety of sarcasm; while the latter is characterized as a mere means adopted by the Minister to please England, by relieving them from the annoyance occasioned by Algiers at the expense of the blood and treasure of France. "The Journal de Paris," a paper generally conducted with great talent, is carried away on this subject, and calls Prince Polignac "le serf de Wellington," and talks of the armies of France being placed under the command of England. All this is very puerile and very absurd: in the present aspect of affairs the interests of the two countries are intimately connected; and it is worse than useless to be thus constantly endeavouring to stir up the brands of discord at a period when the greatest unanimity ought to prevail between the two Powers most interested in preventing any alteration in the present state of the balance of power in Europe.

March 7. The concerts at the Conservatoire have commenced for the season, and are as usual crowded. They differ from their great rivals the Philharmonic, in London, in being open to the public, that is to say nominally so, for on application being made for a ticket on the day the first announcement of the concerts was given, the answer returned was, that they had all been disposed of for some weeks. That the two orchestras of the Conservatoire and the Philharmonic are the finest in the world, is universally admitted, though some difference of opinion exists as to which should be preferred. Both are so near perfection that it is scarcely possible to distinguish a difference. The orchestra here is considerably more numerous than ours, being composed of upwards of a hundred performers: there are also some points of difference in the arrangement; the bases instead of being in front, as with us, are placed in the back row of the orchestra, in the same line with the drums, and the leader, (who in France performs the office of the conductor in our orchestras,) is stationed on the left hand close to the audience, instead of being nearly in the centre, as with us; he is less liable to be confused by the arrangement here, but I question whether he is so well able to inspect the conduct of every individual in the band. The music performed at the concert this morning was entirely by Méhul, a composer who is but little known in England. The overture to "Le Jeune Henri," with which the concert concluded, is one of the finest pieces of descriptive music ever composed, and was performed with an extraordinary effect. Force is more the characteristic of this orchestra than delicacy; the *crescendo* movements are executed with an astounding power and correctness, but in the lighter and more refined touches, in which the peculiar excellence of the Philharmonic consists, they appear inferior. It is, however, difficult to judge without hearing the same piece of music performed by both bands, which I shall probably have an opportunity of doing next concert, as it is expected that one of Beethoven's symphonies will be played.

Among the advertisements in the Paris papers of this morning are two which even surpass the style of "The Morning Herald," and excite more attention here from being less common; I translate them for the benefit of my English friends:—"A foreign widow aged sixty-five years, without children, possessing an income of 40,000 francs (1600*l.*) per annum, wishes to unite herself to a young man of good family; fortune is less regarded



by the advertiser than correct morals. Address, Madame Daniel, Rue Neuve, St. Eustache, No. 52."—The other lady appears kindly to dispense with the article of morals, so much insisted on by the widow :

"A lady, not born in Paris, is desirous of making an arrangement to travel with a gentleman of distinction (*un homme comme il faut*). Personal application will not, in the first instance, be attended to."

March 8. "Great interest has lately been excited here respecting an institution for the extinction of mendicity, which has been established under the auspices of many of the principal philanthropists of Paris, but to which Monsieur Mangin, the Préfet of Police, has offered if not a positive, at least a negative opposition. Mendicity being here an offence against the laws, the agents of police are authorized to take cognizance of it, and application was made to M. Mangin to induce him to direct the officers to send such vagrants as they might find begging, direct to the new asylum, instead of committing them to prison ; this he declined, and a paper war has ensued, which has by no means tended to increase the popularity of the minister. I visited the institution yesterday, in company with General Santander, the late president of Colombia, who is on a visit to Europe for the purpose of inspecting the various national institutions of the different countries. The asylum is a large building, capable of accommodating three hundred resident paupers, and twice that number of non-residents. It is divided into two departments, for the male and female classes. Any person having been two years an inhabitant of Paris, and not having the means of procuring lodging and food, may be admitted by making application for the purpose at the asylum, provided only they are not by age or disease of any kind incapacitated from work. Immediately on their admission they are thoroughly cleansed in a bath, and provided with linen and good clothes, which they wear while they remain in the asylum ; their own clothes are taken from them, cleaned, and purified, when requisite, by a process of sulphur, and preserved until they leave the asylum, when they are returned to them. Work is then supplied to them of such a nature as they are skilled in ; those who have no knowledge of any trade are employed in pounding brick for builders and other manual labour. The produce of the labour is divided into three parts, one of which is taken for the use of the asylum, another given immediately to the labourer, and the remaining third reserved for him until he quits the asylum, when he receives it with his clothes. They have food twice a day, once soup, with half a pound of bread, and once a preparation of stewed vegetables, with a pound and a half of bread. I tasted both dishes, and they appeared at once nutritious and palatable. There are workshops of every kind attached to the establishment, which are let rent-free to different master tradesmen, bookbinders, shoemakers, weavers, &c. with the condition that they employ as workmen only the inmates of the establishment. Ample time is allowed for recreation and exercise. We minutely inspected every part of the establishment, the baths, the kitchens, the infirmary, the workshops, and the dormitories, and found the utmost cleanliness, and even comfort pervading the whole. The steam-kitchen, in which the soup is prepared, is a beautiful piece of mechanism, consisting of four cylinders, in which the materials for the soup are transferred from one to the other, each successive day, so as to obtain all the nutritive qualities, the soup produced from each cylinder being of course of an equally diminished strength from the last, but as all the cylinders communicate at once with one reservoir, the soup is always produced for use at a mean strength. Any inmate of the establishment may quit it on a day's notice by showing that he has any means of gaining a livelihood. The non-residents are those who have a domicile, but are unable to get work to enable them to obtain food ; they are under precisely the same regulations as the residents, except that they are not provided with clothes, and do not sleep in the asylum. Among the residents we observed a young ecclesiastic, who being reduced to a state of mendicity had availed himself of this asylum. A part of the building has been fitted up as a neat chapel and consecrated for divine worship. It is to the exertions of M. de Belleyne that the success of the Institution is principally to be ascribed.



## MONOS AND DAIMONOS.

*A Legend.*

I AM English by birth, and my early years were passed in \* \* \* \* \* I had neither brothers nor sisters; my mother died when I was in the cradle; and I found my sole companion, tutor, and playmate in my father. He was a younger brother of a noble and ancient house: what induced him to forsake his country and his friends, to abjure all society, and to live in a rock, is a story in itself, which has nothing to do with mine.

As the Lord liveth, I believe the tale that I shall tell you will have sufficient claim on your attention, without calling in the history of another to preface its most exquisite details, or to give interest to its most amusing events. I said my father lived on a rock—the whole country round seemed nothing but rock!—wastes, bleak, blank, dreary; trees stunted, herbage blasted; caverns, through which some black and wild stream (that never knew star or sunlight, but through rare and hideous chasms of the huge stones above it) went dashing and howling on its *blessed* course; vast cliffs, covered with eternal snows, where the birds of prey lived, and sent, in screams and discordance, a grateful and meet music to the heavens, which seemed too cold and barren to wear even clouds upon their wan, grey, comfortless expanse: these made the characters of that country where the spring of my life sickened itself away. The climate which, in the milder parts of \* \* \* \* \* relieves the nine months of winter with three months of an abrupt and autumnless summer, never seemed to vary in the gentle and sweet region in which *my* home was placed. Perhaps, for a brief interval, the snow in the valleys melted, and the streams swelled, and a blue, ghastly, unnatural kind of vegetation, seemed here and there to mix with the rude lichen, or scatter a grim smile over minute particles of the universal rock; but to these witnesses of the changing season were the summers of my boyhood confined. My father was addicted to the sciences—the physical sciences—and possessed but a moderate share of learning in any thing else; he taught me all he knew; and the rest of my education, Nature, in a savage and stern guise, instilled in my heart by silent but deep lessons. She taught my feet to bound, and my arm to smite; she breathed life into my passions, and shed darkness over my temper; she taught me to cling to her, even in her most rugged and unalluring form, and to shrink from all else—from the companionship of man, and the soft smiles of woman, and the shrill voice of childhood; and the ties, and hopes, and socialities, and objects of human existence, as from a torture and a curse. Even in that sullen rock, and beneath that ungenial sky, I had luxuries unknown to the palled tastes of cities, or to those who woo delight in an air of odours and in a land of roses! What were those luxuries? They had a myriad varieties and shades of enjoyment—they had but a common name. What were those luxuries? *Solitude!*

My father died when I was eighteen; I was transferred to my uncle's protection, and I repaired to London. I arrived there, gaunt and stern, a giant in limbs and strength, and to the tastes of those about me, a savage in bearing and in mood. They would have laughed, but I awed them; they would have altered *me*, but I changed *them*; I threw



a damp over their enjoyment and a cloud over their meetings. Though I said little, though I sat with them, estranged and silent, and passive, they seemed to wither beneath my presence. Nobody could live with me and be happy, or at ease! I felt it, and I hated them that they could love not me. Three years passed—I was of age—I demanded my fortune—and scorning social life, and pining once more for loneliness, I resolved to journey into those unpeopled and far lands, which if any have pierced, none have returned to describe. So I took my leave of them all, cousin and aunt—and when I came to my old uncle, who had liked me less than any, I grasped his hand with so friendly a gripe, that, well I ween, the dainty and nice member was but little inclined to its ordinary functions in future.

I commenced my pilgrimage—I pierced the burning sands—I traversed the vast deserts—I came into the enormous woods of Africa, where human step never trod, nor human voice ever started the thrilling and intense solemnity that broods over the great solitudes, as it brooded over chaos before the world was! There the primeval nature springs and perishes; undisturbed and unvaried by the convulsions of the surrounding world; the leaf becomes the tree, lives through its uncounted ages, falls and moulders, and rots and vanishes, unwitnessed in its mighty and mute changes, save by the wandering lion, or the wild ostrich, or that huge serpent—a hundred times more vast than the puny boa that the cold limners of Europe have painted, and whose bones the vain student has preserved, as a miracle and marvel. There, too, as beneath the heavy and dense shade I couched in the scorching noon, I heard the trampling as of an army, and the crush and fall of the strong trees, and beheld through the matted boughs the behemoth pass on its terrible way, with its eyes burning as a sun, and its white teeth arched and glistening in the rabid jaw, as pillars of spar glitter in a cavern; the monster, to whom only those wastes are a home, and who never, since the waters rolled from the Dædal earth, has been given to human gaze and wonder but my own! Seasons glided on, but I counted them not; they were not doled to me by the tokens of man, nor made sick to me by the changes of his base life, and the evidence of his sordid labour. Seasons glided on, and my youth ripened into manhood, and manhood grew grey with the first frost of age; and then a vague and restless spirit fell upon me, and I said in my foolish heart, “I will look upon the countenances of my race once more!” I retraced my steps—I recrossed the wastes—I re-entered the cities—I took again the garb of man; for I had been hitherto naked in the wilderness, and hair had grown over me as a garment. I repaired to a sea-port, and took ship for England.

In the vessel there was one man, and only one, who neither avoided my companionship nor recoiled at my frown. He was an idle and curious being, full of the frivolities, and egotisms, and importance of them to whom towns are homes, and talk has become a mental aliment. He was one pervading, irritating, offensive tissue of little and low thoughts. The only meanness he had not was fear. It was impossible to awe, to silence, or to shun him. He sought me for ever; he was as a blister to me, which no force could tear away; my soul grew faint when my eyes met him. He was to my sight as those creatures which from their very loathsomeness are fearful as well as despicable to us.



I longed and yearned to strangle him when he addressed me ! Often I would have laid my hand on him, and hurled him into the sea to the sharks, which, lynx-eyed and eager-jawed, swam night and day around our ship ; but the gaze of many was on us, and I curbed myself, and turned away, and shut my eyes in very sickness ; and when I opened them again, lo ! he was by my side, and his sharp quick voice grated, in its prying, and asking, and torturing accents, on my loathing and repugnant ear ! One night I was roused from my sleep by the screams and oaths of men, and I hastened on deck : we had struck upon a rock. It was a ghastly, but, oh Christ ! how glorious a sight ! Moonlight still and calm—the sea sleeping in sapphires ; and in the midst of the silent and soft repose of all things, three hundred and fifty souls were to perish from the world ! I sat apart, and looked on, and aided not. A voice crept like an adder’s hiss upon my ear ; I turned, and saw my tormentor ; the moonlight fell on his face, and it grinned with the maudlin grin of intoxication, and his pale blue eye glistened, and he said, “ We will not part even here ! ” My blood ran coldly through my veins, and I would have thrown him into the sea, which now came fast and fast upon us ; *but the moonlight was on him, and I did not dare to kill him.* But I would not stay to perish with the herd, and I threw myself alone from the vessel and swam towards a rock. I saw a shark dart after me, but I shunned him, and the moment after he had plenty to sate his maw. I heard a crash, and a mingled and wild burst of anguish, the anguish of three hundred and fifty hearts that a minute afterwards were stilled, and I said in my *own* heart, with a deep joy, “ *His voice is with the rest, and we have parted !* ” I gained the shore, and lay down to sleep.

The next morning my eyes opened upon a land more beautiful than a Grecian’s dreams. The sun had just risen, and laughed over streams of silver, and trees bending with golden and purple fruits, and the diamond dew sparkled from a sod covered with flowers, whose faintest breath was a delight. Ten thousand birds, with all the hues of a northern rainbow blended in their glorious and glowing wings, rose from turf and tree, and loaded the air with melody and gladness ; the sea, without a vestige of the past destruction upon its glassy brow, murmured at my feet ; the heavens without a cloud, and bathed in a liquid and radiant light, sent their breezes as a blessing to my cheek. I rose with a refreshed and light heart ; I traversed the new home I had found ; I climbed upon a high mountain, and saw that I was in a small island—it had no trace of man—and my heart swelled as I gazed around and cried aloud in my exultation, “ I shall be alone again ! ” I descended the hill : I had not yet reached its foot, when I saw the figure of a man approaching towards me. I looked at him, and my heart misgave me. He drew nearer, and I saw that my despicable persecutor had escaped the waters, and now stood before me. He came up with his hideous grin, and his twinkling eye ; and he flung his arms round me,—I would sooner have felt the slimy folds of the serpent—and said, with his grating and harsh voice, “ Ha ! ha ! my friend, we shall be together still ! ” I looked at him with a grim brow, but I said not a word. There was a great cave by the shore, and I walked down and entered it, and the man followed me. “ We shall live so happily here,” said he ; “ we will never separate ! ” And



my lip trembled, and my hand clenched of its own accord. It was now noon, and hunger came upon me; I went forth and killed a deer, and I brought it home and broiled part of it on a fire of fragrant wood; and the man eat, and crunched, and laughed, and I wished that the bones had choked him; and he said, when we had done, "We shall have rare cheer here!" But I still held my peace. At last he stretched himself in a corner of the cave and slept. I looked at him, and saw that the slumber was heavy, and I went out and rolled a huge stone to the mouth of the cavern, and took my way to the opposite part of the island; it was my turn to laugh then! I found out another cavern; and I made a bed of moss and of leaves, and I wrought a table of wood, and I looked out from the mouth of the cavern and saw the wide seas before me, and I said, "Now I shall be alone!"

When the next day came, I again went out and caught a kid, and brought it in, and prepared it as before, but I was not hungered, and I could not eat, so I roamed forth and wandered over the island: the sun had nearly set when I returned. I entered the cavern, and sitting on my bed and by my table was that man whom I thought I had left buried alive in the other cave. He laughed when he saw me, and laid down the bone he was gnawing.

"Ha, ha!" said he, "you would have served me a rare trick, but there was a hole in the cave which you did not see, and I got out to seek you. It was not a difficult matter, for the island is so small; and now we *have* met, and we will part no more!"

I said to the man, "Rise, and follow me!" So he rose, and I saw that of all my food he had left only the bones. "Shall this thing reap and I sow?" thought I, and my heart felt to me like iron.

I ascended a tall cliff: "Look round," said I; "you see that stream which divides the island; you shall dwell on one side, and I on the other; but the same spot shall not hold us, nor the same feast supply!"

"That may never be!" quoth the man; "for I cannot catch the deer, nor spring upon the mountain kid; and if you feed me not, I shall starve!"

"Are there not fruits," said I, "and birds that you may snare, and fishes which the sea throws up?"

"But I like them not," quoth the man, and laughed, "so well as the flesh of kids and deer!"

"Look, then," said I, "look; by that grey stone, upon the opposite side of the stream, I will lay a deer or a kid daily, so that you may have the food you covet; but if ever you cross the stream and come into my kingdom, so sure as the sea murmurs, and the bird flies, I will kill you!"

I descended the cliff, and led the man to the side of the stream. "I cannot swim," said he; so I took him on my shoulders and crossed the brook, and I found him out a cave, and I made him a bed and a table like my own, and left him. When I was on my own side of the stream again, I bounded with joy, and lifted up my voice; "I shall be alone *now*!" said I.

So two days passed, and I *was* alone. On the third I went after my prey; the noon was hot, and I was wearied when I returned. I en-



tered my cavern, and behold the man lay stretched upon my bed. "Ha, ha!" said he, "here I am; I was so lonely at home that I have come to live with you again!"

I frowned on the man with a dark brow, and I said, "So sure as the sea murmurs, and the bird flies, I will kill you!" I seized him in my arms; I plucked him from my bed; I took him out into the open air, and we stood together on the smooth sand, and by the great sea. A fear came suddenly upon me; I was struck with the awe of the still Spirit which reigns over solitude. Had a thousand been round us, I would have slain him before them all. I feared now because we were alone in the desert, with silence and God! I relaxed my hold. "Swear," I said, "never to molest me again; swear to preserve unpassed the boundary of our several homes, and I will *not* kill you!" "I cannot swear," answered the man; "I would sooner die than forswear the blessed human face—even though that face be my enemy's!"

At these words my rage returned; I dashed the man to the ground, and I put my foot upon his breast, and my hand upon his neck, and he struggled for a moment—and was dead! I was startled; and as I looked upon his face I thought it seemed to revive; I thought the cold blue eye fixed upon me, and the vile grin returned to the livid mouth, and the hands which in the death-pang had grasped the sand, stretched themselves out to me. So I stamped on the breast again, and I dug a hole in the shore, and I buried the body. "And now," said I, "I am alone at last!" And then *the sense of loneliness*, the vague, vast, comfortless, objectless sense of desolation passed into me. And I shook—shook in every limb of my giant frame, as if I had been a child that trembles in the dark; and my hair rose, and my blood crept, and I would not have stayed in that spot a moment more if I had been made young again for it. I turned away and fled—fled round the whole island; and gnashed my teeth when I came to the sea, and longed to be cast into some illimitable desert, that I might flee on for ever. At sunset I returned to my cave—I sat myself down on one corner of the bed, and covered my face with my hands—I thought I heard a noise; I raised my eyes, and, as I live, I saw on the other end of the bed the man whom I had slain and buried. There he sat, six feet from me, and nodded to me, and looked at me with his wan eyes, and laughed. I rushed from the cave—I entered a wood—I threw myself down—there opposite to me, six feet from my face, was the face of that man again! And my courage rose, and I spoke, but he answered not. I attempted to seize him, he glided from my grasp, and was still opposite, six feet from me as before. I flung myself on the ground, and pressed my face to the sod, and would not look up till the night came on and darkness was over the earth. I then rose and returned to the cave; I laid down on my bed, and the man lay down by me; and I frowned and tried to seize him as before, but I could not, and I closed my eyes, *and the man lay by me*. Day passed on day and it was the same. At board, at bed, at home and abroad, in my uprising and my down-sitting, by day and at night, there, by my bed-side, six feet from me, and no more, was that ghastly and dead thing. And I said, as I looked upon the beautiful land and the still heavens, and then turned to that fearful comrade, "I shall never be alone again!" And the man laughed.



At last a ship came, and I hailed it—it took me up, and I thought, as I put my foot on the deck, “I shall escape from my tormentor!” As I thought so, I saw him climb the deck too, and I strove to push him down into the sea, but in vain; he was by my side, *and he fed and slept with me as before!* I came home to my native land! I forced myself into crowds—I went to the feast, and I heard music—and I made thirty men sit with me, and watch by day and by night. So I had thirty-one companions, and one was more social than all the rest.

At last I said to myself, “This is a delusion, and a cheat of the external senses, and the thing is *not*, save in my mind. I will consult those skilled in such disorders, and I will be—*alone again!*”

I summoned one celebrated in purging from the mind’s eye its films and deceits—I bound him by an oath to secrecy—and I told him my tale. He was a bold man and a learned, and he promised me relief and release.

“Where is the figure now?” said he, smiling; “I see it not.”

And I answered, “It is six feet from us!”

“I see it not,” said he again; “and if it were real, my senses would not receive the image less palpably than yours.” And he spoke to me as schoolmen speak. I did not argue nor reply, but I ordered the servants to prepare a room, and to cover the floor with a thick layer of sand. When it was done, I had the Leech follow me into the room, and I barred the door. “Where is the figure now?” repeated he; and I said, “Six feet from us as before!” And the Leech smiled. “Look on the floor,” said I, and I pointed to the spot; “what see you?” And the Leech shuddered, and clung to me that he might not fall. “The sand,” said he, “was smooth when we entered, and now I see on that spot the print of human feet!”

And I laughed, and dragged my *living* companion on; “See,” said I, “where we move what follows us!”

The Leech gasped for breath; “The print,” said he, “of those human feet!”

“Can you not minister to me then?” cried I, in a sudden and fierce agony, “and must I *never* be alone again?”

And I saw the feet of the dead thing trace one word upon the sand; and the word was—NEVER.

**OLD DOCK.**

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#### FAULTS ON BOTH SIDES.

WHEN an elderly gentleman begins to be a twaddle, we call him an “old woman,” intending any thing rather than a compliment by the appellation; yet, after all, old women are in very high repute among us; they are our oracles, and their commonest “sayings” become proverbial, while the erudite orations of the Lords of the creation pass into oblivion. I am an admirer of old women, but I abominate their sayings. When once an old woman has “*said her say*,” though she may have said it vulgarly, and flippantly, and foolishly, the chances are that her saying will be handed down to her children’s children.

I have been the victim of a saying, one, too, that (alas!) is in every body’s mouth, and yet one which, Heaven knows, is, in nine cases out of ten, utterly groundless and vexatious. The saying is this, “There



are always faults on both sides." I do not exaggerate when I declare that, before I was born, this saying was my enemy! I was the first child of a very dashing couple, and I suspect that, before my mother had seen the wane of her honeymoon, I had begun to be her torment. She still went to parties, but generally with a smelling-bottle in her hand; and often when she looked less blooming than usual, people pitied her, and said "it was her *situation*."

Still she *would* go to balls; and once or twice, when an agreeable partner offered, she could not resist a quadrille. Unfortunately waltzes were introduced; my mother took steps to be fashionable; and, after an evening of most imprudent activity, she returned home exceedingly indisposed, and before morning was delivered of a seven-months' child. Every body blamed my mother,—no wonder, poor soul! But will it be believed that any human being could have the barbarity to blame *me*, a premature and imbecile suckling? even so! It was no sooner observed that I was a strongly-made and rather active little creature, than the nurse assured every body that I must have given my mother a precious time of it; indeed it was no wonder she could not sit at home quiet, poor thing; and if, indeed, she had been a little wrong in dancing and keeping late hours, yet, after all, there certainly were "faults on both sides."

I am thoroughly convinced that I was an exceedingly nice child; this conviction, I must confess, is not grounded upon any traditionary anecdotes; on the contrary, every old acquaintance of the family has some story to prove that I was ugly, mischievous, and unmanageable; I was always breaking every thing that came in my way, my own nose included. My nurse and I were never of one mind, and every body in the house complained of high words in the nursery. My nurse really was a bad one, and though I dare say I *did* squall spontaneously a good deal, yet bad management often made me squall ten times worse. At last there was no peace and quietness in the house, and as my voice increased in power and volume, I became the more formidable. Fortunately for me, my shrieks one night attracted my mother unexpectedly to the nursery in her ball dress, and my enemy the nurse was detected in some breach of decorum which caused her to be instantly dismissed; every body abused her; it was impossible to say much in her favour: yet, after all, it was whispered that she had an ill-tempered brat to deal with, and that, however bad the nurse might be, still there were "faults on both sides."

Giving a boy a bad name is a great deal worse than giving a dog one; I was sent to a public school, and the master, after hearing a catalogue of my misdemeanours, was admonished to keep a strict eye upon me. Thus he was prejudiced against me from the first, and even a pedagogue may be blinded by prejudice. I saw I was suspected, and I grew reckless: it must be admitted that I was a terrible pickle; but a great big bully of a boy was my tyrant; and thus, never having a fair chance with the master, and unmercifully fagged by one of my schoolfellows, I became sulky and obstinate. At last my tormentor was detected in an act of wanton cruelty, and I was extricated from his clutches; but though I had the gratification of seeing *him* well whipped, I heard every one of the boys say, that though he certainly *was* a bully, yet that *I* was enough to worry a saint, and that, after all, there were "faults on both sides."



But my boyishness was gone, and my hobedyhoyishness was going. The long-looked-for period of my finally leaving school was at hand, and I eagerly anticipated that grand privilege of manhood, the "having one's own way." That was what I looked forward to during my last half year, and I believe all boys do the same: to be a man, to walk about in great boots, and a neckcloth, and to do what I pleased from morning till night!

These bright anticipations of boyhood are not, however, fated to be realized. The big boots and the neckcloth, indeed, come in due course; but at what age can man be said to have his own way?

I, for my part, never had mine. At the time I left school, I was an orphan, and I went to reside with an old uncle, who was my guardian. He was an excellent person, who always, to the best of his judgment and abilities, did his duty; and his duty being clearly now to keep his nephew in good order, I found myself subject to a durance which, in my opinion, was vile.

My uncle's government was too despotic; he legislated about trifles, and his measures being sometimes arbitrary, he unwittingly strengthened the opposition. Often, in his study, did we hold long debates about things which were of minor importance, while greater misdemeanours, having escaped his vigilance, passed without comment; but this often happens in greater debates than those which occurred in my uncle's study.

In this one solitary instance the old saying was not my enemy, but it only affords an additional proof of its injustice. I could not manage to live with my uncle, I could not accommodate myself to his habits and fancies, yet it was my duty to endeavour to do so, therefore I alone was to blame; yet still the lookers-on, who knew nothing about the matter, declared that there must have been "faults on both sides."

About this time I fell desperately in love, and I believe I am correct in saying that the young lady burned with what is called mutual ardour; that is to say, she heard I was an only child, and an orphan, and heir to considerable property, and so, when I sued for a smile, she condescended to bestow one. Her father and mother (after making a few secret inquiries concerning my prospects) took a prodigious fancy to me. The latter, indeed, was quite enthusiastic; she invited me every day, and at all hours, and there was always a knife and fork laid for me, and, moreover, every delicacy prepared which could be likely to tempt a young man to come and make use of those articles of cutlery. I was already treated as one of the family; I was left *tête-à-tête* with Anna Maria half the morning; and my future mother-in-law gave me all her best cookery, while her husband produced all his best wine.

There really appeared never to have been so satisfactory a match; for, independently of the mutual affection of the young couple, the old people seemed violently in love with me; and it could scarcely be doubted that, if by any accident the match could be broken off, there would inevitably be *four* lacerated, broken hearts instead of only *two*!

It so happened that I met with an old schoolfellow, a very wealthy Baronet; and, full of my own bright prospects, "told my love," and introduced him to the object of my adoration and her family. "Love me love my dog," of course, then, love my friend; so Anna Maria thought, and so thought her parents. Sir William was warmly received, was constantly invited, and soon seemed to be considered al-



most as great a pet as myself. I did not *quite* like this; I thought there ought to be a marked distinction, so I remonstrated: Anna Maria was pert and flippant; first laughed, then sneered, and at last told me, if I was displeased, I might go about my business. I left her, and appealed to my affectionate friends her parents. They seemed prepared for my remonstrance, told me they had encouraged me because they supposed that mutual affection was the groundwork of the connection; but, since it appeared that they had been mistaken, they suggested the propriety of my discontinuing my visits! Indignantly I did as I was bid, and six weeks afterwards Anna Maria became the Lady of a baronet. 'Twas a nine-days' wonder for the world; but though some pitied me, all agreed that there had been "faults on both sides."

What my fault had been, I was so dull as not to be able to discover; so I said, and a hot-headed, impudent fellow insulted me, and told me he was a friend of the family. Anna Maria's conduct had been such, that my sufferings really were not very acute; I therefore did not want to give her *éclat* by dying for her, so my reply was pacific, and I did all I could to avoid a quarrel. The bully, however, was implacable, I was forced into a duel, met my opponent at five o'clock on a summer's morning, and shot him dead ten minutes afterwards; was obliged to fly my country: every body allowed that I could not help acting as I had done, and the coroner cleared me; but to this day I believe it to be universally admitted that there were "faults on both sides."

I fell in love again, and beautiful and innocent was the being who now attracted me. She was not, like my former love, an eldest daughter, "come out" to prowl about and pounce upon an eligible establishment, where she might "go in" and be mistress of her own actions. My choice was unsophisticated, and I was happy. She jumped for joy when I made my offer, and we were married in a month.

In both my love-affairs I had fallen into extremes; my first love was hacknied in the ways of that worst of worlds, the fashionable one; and my second had never been used to good society, and was, consequently, unfit for it. It was my pride to take her every where that she might be *seen*, but it was my shame when she was accosted, for I knew she would be *heard*. She had no conversation; she knew nothing about any thing; the topic of the day was a dead language to her; Sir Walter Scott's name sounded not more sweetly than Sir Richard Birnie's; and Lord Byron was a nobleman, and *nothing more*!

This ignorance, however blissful, was not altogether to my taste; I endeavoured to teach my fair one, and therefore I became to her somewhat of a bore. Certain young men, quite as ignorant of things in general as she could possibly be, frequented my house, and as *they* did *not* teach, she thought them infinitely more agreeable than her husband. She grew weary of me and, alas! she ran away.

The case was flagrant; without difficulty I obtained damages, and a divorce; but still, as usual, when my friends and neighbours, (or rather as benefit play-bills express it,) when "the nobility, gentry, and public in general," had duly discussed the case, they unanimously decided that there had been "faults on both sides."

I was now once more a single man, at least in the estimation of



marriageable young ladies. But the singleness obtained by a divorce is not quite satisfactory; it is like involuntarily beginning the world again, when, what the newspapers call "the devouring element," has destroyed one's stock in trade. One cannot but remember, also, that "such things were;" and that a certain person, intimately acquainted with all one's failings, and foibles, and fancies, is let loose upon the world, and that, "if a body meet a body in a narrow lane," the accidental rencontre would be a bore.

I am quite sure that nothing endears a couple so much to each other as divorce; the moment all ties are severed, we feel that the *shades* of character cannot, by any possibility, hereafter annoy us, it is astonishing how very prominently all the little *lights* start forth on the canvass: so it was with me; others looked upon me as a single man, but I could not blot from the tablet of my memory, that I had heard Jemima Simpkins vow to love, to honour, and to obey me. She had done neither of the three duties, and it wounded me keenly to hear faults attributed to both sides; but had a footpad stopped me on the highway, and robbed me of watch and cash, I do believe the same thing would have been said.

The same thing, in fact, *was* said shortly afterwards, when I was an innocent sufferer, to a severe, indeed, a ruinous extent. Having no domestic ties, no cheerful fireside at home, I began to get low-spirited, and longed for some sort of occupation. I had no pursuit; I could not ride out of a morning, for the mere purpose of riding home again in the afternoon. It is very well for elderly ladies to take what they call airings; but a man in the prime of life requires something more exciting, at least I did, and when I had arranged with the partners of a banking-house in a neighbouring town, that I should be admitted into the firm, I became comparatively happy, for I deemed myself a man of business.

Accounts were not at all in my way. As a boy, I had sighed over the mysteries of multiplication; addition had added materially to my distress, and subtraction had taken away much of my repose. Daily, however, did I ride into the town to call at the bank; assuming all the serious importance of a man of business, talking of my engagements and avocations, and really persuading myself that I had a great deal to do.

All this time, I actually knew nothing of the true condition of the bank; I had given it "my name, which is no part of me;" and, in return, I was told that I should add considerably to my income. But though I had evidently "no speculation in my eye," my partners certainly had in theirs. We speculated in mines, and, unluckily, the mines exploded, and the bank was blown up.

This news was told me, one morning, when I was snugly enjoying my tea and toast: I was insolvent; every thing I had went to answer the calls upon the bank; and, after all, the creditors were paid three-and-seven-pence in the pound; so they curse me, beggar as I am. The principal obloquy certainly has fallen on my partners; but still every body says there were "faults on both sides."

Is not this hard? have I not a right to execrate old women's sayings? But I must end my lamentation; and for once I will admit that even the saying in question may, in an instance or two, few and far between, be used with propriety; for should the reader not quite perceive the point and drift of this paper, and accuse the writer of dulness, then I am quite sure there must be *faults on both sides*. B.



## COQUETRY.

“ Un homme ne peut presque rien dire de sensé sur ce qui se passe au fond du cœur d'une femme tendre : quant à une coquette, c'est différent ; nous avons aussi des sens et de la vanité.”

*De l'Amour*, vol. i. p. 33.

NOTWITHSTANDING the encouragement held out in the sentence which I have adopted as the motto of this paper, I have great doubts of the ability of any one appertaining to the masculine gender to penetrate the mysteries of coquetry ; nor do I think that the senses and vanity of men and of women are so wholly alike, as to warrant a perfect confidence in all the deductions which the former may draw from their own feelings, concerning those of their natural enemy, more commonly and more gallantly denominated “ the fair sex.” The physiologist, in comparing the male and female structure, is compelled to acknowledge this striking difference, that the one is constructed principally with a view to strength, while the other seems to be calculated more especially for variety and extent of motion. In females, the vitality is more exalted, and the nervous system more preponderating over the muscular ; the senses are awakened to more delicate impressions, and the mobility is consequently more easily excitable, but less permanent in its activity. There is, moreover, in the female structure, a set of organs and functions peculiar to the sex, of whose influence on the general organization men can only form a partial guess by a view of the effects. The moralist, in comparing the mental characteristics of the two sexes, discovers an analogous variation. In the female, there is a greater intensity of emotion, more variable desires, a more rapid and intuitive judgment, with greater finesse, and a more quickly kindling imagination. She enjoys, however, an inferior aptitude to labour, both bodily and mental, and she experiences more difficulty in fixing the attention on remote and abstracted propositions, so as to arrive at a clear perception of complicated truths. But the most remarkable moral difference of the sexes lies in the long train of objects and desires which womanhood, with its pains and pleasures, opens to the female, and to which man is wholly a stranger. The results, indeed, are before us, and are amongst the most influential causes of our happiness or misery. We witness the devotion of the wife, the mistress, and the mother ; the patient, long-enduring submission to pain and privation, the self-immolation in the discharge of never-ending duties ; but we know not, we cannot conceive, the sensations and instincts which are the main-springs of a conduct so different from our own. If the natural and healthy play of this machinery escapes the research of the male observer, still less will he comprehend those morbid and irregular movements which accident, and the perverse institutions of society, are capable of exciting in it ; and which, whether they contribute to the heroic and tragical aspect of human life, or furnish the more refined and delicate specimens of its comedy, are matters of deep interest alike to the philosopher and the man. The female mind is altogether a world apart. We may investigate it as moralists, we may study it as lovers, through all the various scenes of a protracted life ; and yet, in many instances, go to our graves as ignorant of its holes and corners, its recesses and its foldings, as at the first hour of adolescent enquiry. It is on this account that women make the best novelists. Men rarely take a good copy of what is before their eyes in female nature, while women paint with a full comprehension of the subject in all its vastness and in all its detail.



With respect to coquetry more especially, there is little reciprocity between the sexes. Men have, indeed, (to use the language of the motto,) senses and vanities, and male coquets are animals now and again to be met with in the world; but it would be a gross abuse of language to infer from this identity of name, a perfect similarity of the affection in both cases. Between the male and female coquet there is this fundamental distinction—that the coquetry of the former is a result of the total absence of passion. Vanity enters into it for all and all; and it properly belongs only to beings who have been unkindly treated by nature. In the female coquet, however cold and heartless she may sometimes be, the senses are not necessarily silent; and, in the indulgence of her vanity, the woman may still predominate. Coquetry must, therefore, be carried very far indeed by the female, to be deprived of all grace; while the slightest tincture of it in a man is at once odious and contemptible. It is not because vanity is more properly a part of the female, than of the male character, that this indulgence is granted to women; men are vain enough in all conscience, and place their vanity in objects far more frivolous than those triumphs, which, after all, are necessary to the moral existence of a female—in places, in riches, in a decoration, or a title. But, to woman, coquetry is natural; while it is not so to a man. In matters of love, man is by his organization more prone to pride than to vanity. The pleasures of a conquest must fail in intensity, before he can find leisure to feed his vanity with its triumphs. As long as the passion has any thing to bestow, he looks in it for nothing beyond itself. But the part of the woman being to be sought and wooed, she cannot, like the male, flatter herself that she has a right to all the love she may wish to inspire. She sees too many of her own sex neglected, not to take delight in the simple fact of any attention that is paid her. Education conspires to develop this trait of character. To please is the first necessity of a woman's social position; and the desire to please is awakened and developed by the habitual pursuit of showy and attractive accomplishments. Her vanity is gratified not only by success, but by the possession of any of the means which lead to success, and by every circumstance that demonstrates to the world its attainment. A wife, indeed, may sometimes be proud of her husband, if his superior qualities afford the occasion; but a mistress is always vain of her lover, vain of the conquest, and vain of the distinction it carries with it. A vanity thus naturally placed is readily pardoned; it is accordingly indulged without restraint, and often without bounds; and women are sometimes thus impelled to seek for admiration in quarters to which they are, as lovers, perfectly indifferent, for the mere pleasure of conquest, and of convincing the spectator of the extent of their powers. Thus far female coquetry is intelligible to man; but there is, I suspect, something beyond this, some unknown pleasure, some latent chord of feeling wholly feminine, of which men entertain no conception. Why else is coquetry so uniform an ingredient in the female character? Why does it show itself in the cabin as well as in the palace, in the ugly as well as in the handsome, in the inexperienced girl, no less than in the finished flirt, in the polished European and in the savage denizen of the woods of America? A phenomenon thus general must depend upon an over-ruling cause inherent in the subject; and Ana-



creon would have had as much reason in assigning coquetry to women as an equivalent for the horse's hoof or the bull's horn, as he had in making beauty the especial armour of female defence. That it is not a result of the passions common to all human beings, may be gathered from the circumstance of its non-appearance before that epoch of life when the desire to please becomes directed towards the fulfilment of a natural law. At this period, a love of the toilet is suddenly developed in all its intensity; and the most slovenly girls are awakened to some sense of the value of personal neatness. If this notion be well founded, and coquetry be indeed an instinct of the sex, it affords another instance in which nature answers a double purpose by one mechanism, and sometimes even arrives at opposite results by the same process. If coquetry excite the female to that adornment of person and of mind which will best exalt her beauty, and increase her attraction in the eyes of man, it operates no less serviceably in enabling its possessor to keep importunity at arm's-length, and in protecting her from the first assaults of her own affections. If women were delivered up to the full influence of that impulse which leads them to set at nought the pangs of childbirth, and the toils and anxieties of maternity, with no other shield than may be found in the cold dictates of reason and prudence, her defence would not long be protracted; and time would not be given for correcting first impressions, by a subsequent inquiry into the temper, habits, and manners of her lover, and into other particulars no less important to the happiness of a wife. No sooner, however, is the *liaison* commenced between the sexes, than love and coquetry, which hitherto had hunted in couples, become antagonist passions. No sooner is the female angler tolerably assured of having hooked her fish, than she begins to play him up and down the stream, and almost loses sight of the proposed end of her operations, in an intense enjoyment of the pleasure of the means. This preoccupation is a powerful auxiliary in saving women from themselves, and preventing a surrender at discretion, which would be any thing but discreet. However much devoted a passionate woman may be to one individual, she is rarely insensible to the pleasure of attracting others; and though a woman of sense and feeling would not indulge this pleasure at the expense of the man to whom she is attached; yet the ordinary run of females can seldom wholly forego the amusement of a little innocent torture, and of playing off one man against another, to improve their power over both. Among the more weak and giddy of the sex, coquetry is thus converted into a conservative principle of the highest value. The silly and the uneducated, divested of all force of character and power of reflection, might become the immediate and the unresisting victims of a first passion; but being thus rendered anxious to extend rather than to improve their conquests, they have neither time nor inclination to devote to one individual, and are prevented from abandoning themselves to a single preference. There are thousands of girls, who, if they had not been coquets and flirts, would have been the dupes of designing scoundrels, or the repentant victims of ill-assorted and unsuitable matches. It is, probably, on this account that coquetry is so fearful to impassioned lovers. There is no quality in the female which so completely baffles an amorous attack, and against which a man is so helpless and unarmed. It has been said that a wo-



man is more difficult to tame than an hyæna. Having never attempted the latter feat, it would not be fair to bear testimony to that point; but no book of natural history informs us that the hyæna, though accused as it is of hypocrisy, was ever particularly given to playing the coquet. La Rochefoucauld has remarked that coquetry is even stronger than love.\* This is not exactly true; for, like all other antagonist affections, their relative preponderance is an affair of temperament and idiosyncrasy, and differs in different individuals. In corrupted cities, and among corrupted natures, the proposition may be correct; for, under such circumstances, passion is blunted by frequent indulgence; while coquetry is an appetite which grows with what it feeds on, and is not to be satiated. Coquetry, likewise, survives the end of its being, and becomes more importunate as time steals more and more of the natural power of pleasing. It lends itself, therefore, to ridicule, and becomes salient precisely at the moment when, in propriety, it ought to disappear.† But in the more honest epoch of youth, and amongst women not wholly perverted by society, there is nothing more likely to cure a coquet than a good, strong, durable passion; and if this cure be, as La Rochefoucauld has elsewhere observed, “the greatest miracle which love can work,” it is only because coquetry is so rarely developed in all its intensity, except in women either naturally cold, or wholly *blasées* on the subject of the affections. To excite a passion in such persons, it must be admitted, partakes something of the miraculous. The influence of coquetry on the female character, like that of most other passions, depends very much on the sense of the individual—all good gifts being alike liable to abuse. There are some women in whom coquetry is so prevalent, that they are in a continued fever of anxiety and agitation, soliciting notice by every possible artifice, and grimacing and acting without stint or pause. They are for ever laying traps to catch attention; and every movement is calculated to remind the company of their presence and pretensions. No matter what may be the subject of conversation, or what the character and condition of the interlocutors, they contrive to give the discourse a turn to themselves, and to inveigle the company into a compliment to their person. I remember a lady of this description, *d’ailleurs* a woman of some talent, who turned her coquetry to a good account by the power she obtained through it over persons of weight and influence in society: she would, however, not the less stoop to throw away a lure on a peasant or a tradesman, or on any thing male that crossed her path; and after having pinned a general officer or a judge to her apron-string for an entire morning, would triumph in putting a common fellow to confusion, or making him own, by some quaint and extraordinary remark, the influence of her charms.

In her instance, indeed, a perfect *bon ton*, and some wit, redeemed the failure, and sometimes rendered it even agreeable; but, generally speaking, there is nothing more obtrusive and troublesome in conversation, than a coquet of this inordinate calibre. If, on the contrary, it be asked in what the difference consists, between the conversation of a

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\* “Les femmes peuvent moins surmonter leur coquetterie, que leurs passions.”

† “Une femme coquette ne se rend point sur la passion de plaire . . . La mignardise et l’affectation l’accompagnent dans la douleur et dans la fièvre; elle meurt parée, et en rubans de couleur.”—*La Bruyère*.



man of a lively fancy and well-stored mind, and that of a woman of sense and spirit, or why the latter possesses a decided superiority over the former? I should not hesitate to place the unknown charm in that dash of coquetry which is inseparable from female nature. The woman constantly *agucée* by the desire to please, like an high-spirited horse that feels the spur, is kept on the alert, and throws out all her fire in a thousand graceful and lively movements, which are not strictly necessary to the progression of discourse, but which infinitely adorn it. The conversational powers of a man of wit can only be excited by the desire to shine; but between that desire and the wish to please there is a vast difference. The desire to shine is apt, at every turn, to betray the speaker into presumption, and to stimulate him to usurp too large and overpowering a share of the conversation. It leads, also, to an unhappy forgetfulness of the genius of the time and place, to a disregard of "*les convenances*." The wish to please, on the other hand, shows itself as much in forbearance as in action, and it develops a delicacy of tact that leaves every one present satisfied with himself. The charm of female society of the highest polish, is no where so well known, or so powerfully felt, as in France; and it is in France, if any where, that coquetry is reduced to an art—I had almost said, a science; for in a French woman of any talent, the instinct is controlled and subdued with a nicety that partakes almost of philosophy. With such a woman, no matter what her age or personal appearance may be, the sex of the speaker is never absent from your thoughts, though she never directly reminds you of it herself; and she makes it impossible to listen to her with that languid indifference which will sometimes steal over the senses in male society, however brilliant, or however profound. In this particular, Madame de Staël was an exception among her countrywomen. In her, the vanity of the author prevailed over the coquetry of the woman. Constantly possessed by the idea of herself, she dissented when she should have discoursed, and talked only for display. Byron measured her very justly, when he preferred her conversation—for an hour. By reducing herself to the level of a man, she lost a large part of that social influence, enjoyed by many females of her nation, who had not half her intellectual resources, but whose eloquence was less *exigeante*. Madame de Staël was, in truth, any thing but a coquet, except in the single instance of the far-famed sprig, or flower, which she uniformly carried, to draw attention to the beauty of her arm: but that was art, not nature; it had none of the refinement and dexterity of a coquetry that comes from the heart. By the by, there is no *façon* more dangerous to take up than coquetry. If it does not come by nature, it is "stark naught." Natural coquetry is *naïve*, and divested of all appearance of premeditation or design; but the *naïveté* of the conventional coquet is sheer knavery, and affords the most disgusting exhibition of affectation which folly can inspire. The affected coquet is to the natural, what the *belle limonadière* of a second-rate *café* is to the elegant woman of the supreme *bon ton*: "Coquette, elle ne l'est pas qui veut." \*

It has been well observed by Helvetius, that a coquet makes the best

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\* "It is not every woman that pleases who can be a coquet."



love for an idle man. The man of business, who has not leisure to follow the doublings of a capricious passion, and is too often compelled to purchase his love ready-made, is reduced to despair by any thing short of exclusive devotion. In him, love “shakes its light wings and in an instant flies” at the first aspect of trouble or vexation; but the idler cools rapidly into indifference, if not kept for ever on the *qui vive*, and he finds an inexpressible charm in the varying humours of a tyrannical and exacting mistress. However much a jealous temper, or a love of ease, may take offence at coquetry in the object of its affections, all men like a spice of it in the rest of womankind. The female who does not show herself a woman, by the occasional practice of those feminine arts which coquetry alone can inspire, is at once set down as a *quasi* man, and is abandoned to neglect. The prominent defect of the *bas bleu* ladies is their affectation of being above coquetry, and the endeavouring to sink the woman in the *bel esprit*. Even the mathematics might be endured, in a pretty woman, if they could be rendered subservient to *agacerie*, as they were in Voltaire’s *Emilie*. In this respect, the literary ladies are much less wise than their sister hypocrites, the sectarians. There is much exquisite coquetry to be found under a Quaker bonnet; while the juvenile Methodists are notorious for the airs and graces which they throw into their religion. They flirt a text with the same dexterity that a mundane fair one flirts her fan; and the stunted Freethinker, however it may fare with his opinions, will be sure to come off, in his affections, second best from a controversy with a young and lively enthusiast. Coquetry, then, like every thing else that exists in nature, has its uses, if man, or rather if woman, has the art to find them out. As in many other cases, this instinct has been judged solely by its abuses, which are exceptional; while its constant services have been ungratefully overlooked. For my own part, I think that female nature, without coquetry, would be as poor a piece of business, as physical nature would be, if deprived of its mantle of green; and I heartily beseech the ladies to bear this verity in mind, and instead of banishing the infirmity from their character, to cultivate it with additional attention, and turn it to the best account, for the furtherance of their own supremacy, and the increase of the happiness of the male creation. If coquetry without passion makes the most heartless and worthless of women, passion without a dash of the coquet, forms the most intolerable of bores. A person so constituted makes incessant claims upon the heart, which she wholly wants the power of exciting, and vainly expects from gratitude that devotion which is only to be inspired by affection. A good deal of passion with a little coquetry forms the beau ideal of female nature; and the combination is perfectly irresistible. For other females, there may be *enjouiemens*, or the affection of habit, and mutual convenience; but for the woman thus constituted is reserved the privilege of turning the head of the sage, and of urging the weaker man of sensibility, as Sheridan expresses it, to madness.

M.



## ANECDOTES OF RUSSIA.\*

Moscow is divided into four parts—the Kremlin, the Kitai-gorod, the Zemlenoi-gorod, and the Beloï-gorod; it has its Boulevards and its public walks, its stone bridge, opera, and baths.

How very differently people pass their lives in different climates; here, if the thermometer was as low as eighteen, an open carriage would be voted a madness; but in Russia, with the thermometer at zero, you will see hundreds of females flying about in sledges, or walking, and not with a very accelerated pace, on the Tverskiâ, when the air appears almost frozen, and shows at every step innumerable artificial rainbows. The frost, which clings to the trees with all the attachment of the leaf in summer, is not like the miserable, dingy-coloured stuff which rests upon the leafless branch in this country, until some urchin happens to run against the tree, and leaves it in an instant as black as a coal. No; it is during the heavy frosts in Russia composed of small icicles, so curiously placed, and so firmly attached, as to defy sometimes the blow of a stick. Although the cold is so intense, the walks are well-peopled, and curious enough they appear—the men's whiskers and mustachios as white as snow, while their faces appear redder than usual. The women look decidedly better during these cold rambles; but I confess, although I have seen a pretty sharp frost—that is to say, at 25 below the zero of Reaumur—and I have seen a pretty good fall of snow, yet I never knew the latter fall so *heavily* as a late writer† experienced, who says, quite innocently, that “the snow fell with such force as to raise marks and weals on his face!”

Moscow is but indifferently paved, and does not contain any street of either considerable extent, or magnificence: unlike the regularity of Petersburg, the streets are narrower, and less regular. Here and there, are fine squares; and amongst these, the square in which the Russian theatre is built must be admitted as the best. The theatre faces the Kremlin, having an extensive open place between, where the vegetable-market, the Covent-garden of Moscow, is held. Its exterior is not very imposing; but the interior is not only handsome but extensive. The first opera I saw was “Helen, Queen of Golconda,” played for the benefit of Miss Semenoo, of the Petersburg Russian opera. The orchestra was powerful, and the whole performance creditable. Madame Semenoba and G. Lobanoff exhibited in a new Russian dance, called “Plasate.” I would a thousand times sooner see that elegant, graceful picture of the advance of love, than all the twisting, twirling pirouettes

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\* Having observed in the Court Journal the following remark—“The statement lately published in a periodical work, setting forth that a great number of those traitors were beheaded, is decidedly incorrect; five only were executed;” the author of the “Anecdotes of Russia” requests the author of the “Anecdotes of the Imperial Family” to refer to the December Number of the New Monthly, in which, speaking of the general fallacy, that the sentence of death was unknown in Russia, it is particularly mentioned that “five only were executed, and that they were hanged on the walls of the Fortress of St. Petersburg.” The author of the “Anecdotes of the Imperial Family” has mistaken the paragraph published in the February New Monthly, in which many are said “to have lost their lives:” this refers to the massacre in the Place d’Isaac, and not to any execution according to the sentence of what they are pleased to call *Law*.

† Granville, vol. i. p. 518.



of our opera. Independent of the measured step of the dancers, a full chorus occasionally bursts forth, while a melancholy, but by no means an unpleasant air, was sung by a single voice during the intervals. I confess myself never to have experienced much pleasure in a theatrical dance; the mere capering, like active monkeys, or twirling round like dancing dervishes, I never could consider either graceful or interesting; but in the Russian dance is represented the first attachment, the progress, the coyness, the piquing and soothing of love; and when the proposal is made, the grace and apparent affection by which it was accepted was capitally performed. Scarcely had these dancers made their exit, when Mr. Rishard and Mrs. Karlamova Kaperseva began the Cossack dance. For activity and strength, I fancy, this dance is unrivalled; the music was wild, and the two performers with the hard names kicked and flung about, much in the manner of a child's harlequin when the string is pulled vehemently; it appeared as if one leg was ashamed of the company of the other, and both tried to get out of the way as rapidly as possible: then came the graceful Maziorka, with about five of its thousand variations. For a traveller, I could not have seen a better performance than this; it gave me a clear idea of the different national dances, and of the beauty of the Russian language.

When Moscow was in all its glory, the inhabitants were rich enough to afford an Italian and a French opera, but later years have proved the speculation a losing concern; the Italian opera is now quite extinct; and the company of French players who arrived during my visit to Moscow, were unfortunate enough to enter that capital four days before the death of the Empress Mother; that melancholy event threw a real gloom over the city, and the purses of the inhabitants, and the doors of the theatres, became in one instant closed for two months. Public exhibitions were generally prohibited for a year; but the present Emperor had the good sense to order that the performers should resume their operations, as he did not desire his subjects to mourn over this national calamity longer than was requisite for the maintenance of decency and proper feeling.

The crows had long foretold the approach of a rigorous winter; the wet, miserable weather which precedes the first regular fall of snow, and the first enduring frost, had passed away, and winter, with its clear blue sky, hard frost, and cutting winds, had fairly commenced. The families of the different nobility had assembled in their city habitations, and balls, dinner-parties, sledging, &c. were in regular order. In short, every thing became dry and comfortable; and much as some chilly people may wonder at the name of comfort, with a thermometer at 15 degrees below zero of Reaumur, yet certain it is, that the interior of a Russian house, in point of warmth, has a very decided advantage over the houses in this country. The method of equally distributing heat by means of stoves has a great advantage over a coal fire, which only partially warms a room, and always creates a draught of air enough to extinguish a candle. The double windows are another advantage; the cold wind may whistle about the dwelling, but when the windows are carefully arranged, it is almost impossible for the slightest air to penetrate. It is true that carpets are not always found, but the comfort of a fire is alike common to the better part of Russian houses. Well provided for in-doors, and a good supply of furs to face the ele-



ments, Russia is not, I can assure my readers, by any means an uncomfortable residence during the winter. I had partaken largely of the hospitality of the Russians at Moscow; I had resided there some months in a round of continual pleasure and conviviality, when the death of the Empress Mother occurred, and I determined to remove to St. Petersburg.

Before, however, I introduce my readers to the Moscow Diligence, I shall pay the just tribute of gratitude for the unbounded hospitality and attention I received. I do not know any capital in which this virtue is carried to such a length as Moscow. On my first introduction, the princess, in whose house I was introduced, taking me by the hand, presented me to the different ladies and gentlemen there assembled. I was desired to send my card to each house before noon the next morning; and from that moment, it was difficult to find an evening which I could enjoy at my own house. Card after card, invitation after invitation—and then the Governor's Thursday *soirées*, and Sunday balls, completed the list of the week. As far as attention in every respect could be acceptable, I can safely say I experienced it, and I hope I am not ungrateful, or forgetful.

The evening before my departure, a few choice spirits assembled at a restaurateur's to have a farewell glass of champagne. We did credit to that; and our parting was such as is always seen when men have endeavoured to become acquainted with each other, and when each has endeavoured to please (and to be pleased) with his neighbour.

In Moscow, I pity the unfortunate man who resides in an inn. Clarke's description would certainly be rather too highly painted for the present times; but I never remember to have seen such holes, such dirty holes, as the good Bonifaces were pleased to call "apartments furnished." These things are fast altering for the better, and the next traveller may, I hope, for his own comfort, have to contradict this statement. The best public lodgings are at Yard's, the restaurateur, on the Pont de Maréchal; but with a little care and trouble, the traveller may find most excellent private lodgings, particularly in the Bolskoi Lubanka, at the English Magazine, in which house my travelling companion, and myself and servant, were lodged and fed, to the utmost of English and Swedish appetites, for twenty paper rubles a day, being about seventeen shillings and fourpence: and if half a dozen extra people tumbled upon us at dinner, no extra charge was ever made. Wine, of course, was a separate concern, and this is no trifling expense—champagne, about 22 rubles a bottle, and claret much about the same. Beer excellent and cheap, and the meat only one penny sterling per lb. A large turkey, or a goose, at one ruble; bread in proportion; in short, every eatable, to use a vulgar expression, "dirt cheap." If Moscow was not so far off, it would be a capital retiring place for the half-starved of this country.

Independently of the cheap price of provisions, there is something else favourable to residing in Moscow: one is not dazzled from morning to night by the brilliant uniform of the officers; and a gentleman looks more in his proper place in Moscow than in the northern capital. I remember a certain Prince, who dined with me, making his appearance with thirteen orders—every thing, from the copper medal for the battle of the Moskowa, to the superior order of St. Anne. It required



about an hour's time to learn the history of his different exploits: he fought all his battles o'er again, and about six hundred times he slew the slain. I have seen a Professor of great celebrity writing letters in his dressing-gown, with three stars stuck upon the same *robe-de-chambre*. Once when, during a bitter cold morning, an elderly gentleman alighted from his travelling-carriage at a miserable inn, to endure the half-hour's uncomfortable delay always experienced in changing horses, and, to enjoy a little real heat, disrobed himself of his shube, to my great surprise I saw no less than five stars and orders. The rage for appearing in this trumpery baffles all belief. Every common soldier has four or five of these dingle-dangles from his coat; and I could scarcely convince my friends that in England we were contented to exhibit our honours once or twice a-year. Not contented with the five hundred orders, more or less, common to the Russians, the Emperor caused an Order of Merit to be brought into use in 1828. If any officer had been tried at a court-martial, although he had been acquitted, he could not wear the order. It was altogether a trumpery concern—a golden wreath of oak-leaves, I believe, with the number of years of faithful service marked in the centre: to be sure, in some countries, it was thought expedient to mark the vagabonds, but in Russia it is found much easier to mark the apparently honest. It is not very long ago that a gallant captain of our navy was introduced to the Emperor—as usual, he inquired concerning the life and active service of the officer; the latter modestly mentioned about a dozen brilliant exploits. “How is it,” said the Emperor, “you have no decorations?”—“In England,” replied the gallant captain, “they give few decorations; but they give us half-pay, and which I for one take to be rather a better thing.” The pay and regulations relative to the Russian army may be the subject of a future paper.

I took leave with considerable regret of my friends at Moscow, and walked round the Kremlin the last day, for the last time, perhaps, of my life. I gazed with delight on its splendid structures, and recalled to my memory its rise, its progress, its downfall, and its resurrection. On reviewing with a hasty glance the splendour of the city, I could scarcely credit, that sixteen years past it was one heap of miserable ruins! that here, a few years back, an army, of no very extraordinary numbers, could scarcely find a shelter! and that the ruin of the city was the first step to the overthrow of the greatest man since the time of Mahomet!

The passports were arranged without much trouble, and the fare in the Diligence paid for, to the amount of 110 rubles for an inside place, and 80 for the servant's uncomfortable, exposed seat at the back of the vehicle. A quarter of an hour before the starting-time, my travelling companion and myself were at the Diligence office; here we found a short, ugly-looking gentleman, with as many wraps as a mummy, pacing up and down the room, and abusing every body in the most classic Russian. It appeared that only three places had been taken, one by my travelling companion and one by myself—the ugly gentleman had taken the third place; and as no fourth person had appeared who felt inclined to pay for his passage, the goodnatured managers of these mismanaged vehicles were proposing to stuff the place with a ponderous, well-mustachioed *conducteur*, who, independently of his own skin,



brought with him a damp sheepskin, which perfumed the office enough to create a plague. It is no joke to sit quietly in a Diligence for three days and nights, overcoming all difficulties which offer themselves in a distance of about 724 versts—a vacant place is an inestimable benefit—each man may occasionally change his place, stretch his legs, and make himself comparatively comfortable. When I learnt the subject of this strange hiatus, I was by no means backward in coming forward. It is a well-ascertained fact in all the police-offices on the Continent, that if there is a row, or a disturbance, or a fire, or a fight, if an Englishman is within hearing, he is sure very shortly to be in the midst of it. It was impossible, with the national character at stake, and words running high, that two Englishmen should be present and neither interfere; and as both simultaneously felt for our reputations, we both opened forth at the secretary at the same moment, assisted at times by our Swedish servant, who jumbled together a wholesome mixture of Swedish, Russian, French, and German, being the only person who could clearly comprehend the upshot of his own Babylonian remarks. The secretary stared, the ugly man stamped, my companion and myself expostulated, and the Swede vociferated; it was quite a matter of favour in our domestic, as he knew us too well to fancy he could be allowed to fill the vacant seat. After half an hour's talking on our side, and half an hour's bowing and silence on the part of the enemy, the *conducteur*, shouldering his sheep-skin, walked to the door, and very scientifically took up the best position in the diligence, wrapping the obnoxious article round his coarse legs; and puffing out a long line of smoke from a bad cigar, sighed in a contented manner, “Eh bien! me voici bien placé,” which was all the French he was master of, and which we heartily wished he had made use of on any other occurrence. The sheep-skin occupied so much room that it was evident the opposite man's knees would be in his own mouth, and as birds of a feather understand each other best, my companion and myself seized the places opposite each other, and waited, with no small anxiety, to see how the ugly man could dispose of himself and his short legs. He came and he kicked, but all to no purpose, the *conducteur* was too well behaved to make any remarks, and the sheep-skin defended the offended parts; down at last sat the little man, his legs doubled up in the most painful situation, which he in vain endeavoured to elongate—away went the diligence, jolt, jolt, giving the ugly gentleman the appearance of a Dutch tumbler, before it becomes steady on its seat of honour. The ugly gentleman would have rolled and tumbled the whole way to Petersburg, had not the vile sheep-skin impeded the progress of our legs. Now, as we both had travelled much about this little world, we had found that in all cases it is better to act in the commencement as you intend to continue—we very shortly trod the vile appendage from the *conducteur*'s knees, and the little man established his crooked legs in some degree of comfort. In the Russian diligence, it appears, that a majority of voices may detain the carriage at any place in order to dine; now our Russian companion, understanding that the English preferred late hours, very civilly offered to agree to our propositions. We had travelled the road before, and always remarked that we progressed nearly one third more during the daylight, than with an equal quantity of time in the night; we therefore proposed never to dine until after dark, giving the above reason; to this our companion consented, and the stinking *conducteur* offered no



opposing voice, indeed we took special good care never to consult him. The days finished about a quarter to four, p. m. and at four we had all the misery of the night. The ground was covered with snow, but the vehicle was not on the sledges, owing to the snow having fallen partially, or in a gale of wind; the consequence was, it had drifted and left some parts of the road as bare as in summer. For about the first sixty versts we were on the *chaussé*, and advanced at a good respectable pace; we had found our proper positions, and had shaken into our proper places. At the second *relais* at Peachki, a distance of fifty versts from Moscow, we determined to dine; we had taken the precaution of bringing some wine with us, and, to my astonishment, considering the place, we found no lack of any of the good things of this life; our Russian companion ordered the dinner, and frequently told us not to hurry ourselves, or be uncomfortable, as we could detain the coach as long as we thought proper. Thus, therefore, once for all, let me assure future travellers, that between Polangen and Petersburg—Petersburg and Moscow, they need not stuff their carriages or themselves with useless lumber in the way of eatables; they will find game in abundance, and always something to satisfy the appetite. Wine is the only thing requisite to be provided. Our dinner over, we again continued the route. The darkness of the night invited us to slumber, but the incessant jolts quite overcame drowsiness; we were jolted one against the other, sometimes the head forced against the roof; the whole night being one of the most uncomfortable I ever remember to have experienced. Day-dawn showed us the lofty towers of Twer, here we stopped to breakfast; but previous to the customary scene of gormandizing, our servant appeared as usual with water, &c. for the duly cleansing of our persons and faces. The ugly gentleman viewed the innovation on Russian travelling with decided astonishment. It was rank apostacy from all received rules; for here, as in South America, from the time of the commencement of the journey until its conclusion, no face amongst the Russian travellers ever knows the comfort of a razor or the benefit of water. He urged us with all the warmth of friendship not to risk our lives by the imprudent ablution. “Your faces,” said he, “will become black, you will be cold and uncomfortable all day, and your hands will be frost-bitten.” In vain he solicited, and when he saw us about to change our linen, he voted us, without a moment’s delay, a pair of madmen rushing to our ruin, and quietly sat himself down in a distant corner, qualifying all his sayings with a glass of brandy, and consuming no inconsiderable breakfast.

Twer is a large and populous place; it is divided into the old and the new town, the former is situated on the right bank of the Volga, and the latter, which formerly was built of wood, was burnt down in the reign of Catherine II. The Empress gave her imperial orders for its rebuilding in the modern style, and from the miserable remnants of poverty, a city of some splendour has arisen. The streets of the new town are regular, and the houses almost entirely of brick or stone. Those of wood are carefully ornamented, and in many instances appear to more advantage than their more solid neighbours. The Governor’s palace, that of the Bishop, and of the Justice, were built by order of the Empress, and to those who built their houses of stone or brick she offered to lend the sum of one thousand four hundred rubles for twelve



years. It is said, that on this occasion, she advanced three hundred thousand rubles, and not in vain, for now Twer is a place of magnitude, and a city deserving the attention of the traveller. It has numerous charitable institutions, splendid squares, and a great trade by means of the Twertza and the Volga. These rivers seem, or did appear, during the summer when I first visited them, covered with large boats and rafts; the commerce was immense, and the town a scene of active speculation and industry. The towns are connected by a bridge five hundred and fifty feet long, constructed upon eleven barges. The Volga, one of the largest rivers in Europe, has its source in the forest of Wolkenski, about one hundred and ten versts from Twer; it begins to be navigable a short distance above the city, but the water is shallow, and shoals numerous, thus rendering the navigation extremely hazardous and difficult. By the junction with the Twertza, the communication of the Volga with the Neva is effected, and thus a watery conveyance is established between the Baltic and the Caspian Sea. The country around Twer is cultivated, and produces an abundance of corn, rye, barley, oats, hemp, flax, with all sorts of vegetables; and not very distant are the immense forests, in which all the woods of cold climates, and all the wild beasts of Russia seem concentrated. The Volga is plentifully provided with fish, such as the sterlet, salmon, pike, &c.

The sterlet, from which the caviare is taken, is reckoned the finest of the Russian fishes, alike common to St. Petersburg and Moscow. To the former they are taken in small boxes, with holes to admit the water, and are towed to the capital by the above-mentioned water conveyance; to Moscow they are conveyed by the Okka. The sterlet rarely exceeds three feet in length, is remarkably rich, and equally ugly. I am afraid to say the amount which has been paid for one of these fishes,—an exorbitant sum, which would only be believed as a traveller's anecdote.

The diligence made a long halt at Twer. It was winter, the bridge had been removed, and the Russian police, who are extremely anxious that no man should lose his life, doubted much if the ice was sufficiently strong to bear our cumbersome vehicle. I certainly did not hear the conversation, or, God knows, I should have been one of the last to remain inside with my large cloak, and every convenience for assisting Fortune, if she were inclined to drown me. All travellers have mentioned the apparent apathy with which a Russian faces death, or accident; they roar out, "*nebos*," (never fear,) and dash at danger like a child at a mince-pie. The first thing which awakened my fears, (for I am pretty subject to them,) was the halt of the vehicle, until every person should be removed from the ice, and the strongest presumed part marked out for our guidance. In vain I used my utmost voice to be released from the cursed vehicle, in which I foresaw certain death if the ice gave way, and the ugly gentleman, with the conducteur and his sheepskin, should roll over me. Even our servant seemed insensible to the call of his masters, and, therefore, seeing no chance of getting out, for on my side I should have rolled down the bank, the carriage having stopped on the very brink, I made my mind up, as well as I was able, to die, if it was requisite, like a gentleman. We moved on, but by no means on a right line; the carriage slid gently towards the



edge of the bank, and one moment more would have settled the whole concern, by upsetting us down the declivity; fortunately a large stone stopped the wheel, the carriage immediately lost its proper balance, and remained fairly in doubt which way to go on two wheels. "Stoi, stoi!" (stop, stop,) roared the ugly gentleman; "stoi," cried the *conducteur*; and I being no stoic, roared, for the love of Allah, to stop. During the whole of this long second in imagination, a Russian police officer was standing with the greatest coolness immediately on the spot where the diligence would have fallen, merely putting up his cane to hinder the upset, and saying, as if in response, "Stoi, stoi." My companion, in the most ungrateful manner, burst out into a loud laugh, which he could not control for the rest of the journey, and once or twice afterwards in his sleep bellowed out "Stoi, stoi," and awoke himself by laughing, to the no small mortification of our travelling companions. We were now on the river, fair enough on the Volga—crack, crack, went the ice; I could not breathe, Expectation held her breath. We crossed in safety, escaping narrowly an uncomfortable exit from this world in the cool waters of the Volga. On ascending the opposite bank we were in no small danger from a retrograde motion; but the application of the whip, and the encouraging voice of the driver, gave extra strength to the small horses, and I said an extra prayer when I found the diligence once more on the firm earth, and once more progressing towards Petersburg. At Torsholk we did what all travellers have done, purchased caftan belts, and slippers, of their peculiar manufacture; and much I rejoice that, in spite of all custom-houses, I have seen these elegant belts encircle the small waist of more than one of our beautiful countrywomen. Vishnei Voloschok was made a free town in the time of Catherine II. and exhibits much bustle and active employments. The streets are regular, and the long line of shops situated on the banks of the famous canal, begun and finished in the reign of Peter I. show the advantage and the industry of free men over the miserable indolence and forced work of a depressed and enfeebled set of slaves. The canal was destined to join the Twertza and the Msta, and to establish by this means a communication between the Caspian and the Baltic. No sooner was it finished, than the trade of Astracan, Saratoff, &c. became immense with St. Petersburg, and the water-conveyance (the heavy charges having been lately abolished) brings the different fruits, goods, manufactures, &c. to the market of the northern capital. We dined at Simogorgi, having passed Koliloff, a village which many years back was burnt to the ground. That these accidents do not occur more frequently is astonishing, as the peasants generally use long strips of the fir by way of candles; these are stuck against the wall, and the slightest draught of air might endanger the premises. Simogorgi is situated on a rising ground, overlooking the lake of Waldai, about four hundred versts from Moscow. We had now passed the bad road, and the rest of the journey we knew would be comparatively a bed of roses. On leaving Moscow, for the first sixty or seventy versts, there is a *chaussée*, but from that moment to the arrival at Waldai the traveller need not expect much rest; the roads are made of trunks of trees, covered first with branches and then with earth, stones, &c. no one can form an idea of the jerks and jumps to which he will be subjected, for the Russians are by no means disposed



to fill up a vacancy which wet, or rotten timber, may have occasioned. Not unfrequently you are galloped through a field, hopped in and out of roads and lanes, no impediment being considered a difficulty. On one occasion we were nearly brought to the necessity of retracing our steps. We had left the main road to find a better one in a corn-field, and came suddenly upon one of those ten thousand little streams which are eternally found on the route. These, on the high roads, are crossed by small bridges, with extremely neat iron-railings, in the centre of which are the imperial arms. To my sorrow I saw no chance of a bridge, and the conducteur coasted along the banks in hopes of finding a ford; at last his patience was exhausted, and he resolved to endeavour to leap the ditch, diligence and all. The vehicle was taken back a few paces, like a boy's retreat before he takes the leap, and then faced towards the stream; before I could rightly comprehend the manœuvre, the horses were set off at full gallop, and the diligence made to leap the ditch; to be sure, we stuck in the middle, but we escaped an upset, and got across the difficulty unhurt. The postilion amused his horses by his constant singing. When one horse does not properly perform his work, he is rebuked in plain Russian, and certainly understands the censure, and reforms his ways.

Waldai is the prettiest-situated town through which the road passes. It is placed on a rising ground, overlooking a lake of about thirty versts in circumference, studded with islands, and surrounded by a cultivated country. In the middle of the lake, on a small island, is the Monastery of Iwerkoi, dedicated to the Virgin, and founded by the celebrated Nikon. The building is magnificent; the numerous spires give more the appearance of a town than the residence of a few fanatic monks, who, however much disposed to solitude, have about 1500 peasants, and are reputed by the fair ladies of Waldai as not over-fond of the island during the mild nights of a Russian summer. The women of Waldai are celebrated for their beauty and their contempt of virtue; there is no rebuke applicable to a lady like declaring her "a woman of Waldai." On the arrival of any traveller, he is instantly surrounded by a score of these women, each offering herself, or her bread, for sale; the innkeepers, if they can be dignified by that name, perfectly understand the trade, and admit these unhealthy mortals into the different rooms; the which rooms, being always closed during the winter, do not require the additional assistance of these dirty women to render them almost uninhabitable. On one occasion, concluding that fresh air might be beneficial to ourselves and our hostess, we opened one of the panes of glass. The enraged fury no sooner felt the keen wind, than she rushed out of the house and drove a large nail in the window, which effectually hindered any one else from endeavouring to save her life.

All the villages through which we passed resembled each other—one solitary street, the houses almost entirely built of wood. They are generally square in shape, built of trunks of trees, with small apertures as apologies for windows, but they answer well to guard against the inclemency of the winter. Many of the houses are curiously ornamented with carved woods, some having the staircase on the outside, some looking comfortable and clean, others the very emblem of dirt and poverty. The interior seldom consists of more than two rooms,



one of which is used for the kitchen, and the other contains the inmates of the house, sometimes to the amount of ten or fifteen people. If there is a bed, it belongs to the master and mistress. They never undress going to bed : one sleeps at the head, and the other at the foot ; the different gradations of children, relations, and inhabitants, sleep upon the floor, on the stove, or on a bench, according to fancy ; but the stove is always an enviable situation, its warmth is the height of luxury. The poorer classes awake with the dawn, and after a good shake, they invariably stand before the god, cross themselves with the holy water, prostrate themselves before the picture, and repeat the words "Gospodi Pomelui." Washing and shaving are quite unusual. The breakfast consists generally of black bread soaked in milk, and the whole assembly, with their eatables, are as dirty, as highly perfumed, and as disgusting, as can well be imagined. The favourite deity is almost always a St. Nicholas, or St. Alexander Newski. The better kind of peasants are well dressed, and, comparatively speaking, well fed. The black bread does not look the most enticing of food, neither is its sour taste likely to be grateful the first time to the palate ; but custom and fatigue soon reconcile the traveller to this miserable fare ; and quass, which when well made is excellent, and when indifferently manufactured is a noisome beverage, will be found to allay thirst better than almost any other fluid. It is said to be a most excellent anti-scorbutic.

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ORIGINAL STANZAS.

"Where  
The unreach'd paradise of our despair,  
Which o'er-informs the pencil and the pen?"—*Childe Harold*.

"SPIRIT of the trackless mind,  
Bear me on thine airy wings,  
Worlds of sense I'll leave behind,  
Faithful to thy wanderings!

"Hast thou no untrodden land  
Where my pilgrim feet may rest?  
No unrifled mines at hand,  
Rich in treasures unpossessed?"

"Mortal! I have yet in store  
Gems of pure and radiant thought,  
Veins of bright, unsullied ore,  
Ne'er to golden vessels wrought!

"Deep those treasures lie—too deep,  
Hid within the heart's lone cave,  
Pearls the eyes' dark fountains weep,  
Curdling near Oblivion's wave!"

"Fruits of rare, delicious taste,  
Tree of Knowledge I would gather."—

"Mortal! on life's dreary waste  
Good and evil spring together!

"Blent in shades of mix'd degree,  
Ne'er canst thou those blossoms sever ;  
Rather seek that mystic tree,  
Whose golden fruits endure for ever!"

M. A. C.

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## ON FASHIONS IN MEDICINE.

“ Nel difetto d’una forza politica, bisogna ricovrere ad una forza teocratica.”  
*Filangieri.*

“ Je ne prends point à tâche, de combattre la médecine ; et chacun à ses peril et fortune peut croire tout ce qu’il lui plaît.”—*Moliere.*

THE second motto affixed at the head of this paper will, I hope, quiet the alarms of the timid, and protect the writer from a suspicion of belonging to that class of very ill-disposed persons, who can find nothing better to do with their time than to call in question profitable abuses, and to preach crusades against whatever is ancient and respectable. Heaven forbid that any one, having the honour to write for “The New Monthly Magazine,” should be so abandoned of gods and men, so lost to all sense of what is due to his own peace and prosperity, as to interfere with any department of public credulity, or strive to leave the world with one folly less than he found in it on his first arrival at years of discretion! Medicine, most especially, should be held sacred from such rude attacks and unmannered questioning. It is the younger sister of theology, and coheiress to all its privileges; and though it has not entered into the same strict alliance with the state, nor succeeded in raising any of its professors to the style and title of Right Reverend Fathers in *Æsculapius*, yet its mysteries are not the less to be respected and revered. Pills and boluses, like creeds and confessions, are to be swallowed with a blind devotion; and the dicta of physicians, like the pastorals of the bishop, are to be received with a becoming prostration of mind. How it has happened that a science so venerably untangible, so ceremoniously remote from the evidence of the senses, should have escaped the protection of Attorneys-general, it were hard to determine; still more difficult is it to conceive by what happy accident—(or, to speak more reverentially,) by what special intervention of Providence social order has kept its head above water, without an endowed hierarchy of physicians and surgeons, without a medical rectory in every parish, and without an ordained army of working pestles and mortars, to physic the parishioners. Judging by analogy, I should say it is nothing less than miraculous that this happy nation should have so long preserved its integrity, and made a successful stand against the numerous “leviathans” who have, from time to time, hungered and thirsted to “swallow it up quick,” in their furious displeasure,—seeing that, by an unpardonable want of foresight, individuals have been permitted to approach the helm of the state, no matter how damnable their errors in therapeutics,—that the Prime Minister may rule the Treasury Benches with a constitution loaded with De Velno’s vegetable syrup,—or a Chancellor direct the King’s conscience under the pernicious influence of a full dose of Dr. Solomon’s Balm of Gilead. The long continuance of this anarchical and jacobinical state of physic is the more extraordinary, inasmuch as statesmen and philosophers have had ample experience of its dangerous tendency; for though his Majesty, God bless him! as far as I know, has never been poisoned by a Popish charlatan, nor have the two Houses of Parliament been blown up by Jesuits’ powder, yet have the minds of the lieges been but too frequently harassed by conflicting winds of medical doctrine, their principles unsettled by monographs and systems of schismatic physicians, the foun-



dations of orthodox science been shaken, and the unthinking betrayed into an atheistical doubt of the healing grace of medicine itself. But why do I mention orthodox medicine? Where all opinions are on a perfect footing of equality, where the state has not interfered to determine which shall be the powerful and wealthy theory and which the excluded and unendowed, no one opinion is, more than another, entitled to the epithet of orthodox; nor can any adequate provision be made for preventing the prevalence of a deplorable indifference concerning the materia medica, or for keeping alive among the people a vital sense of the blessings of the art.

This licentious and free-trade condition of things has manly contributed to the unsettled and fluctuating fortunes of medicine. The absence of a state discipline and doctrine shows itself, not only in the number of irregular practitioners and quacksalvers, and in the profusion of patent medicines and old woman's recipes, but in the endless variety of opinions and practices maintained by diplomatized doctors, on every particular in the round of science. If the unity of the Church be a point desired, and sought for, by the most eminent theologians, the very reverse seems to be the scope of the great lights of physic. Every practitioner has his own hobby, which he rides without stint or discretion, to the remotest consequences; every day, sects rise and fall; new notions are broached, obtain a temporary vogue, then die, and are heard of no more; and not unfrequently the most contradictory theories obtain a concurrent and co-influential jurisdiction over the minds of the profession and the public. How pestilent, and dangerous to good government, is this laxity, or (I may say) anarchy in the profession, need not be declared. If it be true in theology, that an atheist is a less venomous animal, and a less terrible contamination to the true flock, than a schismatic, it is not less evidently so in respect to medicine; for the man who, like Moliere's Don Juan, is "*impie en medicine*," will at least leave Nature to shift for herself, and will have nothing to answer for but faults of omission; whereas the sturdy schismatic, in a vain confidence in his own nostrum, or his worse theories, falls into the daily and hourly breach of the eighth commandment, and is one of the most efficient population checks with which society is plagued. If medicine had, from the beginning, been placed upon the same inquisitorial footing as theology, there would have been but one legitimate high road to the other world; while under present circumstances every practitioner takes his own by-path, and they all lead to the same point, just as it has been said that every road leads to Rome. There are not less than fifty ways of rendering the single disease of fever mortal, and of sending the patient to heaven *secundum artem*. This evil is not without its inconvenience to the professors themselves. Schismatics in medicine, like their brethren among the ecclesiastics, are much given to a fanatical zeal for their own confession of faith. They leave no stone unturned to make proselytes; and have no objection to a little gentle persecution of rivals, for the greater glory of their peculiar sect. It was thus that the famous Dr. Woodward, so celebrated by Martinus Scriblerus, very nearly fell a victim to the spirit of controversy, having narrowly escaped death in a duel, occasioned by a dispute on the relative merits of the hot and cold methods of treating the small-pox. (How superfluous, by the by, was it in the physicians of those times to



carry their swords to the bedside, and to go armed with steel through the world, when they had a more deadly weapon at hand in their pens, and when a thrust of a lancet might be as fatal as a three-edged Toledo.) Poor Dr. Jenner, also, spent his days in endless hot water, and was almost at fisty-cuffs with Moseley and the anti-vaccinists. Neither is it altogether foreign to the same conclusion, that Priestley suffered as much for his chemical as for his religious and political opinions; and that, though his house was burned by the Birmingham loyalists, he was scarcely less annoyed for maintaining the heresy of Phlogiston than for denying the immateriality of the soul. Harvey, who was in medicine what Luther was in religion, underwent pretty nearly the same round of calumnies and misrepresentations; and if he was not burned, like Servetus, it was only because the secular power refused to lend its arm to give effect to the velleities of the scientific. In this march-of-intellect, nineteenth century, Broussais, the grand heresiarch of Parisian medicine, lies very much in the same predicament, and would be given up by the faculty, to be bled to death by his own leeches, if the penal code did not stand between him and the anger of his brethren, the old-light practitioners. Now this is not only a great scandal to the universal church of physic, but a serious drawback on the comforts of the profession. If the College of Physicians were but empowered to draw up a confession of faith, a sort of thirty-nine articles of medical orthodoxy, and if their decree were fortified by ample temporalities, and a bench in the House of Lords, this nuisance, if not wholly abated, would be banished from the circle of regular practice; and as for the sectarians, inasmuch as they would then be nobodies, and belong to nothing that is respectable, they would justly be regarded as the offscourings of the art, and as wholly unworthy of a gentleman's consideration.

Among the many marked analogies which subsist between medicine and theology, and with which the reader must have been struck in the perusal of the foregoing pages, the influence of sex is not the least singular and curious. If two old women and a cat suffice to give birth to a new religious sect, two Ladies Bountiful and an apothecary are enough to found a medical heresy. The St. Theresas and the St. Clares were not more powerful agents in upholding a fallen dogma, than a Countess or a Duchess is in giving vogue to a starving practitioner. Without the influence of a female coterie, full many a medical flower would have blushed unseen, and many a gigantic reputation would have languished unknown to fame. Nor can any just exception be taken, that it is the man, and not the doctrine, which is thus pushed into notice: for opinions are mere dead-letters and unembodied abstractions, except as they are incorporated and vivified in the individuals who represent them. Besides, there is an abundance of females to whom doctrines are not indifferent, who can talk as learnedly on typhus, and liver, and other medical vagaries, without understanding their own meaning, as the profession themselves. On this point of female influence, it may not be unworthy of notice, that the single ladies more especially addict themselves to gospel controversies, while the married dames are most frequently zealous in the cause of medical polemics. On this account no one is more fit to broach a new doctrine in the practice of physic than an accoucheur. He is to the common physician what a fresh-coloured young saint is among the preachers of the word: no sooner



does he introduce himself into a family, under the sanction of the petticoat, than he straightway masters the intellects of all its members ; and the good man of the house has no rest or peace till he conforms to all the whims and caprices of the lord of the ascendant.

With all its disposition to be licentious, the human mind has but a small and limited career in which to expatiate. Some half dozen leading ideas are its *fond de boutique* ; and, pent up in this Utica of possibility, it runs its round of thought very much like a squirrel in a cage. The science of medicine, unshackled as it has been by institutions, is, on this account, prone to adopt most of the errors into which theology falls, when the latter has given its tutors the slip, and has escaped out of bounds. Between the greater and more marked sects in physic, and those in divinity, there is a coincidence, that would be truly astounding to any one not aware what a trumpery jew's-harp the intellect of man really is, and how limited is its compass. Thus the expectants in medicine, who are perpetually absorbed in the contemplation of phenomena, who religiously abstain from all interference with the natural course of a disease, and retreat before the difficulties it presents, act precisely on the principle of the ascetics of the church, who refuse to contribute to the wants of society, for fear they should succumb to the world's temptations. The active practitioners, on the contrary, who are perpetually interfering, and will never suffer nature to do any thing for herself, are like the church militant, which is ever on the alert to wrestle with the devil, and takes on itself to direct the thoughts, words, and deeds, of every member of the community over which it presides. The Humoralists and the Solidists long divided the world of medicine, as the Arians and the Athanasians did the western church. Galen was in himself an entire council of Trent, and governed the art despotically for ages, till Paracelsus set up the chemical heresy, and the triumphal car of antimony\* drove through the ranks of ancient orthodox. The overthrow of the Aristotelian philosophy, like the reformation in the church, opened a door to the infinity of minor sects which have in turn distracted physic ; and the present days of jacobinical free inquiry have not produced more dissent in religion than they have in medicine. All the great nations of Europe have set up their own especial school of physic, each differing *toto cælo* from the other, treating diseases in the most opposite ways, *e semper bene*. Italy has its contra-stimulant creed, France its expectant creed ; in England the empyrical faith prevails, (a sort of independent, anabaptist anarchy,) and the Germans are the ontologists of medicine. In this, the Germans and the English represent the realists and nominalists of the old school philosophy ; the Anglicans, like the nominalists, practising at symptoms ; and the Germans, like the realists, at an abstract entity. If theology has its Bible placed on the index at Rome, and reverentially studied at Geneva, medicine has its calomel, the god of English idolatry, anathematized and rejected by the canonists of Paris. But it is in England that a laxity of principle, and a deplorable tolerance, especially exist, and have multiplied sects alike in religion and in medicine, insomuch that it would be difficult

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\* "Curvus Triumphalis Antimonii," a book so called, written to celebrate the success of the preparations of antimony in the cure of diseases, and to supersede Galenicals.



to say with accuracy what is the state of public opinion in either department. Within the memory of the present generation many revolutions in medical doctrine have occurred. First, Cullen held an undisputed sway over the consciences of the expert, teaching that the hopes of the sick, like the spiritual hopes of the jumpers, were commensurate with the copiousness of their perspirations. Then came Brown, who cured all bodily diseases with brandy, as Orator Irving cures spiritual maladies with brimstone. Currie quenched a fever as he would a house on fire, and may be classed as a sort of medical Baptist. Dr. Mills, the St. Dominick of physicians, compels his patients to get well by a profuse spilling of blood. Dr. Hamilton of Edinburgh founded a sect, which smacked strongly of the Romish confessional; for his fundamental maxim is, that none can be saved, without having first been put rigidly to their purgations. Again, as each individual divine has some sin which he takes into especial disgrace, as leading to perdition by the shortest possible cut, so every doctor lays the whole diseases of the nosology to the door of some peccant organ, on which he fixes as the arsenal of death. Formerly the spleen was the scapegoat of the œconomy; then the nerves were the sixteen-string Jacks of its criminal code. Saunders preached a crusade against the liver; Willson Phillips excommunicated the stomach; and now the fashionable doctrine places every deadly symptom, like every mortal sin, to the account of a bad heart. Among the principal sectarians of modern times, no one is more known to the public than Abernethy. Who has not read his celebrated page 72? Who that has read it, can doubt that he drew his doctrines from a deep study of the monastic disciplinists? Like them, he places salvation in the mortification of the appetites; and he sends his patients to the hospital, as the parable sent Dives to the unmentionable abyss, for faring sumptuously every day. With him, French cookery is an abomination, and gravy the forbidden thing. But, unlike the doctors of the church, he makes every day a *jour maigre*, and his Lent lasts all the year round. Then, what shall be said of the believers in metallic tractors, and of those that carry about their persons mercury hermetically sealed, as a prophylactic? Is not their error that of the followers of Johanna Southcote? and are not the magnetizing Mesmerites the *pendant* for the believers in Prince Hohenloe? There is a sect of doctors who devote themselves with much pertinacity to puffing particular watering-places. One finds Bath a cure for every ill, another recommends Cheltenham; one sends all his patients to Nice, and another suffers no one to die but on the coast of Devonshire. These men are the legitimate successors of the preachers of pilgrimages, who, during the middle ages, sent their penitents, one to St. James of Compostella, another to Our Lady of Loretto, another to St. Thomas à Becket, or to St. Patrick's Hole; just as if mankind were, body and soul, like a cask of Madeira, and good for nothing till they had been half over the world. So closely, indeed, do the currents of medicine and divinity flow to each other, that they are continually in danger of breaking down their banks, and mingling their waters. We have heard professors of theology crying out with all their might "breakers a-head," and sounding the tocsin against the physiologists for threatening to overflow and muddy the stream of divinity with the impurities of their dissecting-rooms. So, likewise, we have heard



certain maudlin professors of physic attempt to found their medical theories on the authority of Moses, and give to their lectures very much the *tournure* of a sermon. Then again, put a phrenologist into holy orders, and he would at once be converted into a predestinarian Calvinist. The coincidences, in short, between medicine and theology are endless; and it might have been conjectured, even if history had not assured us of the fact, that the two sciences were in the beginning practised by the same individuals. Thus, the same test is adopted to try the pretensions of the physician and the prophet; namely, the power of working miracles; and as the false prophets of old are said to have enacted wonders by the power of the father of lies, so the advertizing quacks of our days make miraculous cures by the self-same agency. Dr. Southey, and many other theologians, hold it dangerous to open the eyes of the people to acknowledged superstitions; because they consider them as outworks which guard the citadel of true religion from the attacks of scepticism: by the same train of thought, the most knowing of the medical tribe are rendered loth to discredit the pretended efficacy of specifics, lest the habit of inquiry thus engendered should bring into question the divinity of regular practice.

Considering, then, the character of the times in which we live, the formidable attacks which are daily made on the Church, and the corresponding usurpations of surgeons and surgeon-apothecaries upon the practice of the physician, would it not be good policy for these natural allies to coalesce? There are an infinity of reasons for bringing together two professions, which experience shows should never have been separated. Physicians have long been stigmatized as indulging a propensity to irreligion; and such a junction would tend to lead them back to the bosom of orthodoxy: the sons of the Church are equally censured for pinning their faith on nostrums and empirics, and they require to be restored to the truth by a closer intimacy with the regular practitioner. The two bodies united would better resist the enemies of each. The physician might refuse to prescribe for all patients who had not a certificate of sound doctrine from his curate; and the church might refuse Christian burial to all who left the world without the sanction of the physician. The College of Physicians might determine what writers shall be deemed canonical, and none should be entitled to benefit of clergy who took physic on other authorities. Saint Galen and Saint Hippocrates should take rank with Saint Dominick and Saint Francis, and the Sisters of Charity be added to the list of the eleven thousand virgins. Lastly, the clergy of the established church should be obliged to subscribe to the articles of medical orthodoxy, as the Cambridge and Oxford doctors are compelled to subscribe to the articles of the Church of England. Let Sir Henry Hallford and the Author of the Book of the Church but lay their heads together, and the whole arrangement will be made *à l'aimable*, in less time than the brandishing a text, or the compounding of an eight-ounce mixture.

M.



## SCENE.

*The subject taken from Madame de Cottin's "Mathilde."*

SALADIN and ATTENDANT.

*Attendant.* A stranger craves admittance to your Highness.

*Saladin.* Whence comes he?

*Atten.* That I know not—

Envelop'd in a vestment of strange form,  
His countenance is hidden, but his step,  
His lofty port, his voice in vain disguis'd,  
Proclaim—if that I dar'd pronounce it.

*Sal.* Whom?

*Atten.* Thy royal brother.

*Sal.* Bring him instantly. (*Exit* ATTEN.)

Now with his specious, smooth, persuasive tongue,  
Fraught with some wily subterfuge, he thinks  
To dissipate my anger—he shall die.

*Enter* ATTENDANT, and MALEK ADHEL disguised.

*Sal.* Leave us together. (*Exit* ATTEN.) (*aside*) I should know that form.

Now summon all thy fortitude, my soul,  
Nor though thy blood cry for him, spare the guilty.  
(*Aloud*) Well, stranger, speak; but first unveil thyself,  
For Saladin must view the form that fronts him.

*Malek Adhel.* (*discovering himself.*) Behold it, then!

*Sal.* (*after a pause.*) I see a traitor's visage.

*Malek Adhel.* A Brother's.

*Sal.* No—

Saladin owns no kindred with a villain.

*Malek Adhel.* Oh, patience, Heaven! Had any tongue but thine  
Utter'd that word, it ne'er should speak another.

*Sal.* And why not now? Can this heart be more pierced  
By Malek Adhel's sword than by his deeds?

Oh thou hast made a desert of this bosom!

For open candour, planted sly disguise;

For confidence, suspicion; and the glow

Of generous friendship, tenderness, and love,

For ever banish'd. Whither can I turn,

When he by blood, by gratitude, by faith,

By every tie bound to support, forsakes me?

Who, who can stand, when Malek Adhel falls?

Henceforth I turn me from the sweets of love,

The smiles of friendship—and this glorious world,

In which all find some heart to rest upon,

Shall be to Saladin a cheerless void—

His brother has betray'd him!

*Mal. Ad.* Thou art soften'd;

I am thy brother then; but late thou saidst—

—My tongue can never utter the base title.

*Sal.* Was it traitor? True—

Thou hast betray'd me in my fondest hopes.

Villain? 'Tis just, the title is appropriate.

Dissembler? 'Tis not written in thy face,

No, not imprinted on that specious brow,

But on this breaking heart the name is stamp'd,

For ever stamp'd, with that of Malek Adhel.

Think'st thou I'm softened? By Mahomet, these hands

Should crush these aching eye-balls ere a tear



Fall from them at thy fate!—Oh monster, monster!  
 The brute that tears the infant from its nurse  
 Is excellent to thee, for in his form  
 The impulse of his nature may be read,—  
 But thou, so beautiful, so brave, so noble,  
 Oh! what a wretch art thou! Oh! can a term  
 In all the various tongues of man be found  
 To match thy infamy?

*Mal. Ad.* Go on, go on;  
 'Tis but a little while to hear thee, Saladin,  
 And, bursting at thy feet, this heart will prove  
 Its penitence at least.

*Sal.* That were an end  
 Too noble for a traitor; the bow-string is  
 A more appropriate finish—thou shalt die!

*Mal. Ad.* And death were welcome from another's mandate!  
 What, what have *I* to live for? Be it so,  
 If that in all thy armies can be found  
 An executing hand.

*Sal.* Oh, doubt it not!  
 They're eager for the office. Perfidy,  
 So black as thine, effaces from their minds  
 All memory of thy former excellence.

*Mal. Ad.* Defer not then their wishes. Saladin,  
 If e'er this form was joyful to thy sight,  
 This voice seem'd grateful to thine ear, accede  
 To my last prayer—Oh lengthen not this scene,  
 To which the agonies of death were pleasing—  
 Let me die speedily.

*Sal.* This very hour!  
 (*Aside*) For oh! the more I look upon that face,  
 The more I hear the accents of that voice,  
 The monarch softens, and the judge is lost  
 In all the brother's weakness; yet such guilt,  
 Such vile ingratitude, it calls for vengeance,  
 And vengeance it shall have! What ho! who waits there?

*Enter ATTENDANT.*

*At.* Did your Highness call?

*Sal.* Assemble quickly  
 My forces in the court!—tell them they come  
 To view the death of yonder bosom-traitor:  
 And bid them mark, that he who will not spare  
 His brother when he errs, expects obedience,  
 Silent obedience from his followers.

(*Exit ATTENDANT.*)

(*A pause, during which SALADIN avoids meeting the eyes of MALEK ADHEL.*)

*Mal. Ad.* Now, Saladin,  
 The word is given—I have nothing more  
 To fear from thee, my brother—I am not  
 About to crave a miserable life—  
 Without thy love, thy honour, thy esteem,  
 Life were a burthen to me: Think not, either,  
 The justice of thy sentence I would question:  
 But one request now trembles on my tongue,  
 One wish, still clinging round the heart, which soon  
 Not even *that* shall torture—will it then,  
 Think'st thou, thy slumbers render quieter,  
 Thy waking thoughts more pleasing, to reflect,  
 That when thy voice had doom'd a brother's death,



The last request which e'er was his to utter  
Thy harshness made him carry to the grave?

*Sal. (Softened)* Speak then; but ask thyself if thou hast reason  
To look for much indulgence *here*.

*Mal. Ad.* I have not !  
Yet will I ask for it. We part for ever;  
This is our last farewell ;—the king is satisfied ;  
The judge has spoke th' irrevocable sentence :  
None sees, none hears, save that omniscient Power,  
Which, trust me, will not frown to look upon  
Two brothers part like such.—When in the face  
Of forces once mine own I'm led to death,  
Then be thine eye unmoisten'd, let thy voice  
Then speak my doom untrembling, then  
Unmoved behold this stiff and blacken'd corse.  
But *now* I ask—nay, turn not, Saladin—  
I ask one single pressure of thy hand,  
From that stern eye one solitary tear—  
Oh torturing recollection ! one kind word  
From the loved tongue which once breathed nought but kindness.  
Still silent ? Brother !—Friend—beloved companion  
Of all my youthful sports—are *they* forgotten ?—  
Lo, Saladin, lo ! Malek Adhel weeps.  
Oh scalding tears, ye fall not without cause !—  
Strike me with deafness, make me blind, O Heaven !  
Let me not see this unforgiving man  
Smile at my agonies—nor hear that voice  
Pronounce my doom, which would not say one word,  
One little word, whose cherish'd memory  
Would soothe the struggles of departing life—  
Yet, yet thou wilt—Oh turn thee, Saladin !  
Look on my face, thou canst not spurn me then ;  
Look on the once-loved face of Malek Adhel  
For the last time, and call him——

*Saladin. (falling on his neck)* Brother ! brother !——

*Malek Adhel. (breaking away.)* Now call thy followers. Death has  
not now

A single pang in store.—Proceed ! I'm ready.

*Sal.* Oh, art thou ready to forgive, my brother,—  
To pardon him who found one single error,  
One little failing 'mid a splendid throng  
Of glorious qualities——

*Mal. Ad.* Oh stay thee, Saladin !  
I did not ask for life—I only wish'd  
To carry thy forgiveness to the grave.  
No, Emperor, the loss of Cesarea  
Cries loudly for the blood of Malek Adhel.  
Thy soldiers, too, demand that he who lost  
What cost them many a weary hour to gain,  
Should expiate his offences with his life.

( *Noise without.* )

Lo, even now they crowd to view my death,  
Thy just impartiality—I go—  
Pleased by my fate to add one other leaf  
To thy proud wreath of glory. ( *Going.* )

*Sal.* Thou shalt not.

*Enter ATTENDANT.*

*Atten.* My Lord, the troops assembled by your order  
Tumultuous throng the courts—the Prince's death  
Not one of them but vows he will not suffer—



The mutes have fled—thy very guards rebel—  
Nor think I in this city's spacious round  
Can e'er be found a hand to do the office.

*Mal. Ad.* Oh faithful friends! (*To Atten.*) Thine shalt.

*Atten.*

Mine?—never!—

The other first shall lop it from the body.

*Sal.* They teach their Emperor his duty well.  
Tell them he thanks them for it—tell them, too,  
That ere their opposition reach'd our ears,  
Saladin had forgiven Malek Adhel,  
And Malek Adhel, Saladin.

*Atten.*

Oh joyful news!

I haste to gladden many a gallant heart,  
And dry the tear on many a hardy cheek  
Unused to such a visitor.

(*Exit.*

*Sal.* These men, the meanest in society,  
The outcasts of the earth,—by war, by Nature,  
Harden'd, and render'd callous—these, who claim  
No kindred with thee—who have never heard  
The accents of affection from thy lips—  
Oh, these can cast aside their vow'd allegiance,  
Throw off their long obedience, risk their lives,  
To save thee from destruction. While I,  
I, who can not in all my memory  
Call back one danger which thou hast not shared,  
One day of grief, one night of revelry,  
Which thy resistless kindness hath not soothed,  
Or thy gay smile and converse render'd sweeter;  
I, who have thrice in the ensanguined field  
When death seem'd certain, only utter'd—“Brother!”  
And seen that form like lightning rush between  
Saladin and his foes—and that brave breast  
Dauntless exposed to many a furious blow  
Intended for mine own—I could forget  
That 'twas to thee I owed the very breath  
Which sentenced thee to perish. Oh 'tis shameful!  
Thou canst not pardon me.

*Mal. Ad.*

By these tears, I can—

Oh, brother! from this very hour a new,  
A glorious life commences—I am all *thine*.  
Again the day of gladness or of anguish  
Shall Malek Adhel share, and oft again  
May this sword fence thee in the bloody field.  
And from this moment, ye deceitful dreams  
Of love and of Matilda, hence! Oh flatterers,  
Ye shall no longer lure me to destruction,  
No longer make my soul forget its faith  
To such a brother! Henceforth, Saladin,  
My heart, my soul, my sword, are thine for ever.  
Shall we not seek these Christians? Their chief force  
Concentres now at Ascalon. It were  
A wise and vigorous measure there to fight them.  
I pant to wash away my burning shame  
E'en in the torrent flowing from the heart—  
Of him who caused it.

*Sal.*

Lusignan?

*Mal. Ad.*

The same!

Oh! I have much to tell thee. I have been  
Duped like an idiot.



*Sal.* Speak no more of it.

Let us, my brother, seek these gallant men  
Who cherish thee so highly ; let us tell them  
That he whose death I call'd them to behold  
Shall lead them to the plains of Ascalon.  
Once more we'll lift our crescent to the sky,  
Once more the Asian bands shall see their Sultan  
March gaily at their head with Malek Adhel,  
More proud in heart at boasting such a brother,  
Than if each various nation on this earth  
Paid homage at his feet.

H. M.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF A GÖTTINGEN STUDENT, NO. VI.

THE same reasons for which a student would avoid pistols would induce him to eschew the small-sword, as they were equally forbidden. At Jena, however, the small-sword was used, though I have heard that fatal accidents were not more frequent there than at Göttingen. I was told by a student that had studied at Jena, that the weapon used there for learning and practice, unlike the foil generally employed in fencing, had a sharp point, but that there was a button about a third of an inch up the blade, to prevent its running farther into the flesh ; so that the students seemed to have resolved that even the learning of the art ought to be attended by some pain and peril.\*

To return to a regular Göttingen duel. Supposing all preliminaries now arranged—a sufficient scene *pumped* from some yielding *fox*—and a *room* hired for the purpose, at some distance from the town (there were two or three especially favourite resorts for this purpose), the parties, with their friends, proceeded thither in open carriages, either over

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\* I have stated the above fact principally for the sake of using it as a curious illustration of a passage in Shakspeare. In the fencing scene in *Hamlet*, it ever struck me that Laertes's scheme of *unbating* his foil was one of very easy detection ; and that the whole arrangement of the scene was strangely managed ; for if the foils used were such as we are accustomed to, it was singular that the Prince on receiving a wound did not at once suspect foul play ; this I tried to account for by supposing that in the heat and earnestness of the bout, Hamlet might not have noticed the wound, which he evidently does not ; but this would not do, for presently after, on the Queen's fainting under the influence of the poisoned cup, the King, anxious to account for it in a plausible manner, publicly states that “ she swoons to see them bleed ; ” “ *them !* ” so that it was nothing extraordinary to his mind that they should *both* bleed. Shakspeare *may* have meant this exclamation to betray the King's confusion—and that were a grand interpretation of the passage—but connected as it is with the other circumstances, and especially with the gross liability of Laertes's scheme to detection—a liability uncommented on by either him or the King,—I think better can not be done than to suppose that foils of the kind used now at Jena, were known here in Shakspeare's time, and all difficulty is at an end. Laertes proposes not only to anoint the point of his foil with poison, but “ to make assurance doubly sure,” to use an unbated weapon, that the wound may be deeper, and consequently more dangerous : Hamlet would very likely not feel the *difference* in the wound ; and then the King's account of the cause of the Queen's swoon would have produced no effect on the hearers—which it does not. After all it is a clumsy device of Laertes, as it must have been discovered in the end ; but though he may have felt and not cared for this, that is no reason why Hamlet should not have been sensible of the wound, and have noticed it as an extraordinary circumstance, if it had been one. I do not remember that any of the host of commentators have observed on the difficulties of this scene !



night, or early in the morning; for in the morning duels usually took place. If the reader has any curiosity to know the minutiae of such a proceeding, he will perhaps have no objection to accompany me on one occasion, when there were between thirty and forty duels to be fought! The Luenebourgers and Holsteiners had quarrelled together, and one party went up and down the streets running up against the other, till almost every one had two or three duels on his hands. One of my Scotch friends was very intimate with the Luenebourgers at the time, and sitting with a party of them in one of the public gardens, one of them said to him, "Come, S——, thou'rt a good *Schläeger*, go out and quarrel with some of them;" so he and another accordingly went out, and meeting two Holsteiners, rubbed shoulders; one turned round and asked the Luenebourger his name, (a short process sometimes adopted,) and as he was going away, my friend called after them—"And my name is S——." "Good," was the answer; and in about ten minutes they were both challenged. Of course most of the British at Göttingen were curious to be present at the *going loose* (as the phrase is) of one of their countrymen, and those who did feel so arranged to be present. A young Englishman and I started on horseback over night for the *Rasenmuehle*, a little more than two miles from the town, where the duels were to take place the next morning: it was about nine when we left Göttingen, and pitch dark; being in May. We went a circuitous route to avoid, or mislead suspicion; and as soon as we turned off the highway, pushed on at a hard gallop, which, considering the darkness of the night, and that we had never been that road before, was not very prudent; and so it turned out, for we had not got far before the Philistine I was riding, (the horses shared the ethnical name of their owners,) stopping dead short before a large pile of stones, pitched me over his head upon them. We succeeded, with some difficulty, in recapturing the heathen beast, and, I safely and soundly remounted, we proceeded at a slower and surer pace to the *Rasenmuehle*. We arrived there about ten, and found our friend, and several of the Luenebourgers already there. We occupied a room by ourselves; some of the Holsteiners, who were also on the ground, tenanted another. We had supper, and grog, and singing, and roaring—both our party and the Holsteiners striving which should outvie the other in proving their riotous recklessness of the morrow's battle—for such almost it was to be. Not only in the eyes of his companions did each future combatant wish to appear brave and hearty to the last, but in the brighter and not less influential ones of the miller's pretty daughters, and their comely attendant maidens; and doubtless the tender-hearted lasses, as they not unwillingly attended the frequent call of either party, could not fail of being deeply impressed with the *gallant* and *chivalrous* bearing of the young heroes. All the beds in the house were long ago bespoken—the very least of them at least "to carry double;" for the rest there was clean straw shaken round the room, with sheaves for bolsters: at a little after eleven I laid me *down* on this primitive bed; but my slumbers were, from time to time, till a much later hour, disturbed by the roar of the revellers around me, echoed, as it were, from another part of the house. At length all this died away; the drinkers dropped off one by one—some of them literally so; the lights put themselves out, and nothing was to be heard but the roar of the wind among the trees, and



the dash of the waters over the mill-weir without, mingling most romantically with the murmuring snore of the many sleepers within. The next morning (being Sunday\*), we rose about half-past six, but business was not at once commenced; some there were who required a little more sleep, some a little more waking, before they could turn their minds to such important avocations; many of either Landsmanship too were not yet arrived, but they now began to come, in coaches or on horseback, party after party, in quick succession. The *Rasenuhle* was very prettily situated among high old trees, on a little brook that runs from a rather large pond, of the very clearest water I ever saw: so clear indeed was it, that though of considerable depth in some places, the weeds and shells and pebbles at bottom, and the insects crawling on them, were as distinctly visible as though they had been but a few inches below the surface. The morning was a lovely one, and the *effect* altogether was new and fine. The stairs, passages, and rooms of the house, and the walks round it, were crowded with wild, but gallant-looking young fellows; some with beards and mustachios, some in yellow buck-skin breeches, and enormous jack-boots, with heavy jingling spurs fastened to them; all with gaily-coloured caps, and tassels to their pipes; while their horses, many accoutred with lambs-wool hussar saddles, and crescents on their foreheads, and shell-work on their head-stalls, were grazing among the trees; while the young girls belonging to the mill, and perhaps one or two from the neighbouring village of *Mengerhausen*, drawn thither thus early to see if their father's flour had been ground over night, if not to get a glimpse at some of the smart young Burschen they might have heard of; these were seen either timidly peeping out through windows, or from behind corners, or more boldly, if it was their duty, mingling among the students, to dispense coffee, or *Schnaps*; and probably not to get out of the group, they were thus *compelled* to enter, without a kiss or two being inflicted on them: then in the *Saal*—the great room—were lying about the shining swords and blood-stained habiliments; a stranger might indeed, as a friend of mine observed, have rather supposed he had fallen in with a bivouacking detachment of "*Luetzow's wilde verwegene gagd*,"—immortalised by the joint efforts of Buerger and Weber—than with a party of youths, whose business was to study the Pandects or the New Testament. Meanwhile the two hostile parties kept as much aloof as possible; if they did happen to come in too close contact they spoke not, but looked unutterable things—scowling most sulkily and spontaneously at each other; those who came as "mere spectators," being of neither Landsmanship, mingled indifferently with either, unless quite unknown among them. Amusement and the more serious occupation of eating were not at a stand-still: some rowed about upon the pond, some played at nine-pins, others at see-saw; and all, I should think, who could, breakfasted. The principals were the *proveditors* of their own friends. At length the gradual cessation of arrivals, the withdrawing of parties into the house, and the serious and eager looks of even the most careless, announced that "the sport was about to begin." Scouts were sent on horseback to station themselves

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\* Sunday was the day selected usually, if it was possible, as then the duels did not interfere with the lectures!



at points commanding the different approaches to the mill, in order to give immediate notice of the approach of any intruders. The scene of action was the *Saal* before mentioned, a tolerably sized room, used on occasions for more peaceful and harmonious purposes than the present. Adjoining this were two smaller rooms, one at each end. In one were the *Lueneburgers*, in the other the *Holsteiners*. I of course joined the former, as my friend was among them. The first that was "to go loose" was a tall, slim, well-made, handsome young man: his coat, waistcoat, and neck-cloth were removed; the right sleeve of his shirt rolled and fastened up, and a well-stuffed silken bandage drawn on the bare arm, reaching from the wrist to the elbow; several silk handkerchiefs were then fastened round his throat, and over them all one with a linen stiffener inside; the *Paukhosen*, a sort of leathern overalls, stuffed with horse-hair, were next put on, so as to protect the thighs and abdomen; so far these coverings would have been used had the duel been without *Hut and Binde*; but as this was not so serious an affair, those securities were superadded, the former a more than ordinarily strong and broad-brimmed felt; the latter a stiff pasteboard belt, lined with horse-hair, which was bounden round the waist; a well-chalked kid glove was put on the right-hand, and thus he was equipped. In the mean while the blade of the *schlaeger* had been carefully examined by some "old house" to ascertain that its point and double edge were in a proper sharp state; the blade was then screwed into the handle, for the *Schlaegers* were thus made in order to be of easier conveyance in detached pieces. All was now in readiness, and a messenger was sent to the foe to call him forth to the fight. Both parties then entered the *Saal*, on the floor of which two parallel straight lines, at about twelve feet distance, were drawn with chalk, called *die Messuren*—*the measures*; on one of these lines each combatant was to place his left foot, (hence the expression, *auf die Mensur gehen*—*to go on the measure*—*for to fight a duel*;) this was done at the commencement of each round, and if, during it, either stepped back over the chalk line, it was somewhat equivalent to the old cry of "craven." The combatants, therefore, now stood opposite to each other; on the left-hand of each stood his second, with a hat and bandages on in case of accidents, and a blunt *Schlaeger* in his hand (*Secondier-prugel*—*second's staff*), to catch up the adversary's sword at the end of each round; and herewith an expert second would now and then parry a very high, or very low quart without being observed; for it was against all law. On the principal's right stood his *Zeuge*, or *witness*, to assist and comfort him with advice, hold his sword between the rounds, and rest his arm on his shoulder. The umpire (*Unpartheiescher*), chosen from a different Landsmanship than either of the combatants, stood on one side coolly smoking his pipe. His duty was to mark the number of rounds with a bit of chalk on the door; to measure any wound with a bit of straw of the requisite length, if the duel was *with Anschiss*, (as this was;) and to settle all disputes. The spectators stood around, smoking, with their arms round one another's necks, German wise, and looking on with scarcely so much anxiety as indifferent persons show at a boxing-match in England. All was thorough silence. Then one of the seconds cried, "*Auf die Mensur*"—"On the measure," and each combatant placed his left foot on his own line. The opposite second then said "*Bindet die Klingen*—*Bind the*



blades." The principals crossed their swords, and the seconds crossed them obliquely with theirs, the one above, the other below. The first second cried, "*Gebunden sind*"—"They are bound;" and both seconds withdrawing their blunt *schlaeger*, the other gave the word, "*Los*"—"Loose," on which the two combatants darted forward at one another; and the foregoing silence, then broken only by the solemn words of the seconds, and the clinking and grating of the meeting and parting steel, was now exchanged for furious hewing and clashing. There was nothing like an indication of retreat beyond the lines; the parties kept close as they could get to each other, swaying a little to the right or to the left, but never stepping back an inch. As soon as the experienced eye of either second saw a blow given, he roared out "*Halt!*" and they both sprang between the fighters, catching up their swords to hinder the aiming of another blow. Silence again instantly followed, perhaps, with the exception of the panting of the combatants, more breathless than the former had been; while each second searched the opposite party to ascertain if any wound had been given. None had. The second round began and ended with the same success, and so through all the twelve, and then that affair was finished without bloodshed; and the two different parties retired, each into their own room to prepare for another. Considering the way in which the parties were usually cased up, it can hardly be wondered at that serious accidents should have been of rare occurrence, for, except on the face, shoulders, and chest, no blow could inflict a wound; and the chances were clearly in the favour of the sword's coming in contact with some of the numerous protections, rather than with the flesh of any of the exposed parts.

The next Luenebourger who was to fight was the exact contrast of the former, being a very short fat fellow—this was the man in whose company my friend had insulted the two Holsteiners; and he had, I think, four duels to fight in the course of that morning. His first was soon disposed of, his adversary, though a much larger man, did not seem a good master of his weapon; and the little Luenebourger dashed in on him with an eagerness that could not have been exceeded had the affair been of life and death. The cry "*Halt*" was upraised in much less than a minute; and the Holsteiner had got an awkward gash under the left eye—it bled profusely, but the umpire declared it was not of the requisite length, and they set to again. The second round, the Holsteiner got as quickly another *Hieb* or *cut* on the right cheek—which being twice as long, and bleeding quite as much as was needful, that affair was concluded. The wounded man gave himself patiently up into the hands of the attendant surgeon, Dr. Pauli, who was ordered by the Göttingen senate to be present at all duels! and, if a duel was discovered to have taken place without him, the parties were sure to meet the severest punishment! So, at least, I have heard; if it were so it was surely a very bungling and inconsistent piece of business, that the Government should say to the students, 'you shall not fight duels at all—but if you do, you shall have Dr. Pauli there.' It would be something like a law forbidding knocking a man down under a penalty of transportation—but if any evil-disposed person should be obstinate enough to knock down another, that he must at least commit the assault before a fit and proper witness. The regulation in question probably



arose from a praiseworthy intention of preventing as much mischief as possible; but this does not take away from its inconsistency : of course the Government could not, in any case, avail themselves of Pauli's evidence, if they wished him really to be employed ; for as much as of course, if they did, the students would never have employed him again ; and the care of the Government for their limbs and faces would have been frustrated : so that the witness in the case supposed is only for the purpose of picking up the prostrated man—his mouth is shut against giving evidence. I have heard my friend S—— say that it is “ very pleasant when you come up to the scratch—that is to the *Mensur*, to see Dr. Pauli standing beside a basin of water, and a case of instruments, threading his silver needle to patch your cheek.” It certainly must be.

The little Luenebourger was hardly breathed ; so he resolved to have another touch before he uncased himself ; and, as soon as another of his adversaries could be got ready, he again entered on the scene. The first round he struck his adversary a blow, but no wound ; the second he gave him a cut on the cheek, but no *Anschiss* ; the third he received a blow himself, but no wound ; the fourth he gave another cut on the shoulder, still no *Anschiss* ; but this adversary was a better swordsman than the last ; he found out the Luenebourger's favourite cut, and parried it now every time : and the twelve rounds were fought out without another wound. We now prepared for the fourth duel. The operation of harnessing had got more than half-way, when we were disturbed by a Holsteiner's rushing into the room, all ceremony disregarded at such a moment, to inform us that the *Aga*, with three or four *Schnurren*, were riding at full speed towards the mill. Such a scene of confusion, as followed, I never before witnessed ; the *Binde* and *Paukhosen* were torn off from the wearer—they and the *Schlaeger* were rammed away, under sofa-cushions, and into ovens ; the students ‘ fled in all directions ;’ some hid themselves as they best could, under stairs, in bedrooms, closets, and heaven knows where else. Pauli, I think, was crammed into a cock-loft. A good half of this I heard afterwards ; for I, with three Englishmen, made off from the spot with all possible haste ; (all the horses were kept ready saddled in case of such a surprise :) at a mad gallop away we went, and a wild race we had of it—if that could be called a race, which was run rather by each individual separately, than in emulation of each other, for we had hardly got clear of the mill, when we perceived that we were riding exactly to the teeth of two *Schnurren*, who were trotting towards us. It was now *sauve qui peut* with us—off we set to the four winds ; for my poor part I never reined-in, or looked behind me till I was safe within gun-shot of Göttingen. In the evening our friends returned to the town, and we learnt that the *Aga's* search had been but too successful ; several were discovered in their lurking-holes ; the weapons too were found and seized, and the *Aga* and his myrmidons departed with their *spolia opima*, and a large band of prisoners, *in esse*, (he only took their names) to make their ovational entry into Göttingen ; yet they arrived not there quite in triumph, for while the *Aga* had been scouring the rooms, and other places of concealment, a mischievous wag had cut his horse's belly-girth nearly through, which burst altogether before he had been three minutes in his saddle again ; and he rolled off into the dust in the sight



and amid the loud laughter of the students. They stayed there the greater part of the day, drinking, singing, and quarrelling a little, but fighting no more, for their courage had been damped, and their swords were taken from them. The trick on the aga was doubtless not forgotten in the dispensation of punishments on the unfortunate culprits. One of the Holsteiners, and the little Luenebourger were *consilirt*, several others had to subscribe the *Consilium*, and still more paid a few days' visit to the *Carcer*. My friend S—— escaped this time scot free. It was lucky for him he was not seen, and therefore not called before the council, where he would have been, of course, asked, if he had gone to the *Rasenmuehle* with any intention of fighting; and the British, I am proud to say, were proverbially sure of being sent to *Carcer* on such occasions, as they would at once make a manly avowal of the truth, and meet the consequences. This, in a German's eyes, was very absurd and imprudent. The students, in fact, had a most philosophical disregard for veracity; instead of their creed being, 'truth is to be spoken at all times,' one might rather suppose it to have been, 'truth is never to be spoken but from policy.' It was their common custom, in investigation of duels, to substitute a *fox* as a criminal instead of an 'old house.' The latter would sanction, perhaps originate the lie, to shield himself; and the former would be too *honourable*, or too timid to deny it. I have been informed, and I 'verily believe,' that in some of their *Comment-books* they had rules, releasing themselves from the obligation of telling truth on particular cases, even if put on their oath! Surely nothing can be well worse, or more demoralizing than the prevalence of such principles among young men of a certain rank, and of good education: falsehood, even when adopted on the impulse of the moment, is always the result of either knavery or cowardice; what is then to be said of it, when, arising from both these causes, it is regularly systematized and inculcated, not only as excusable or justifiable, but as necessary and praiseworthy? It may be doubted whether the Government themselves did not, in a great measure, contribute to the strengthening of such wretched opinions by their regulations, above commented on, wherein they released students, in certain cases, from the consequences of an oath. The effect of this system was visible too in the general conduct of students, not only towards the authorities, but towards one another. I have often known a student give an earnest and solemn promise to do a thing, and afterwards "take back" his word. Where falsehood is once admitted as a rule of conduct, on the score of convenience, it is impossible to say how extensive sway it may acquire. Yet I have every reason to think that these notions only form part of a German student's stock of academical peculiarities, and that he lays them aside with the *Comment-book*, the *Schlaeger*, and fear of the *Carcer*. I am bound to say this, for out of the walls of Göttingen I have ever found the Germans a very truth-loving and falsehood-hating people.

The duel my friend had in provision was, I believe, abandoned; but he revenged himself on fortune on a subsequent occasion: fortune, however, was quits with him, as he received an ugly cut across the nose. I mention this, not with any imputation on his courage or skill, but to give an instance of the occasional *impartiality* of the *Unpartheie-*



*scher*. This wound was pronounced at the time no *Anschiss*, but when Dr. Pauli came to dress it, he assured my friend that he had never seen a wound with fairer pretensions to that honourable title.

Although the duels I have described as having witnessed terminated so *lightly*, others were often attended with more serious circumstances. One took place while I was at Göttingen, wherein one of the parties was so severely wounded in the cheek, that he immediately fell, fainting, to the no small terror, it will be imagined, of the by-standers. There was a great *affair* too at Einbeck, between the Burschenschafters and Bremensers, who had interquarrelled in a similar fashion as the Luenebourgers and Holsteiners did; but the former combatants had better luck in the 'making out of their strife.' S——, who was present, said, he could compare it to nothing but a tournament. There were many very severe wounds given. One had received a terrible gash under one eye, aslant the whole face. In the first round of another duel both parties had hewed away desperately, and when "halt!" was cried, they both stood, drooping their heads, and the blood flowed so copiously from their wounds, that its quick dropping on the floor was the only sound that echoed through the rooms. On the same occasion a fat fellow got a cut on the breast long and deep enough to make a decent *Anschiss*, but he was so fat it would not bleed. The adverse second tried to squeeze out a little blood, in order that the wound might assume its proper appearance, and indicate the triumph of his principal; but the fat man's friends interfered, and would by no means allow of such an irregular mode of proceeding.

I have before said that pistol-duels were rare. One took place while I was at Göttingen; it was discovered, and both the parties were relegated. Another, which was 'nipped in the bud,' promised to have branched out into something of importance; it grew, so to say, from the grave of the contest between the Luenebourgers and Holsteiners. It was customary, whenever a man left the University, for his friends to accompany him some little distance on his journey; this *Begleitung*, or accompaniment, often consisted of the whole of his *Landsmanship*, especially in case of a student's departure being occasioned by the *Counsel*, or command of the academical magistracy. Therefore, both the Holsteiners and Luenebourgers accompanied each their *consilirten* champion. S—— and myself happened to fall in with both parties. We were going the first day to Einbeck, and at Nordheim, a town about half way, we found the Holsteiners, with whom of course we had very little communication. The following day, returning from Einbeck, as we again passed through Nordheim, we saw a great crowd in the high street, and the whole town in seeming great confusion. The principal crowd was before the door of the chief inn, and mingling among the townsfolk, we saw several of the Luenebourg caps. Our first suspicion was that the Luenebourgers had fallen in with their former foes, and that a fearful *Scandál* had been the consequence; this suspicion too was strengthened by the various answers we got to our questions in our difficult passage on horseback up to the inn-door. That a row had taken place there could be no doubt, but who had been the parties in it, it seemed not easy to learn: before we got to the inn some of the Luenebourgers recognized my friend, and in a few minutes we were in possession of the truth, and in the middle of the tumult. The Holsteiners



had no share in it; they had evacuated the place the evening before. It seemed some of the Luenebourgers had been playing billiards with the officers of a regiment stationed at the place; that, like children, they had quarrelled over their play; they had *gestuerzt hunds-votts* on each other, and one of the students had gone the length of lifting a cue. Now, as may be inferred from what has been already said about sticks, this was a mortal offence; a blow was as ignominious in the Army as in the University, perhaps more so, for I have heard it said that an officer would be cashiered, unless he did deadly duel with the offender. Of course all this *scandál* was not conducted very peaceably: the landlord of the house became alarmed; and, thinking his guests' conduct very rude, he called in the civil authorities. The parties were put under arrest, a protocol was made out, and two of the students were detained; they were sent in a couple of days to Göttingen, and kept some time in *Carcer*, while the affair was investigating. I left Göttingen before the result was known.

To return to the laws. Chap. VII. is of a very miscellaneous nature. 'The *originators* of all *insurrections* or *tumults* are to be *relegated*, and the *partakers* therein punished proportionately to their participation. Whoever utters the ominous cry of "*Bursche-heraus!*"—"Forth lads!" is to meet with a severer punishment than his case would otherwise call for.' \*

"Any one who, during either precontrived insurrections, or chance and sudden tumults, *approaches* the riotous mob, or *stands still with them*, even if only on the footpath, is to be reckoned and punished as a *participator!*" Tolerably 'sharp' punishment, to borrow a phrase from the laws.

'Any *disguising* or *masking* on such occasions, is also to be severely punished.'

A tumult, threatening in its origin to be of a very serious nature, took place within the first three months that I was at Göttingen; indeed, had it not been for the inept and ridiculous indecision of its promoters, it would be difficult to say where it might have ended. It seems that the Government, for some time past, had been thinking that it would be as well to put an end to the system of duelling, but, like Archimedes, they wanted the *πov στω* to enable them to effect this important movement: they saw the thing was to be done, but could not devise what position to take, in order to give them the power of doing it. The caution wherewith they proceeded in this matter seems certainly very strange, it appeared to betray timidity; in that light it was certainly *felt*—I will not say *seen*—by the students. Instead of at once boldly striking at the root of the evil (doing away with the fencing-school, and prohibiting the making of *Schlaeger*,) they endeavoured to repress its growth by the lopping of some of its branches. It was publicly announced that severer punishments were about to be affixed to the offence of duelling. This half-measure the students resisted; they felt it was a weak effort, and called it a powerful infringement of their academical freedom! Had the Government interfered with their studies, imposed higher fees, or even forbidden the attendance at lectures more than once a-day,

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\* This cry was used to call the students out when any *Burschen* commotion was getting up.



they might perhaps have acquiesced, as dutiful and obedient subjects, and have succumbed to the measure, however unpleasant to their wishes, in humble silence; but this was quite another affair—their rights were about to be broken in on, their *honour* to be meddled with—so they loudly complained at least; and about a hundred of them sallied forth from the north gate, and marched to the village of *Weende*, without any object or purpose in so doing—something in the same manner that Sir Francis Burdett and some others left the House of Commons, when Mr. Plunkett was about to bring forward the Catholic Question in 1823. They made speeches, to be sure—the students, that is—and an *Auszug*, or *Turn-out*, was hinted at—by the operation of which the University would have been stripped of students, consequently, almost of inhabitants; the townsfolk would have had no purchasers for their goods, and the professors must have starved, unless they could have induced the butchers and bakers to attend their lectures, and pay their fees in kind. An *Auszug* had not taken place for years at Göttingen. Such a proceeding was effected thus:—the University was proscribed—put in *Verschiss*, together with all students that therein remained; the *Landschildren* were compellable by the Government to return; but they kept up the *Verschiss*, and every student of any other *Landsmanship*, who attempted to settle at the university, was at once denounced by the whole body as a *Hundsvott*. The party at *Weende*, however, came to no fixed determination; a drizzling rain that kept falling all day, damped their energy, and diluted their courage; they returned at nightfall to the town in a body, and, pausing before the house of a notorious usurer, vented their heroism and hate of tyranny by breaking in all *his* windows. Their valour evaporated with this feat, and like children terrified at some piece of mischief they had done, they ran off as fast as their legs could carry them. My friend S——, who had fallen in with the party, though he had—I hope not for want of spirit—taken no share in their courageous assault, was seized with the general panic, and also fled; a *Lace* marked him for a prey; a *pencil* was launched with too true an aim at his legs; he was thrown down, and taken up by the *Schnur*, but liberated after undergoing a midnight examination before the Council. The next day bodies of students began to assemble about the streets; and towards evening they concentrated into one, which, like Swedenborg's visionary all-comprehending body, was animated by different societies of most contradictory spirits; their party, consisting perhaps of about five hundred individuals, put themselves in motion towards the Court-house; but on the approach of about a score of *pencil-armed green-coats* (*Jaegers*), the students fled. This, I suppose, is only to be accounted for by the inveterate and Hudibrastic horror students have of *sticks* of all kinds and sizes. A few who made a brave rally were taken prisoners. One man escaped with a broken head. As soon as the students had cleared the town gate, and saw they were not pursued, they rallied again, and proposed an attack on the *Carcer*, to rescue their companions and retrieve their honour; the hero of the broken-head cried loudly for revenge; some wag said a sticking-plaister would have been more apropos. After a long and riotous debate, in which every body had a plan of his own, and no one listened to any other's, they armed themselves with stones, and proceeded, singing in full chorus, round the outside of the town to another gate; here they again vented their valour in a discharge of stones and curses at half-a-dozen old invalids,



and then sneaked home, each man to his own rooms, or a friend's. Knots of the disaffected continued till deep in the night in earnest and boisterous deliberation, (for so it might be called on the same principle as that applied to the derivation of the word *lucus*,) stimulating their wrath, and "whetting their revenge" by deep and potent potations. The next day the University seemed calmer, but it looked a storm-brooding calm. In such a state of things every trifling incident becomes a powerful impulse; the spark and the train is a trite metaphor, but a most true one. It was fair-time: there happened therefore naturally enough to be a very pretty country girl present in the market-place; a student spoke to her, and she to him: a *Poodle*, from a very superfluous, and (considering the state of things) injudicious uneasiness concerning the morality of the transaction, interfered, and told the girl she should be ashamed for entering into conversation with a student in the streets; the *Bursche*, highly incensed at this imputation, abused the Poodle in no picked terms, and called him a *hound*, and worse; the man in office quietly asked his vituperator's name, in that of the Prorector; and the student daringly gave it him; he then "hastened to his friends." In the course of the day the offender was summoned for the morrow; and by midnight the Poodle had not a whole pane of glass in his dwelling. On the afternoon however of the following day the some-time-gathering storm broke forth with seasonable fury. On that afternoon the punishments of the ringleaders in the former commotions were published—some were *consilirt*—some relegated; the market-place was soon thronged with students, each with the settled scowl of earnest revenge in his eyes and on his forehead, but their lips as yet spoke not openly of it; they conversed in under-tones—and the murmur of their many subdued voices was like the hoarse and boding growl of the angering ocean. At length Count Kalkreuth, whom the reader has met before, though not till now personally introduced to him, proposed aloud a rendezvous at one of the public gardens without the town; the stifled murmurs at once burst into a roar of universal assent. 'To Seelen's Garden, out! out!' was echoed in every direction, and Göttingen, by an almost momentary convulsion, seemed to disgorge her population through the mouth of the eastern gate. Arrived there the Count mounted a table, and was received with acclamations; he made a speech, short, eloquent, and forcible; he detailed the wrongs and insults which had been heaped on the students—had he stated ten times more than he did, no doubt every one present would to the utmost have agreed with the truth of his statement. 'Were these things to be borne?' he asked. The 'no!' was shouted from hundreds of voices as from *one*. The Count continued, there was but one step to take—one step which, while it freed themselves, would humble their oppressors. This was assented to as clamorously as the foregoing question had been negatived—the step was anticipated, and when Kalkreuth said, 'we must turn out'—the shout that followed, told how truly and boldly he had uttered every present man's thought, who had hitherto wanted courage to give it words. A decree immediately passed 'with acclamations,' that any student remaining at Göttingen after the morrow's noon, should be set at *Verschiss*. And the assembly at once broke up. The University that night presented a scene of incomparable confusion; the foolish and the wrathful rejoiced—the wise



and the wary sorrowed—but all prepared to obey; many proposed going a tour of pleasure—others had no object in view after they should leave the gates of the town; here a poor bookworm was packing up his little stock of chattels, amid sighs at the thought of the literary riches he was doomed to leave behind him—there a careless crew were carousing in thorough heedlessness of what the morrow might bring—and here and there, and every where, were fellows devotedly employed in *pumping* their acquaintances for cash to launch them on to-morrow's voyage. It was a 'great night,' as an Irishman would say, for the *pumping house*—the regular legally established pawnbroker's—cloaks, coats, and boots—meerschaums and *corpora juris*—fiddles, flutes and guitars—watches, rings, and—*horresco referens*—even bracelets, lockets, and such '*galanterie waaren*,' were consigned to 'mine uncle's' crucible, and transmuted into current coin. Bands of the boisterous, who were either too much excited to stay at home and get soberly drunk, or too drunk to stay at home under any circumstances, kept parading the streets as on the night before; and the far shout, and the nearer and more distinct cry of *Bursche heraus!* resounded through the streets of Göttingen, till the night was nearly over. As early in the morning as between three and four, straggling parties, in twos and threes, began to issue from the different gates, each with knapsack on his back, tobacco-pouch and *Schnaps*-bottle slung across his breast, a pipe in one hand, and a stick in the other: one or two, more *renowning* than the rest, had girded a *Schlaeger* around their loins. But the great zeal of the foregoing night seemed something to have dwindled away: those who came forth appeared to come reluctantly, and ever and anon cast their eyes behind them, wondering why their comrades were not so determined in folly as themselves. A large party rendezvoused at an inn half a mile from the Groner-gate—among whom was my friend S—— (of whose narrative I am here making use, as I had departed by another and more solitary road): they lighted their pipes, and ordered coffee. The rendezvous had been arranged overnight, but the leaders were not yet arrived; so, in lack of other immediate occupation, they began to play at skittles. About nine, the thickening crowds recalled the recollection of their situation and wrongs. As their numbers increased, their spirits proportionately rose, and they again assumed the port of injured and wrathful men, 'with whom revenge was virtue.' Still all was not as it should be—still the leaders were not *yet* arrived: discussions were carried on, feebly and languidly though, as to what measures should be adopted towards the government, but nothing was arranged—nothing was settled. Meanwhile, every fresh arrival brought vague rumours of dissensions and feuds among the originators and leaders of the intended Turn-out: doubt and distrust became the order of the morning; and at length the news arrived, authentically, that all previous proceedings had been annulled—that the scheme was abandoned—that the bubble was burst. It happened thus:—as has been already stated, there was no real '*constituïrte*' *Landsmanships* in Göttingen: such *constituted* bodies were, by the *Comment-book*, endowed with sovereign authority over all other societies of students: now, the *Auszug* and *Verschiss* had been proclaimed by *unconstituted* bodies, which, though binding on their equals, would have been liable to be repealed by constituted *Landsmanships*, had any such existed: accordingly, the Russians and



Prussians, who were allowed by their respective Governments to study only at certain Universities, and knew that to leave Gottingen would, perhaps, deprive them of all official situations in after-life, promptly, and with true manly courage, *constituted* themselves into Landsmanships, and abrogated the *Verschiss*, while those who had been so active in promulgating it were playing at skittles. It was well done, and rapidly; and as soon as done, the newly-constituted *Landsmanships* at once abdicated their infant power.\*

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SONG TO —.

I saw you in December,  
 And your beauty's placid pride  
 Like a calm moon I remember  
 O'er my soul's unsettled tide.  
 Now I've felt the Spring's sun shine,  
 And its balmy gales blow free;  
 But their balm it is not mine,  
 For you still look cold on me.  
 How can my heart have boldness  
 Its deep, deep throbs to paint,  
 Ev'n though her very coldness  
 Endears to me my saint?  
 Oh this love at sight that sprang,  
 Must be hopeless, sad, and mute,  
 For there's none to feel my pang,  
 And there's none to hear my suit.  
 Yet believe me, saint, believe me,  
 I can calmly from you part;  
 Worse than parting's self 'twould grieve me,  
 If I pain'd thy gentle heart.  
 So if pity's dew-drop washes  
 Thine eye-lids—on the spot  
 Dry, dry their heavenly lashes,  
 Let me go and be forgot.

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\* The Prussians were but a small body at Göttingen, but their general conduct was so courageous and spirited, that they made themselves respected, if not feared. I remember a very characteristic anecdote of one of them. He had come into the Lecture-room after the Professor had begun reading, and there was a slight rubbing of feet among the hearers, to mark their displeasure at the interruption. The Prussian took no notice of it, but occupied his seat, and made his notes through the lecture as usual. As soon as the Professor left the room, the Prussian stood up suddenly, and declared whoever had rubbed his feet, when he came into the room, was a *dummer Junge*;—of all those who *had* done it, one only had the courage to avow it, and take up the gauntlet. He was the son of a professor—a very little fellow, and by no means a good swordsman: the Prussians were all known as expert fencers, and in such a case it was to be expected that they would take up their countryman's quarrel, and that two or three would probably *Zurueckstuerzen* (also insult the offender). They were, however, so pleased with the little Göttingener's spirit, that the Prussian voluntarily 'took back' his insult, expressing a hope that the German would do the same, which was so done, the affair was amicably settled, and the parties became intimate friends.



## A BRIEF GLANCE AT THE STATE OF PARTIES.

Non rumore solum vos vestros cognoscere, verum etiam præsentēs spectare oportet. *Cic. Orat. 1. in Philip.*

NEVER since the conclusion of the war, to go back to no earlier period, have the times worn so singular an aspect! The very constitution and essence of the representative system are already changed. We debate about Parliamentary Reform as if it were to be begun. We are far in the heart of a Parliamentary Reform at this moment. Hitherto the conflict of two Great Parties made the real business of the House of Commons; the people looked on and imagined they were admiring the discussion of opinions when they were gaping at the strife of interests. These two great parties are gone—before the new grow into maturity, the people have time to pause and to awaken! Delusion was a shuttlecock kept up by a mutual contest; the players have ceased, and the delusion has fallen to the ground. We repeat, we are in the heart of a Parliamentary Reform! The Whigs are crumbling away;—the Tories, that massive, impenetrable, serried phalanx, drawn up armed on all sides against the multitude, are broken into a hundred skirmishers—no longer formidable because no longer united. Other parties may be formed, but the old blinding associations—the magic of names—the stirring and heating memories that have existed, can never be revived;—the contests may be equally fierce, but they can never be equally fruitless—the contests will be of principles as well as of men. Every day the sentiments of the people will rush into representation, and the jealousy of many sects, whose only umpire can be but the public, will bring popular truths into voice, better than all the measures which all the Russells would introduce.

While Members of Parliament prate for ever on final results, they stop short of every beginning. We have begun without their aid: the wise and the witty pun in the Colloquia of Erasmus, is not inapplicable to us, “What book is that in your bosom?” asks Hedonius; and when Spudæus, like the grown schoolboy of the Commons, replies, “*Dialogi, Ciceronis de finibus bonorum*,” Hedonius answers, as we would answer, “At quanto satius esset quærere bonorum *initia* quàm *fines*?”

Rapidly glancing back to the opening of the Session, we see the eyes of all men turned to the proceedings and divisions of Parliament, with far more than the wonted curiosity and earnestness which await a new administration. We all know that the Duke of Wellington had entered upon a bold and a novel policy. We all know that (without referring to party) he had not leant even on a single one of those bodies which usually make the fortress of a minister, as his party make the soldiers to defend it. An Aristocrat—he inclined not to the Aristocracy; a corrector of abuses, he had not thrown himself on the people: whatever the power of his enemies, his own forces were doubtful, beyond even a precedent. To the very last day before Parliament met, he knew not on what side this member would vote, or that member would harangue! No administration was ever less assured either on the exact quarter of its strength, or the real points of its weakness. But every bystander felt that the general temper of the adherents to Government was lukewarmness. Some feared the boldness of the Premier’s policy—others recoiled from co-action with certain of his colleagues. This baronet



was disappointed in a peerage—that younger son of a sinecure ; this lord threw up his place because it was expected that he should attend to its duties—and that favourite of Royalty complained of respect untended, and compliance unyielded. The Church were sore at past acts and suspicious of future intentions—a doubt rested on the sentiments of the King—the moderate Liberals were anxious for place themselves, the fierce ones were too eager in their demands ; and the great mass of the people, unflattered by speeches, and promises, and tricks, yielded the Premier a reluctant esteem, rather than a personal affection. Added to this, too, he was met by an enemy worse than the hostility of Sir Edward Knatchbull, or the wrath of the Morning Journal—that enemy was the distress of the country. With these disadvantages negative and positive, the administration commenced the session. That it has not lost ground is conceded, and the administration which does not lose, gains ; Time alone is the surest ally to Power. Still, at present, the administration is not so confirmed as to baffle the hopes of its opponents, or lull the fears of its supporters. Nothing seems settled, or quiet, or defined ; a ferment rests on the surface of politics, and though the stream flows one way to-day, the barometer does not by any means promise that the wind will not change by to-morrow :—this uncertainty has of late been doubled by the illness of the King and the alarm into which that illness has plunged the Country.—There does not seem to us that there *can* be a better moment in which to survey the various parties on whom depends the final result.

If for one moment we can divest ourselves of the personal prejudice, or the sectarian principle which limits our view to one point and blinds it on others ; if for one moment our minds can ascend to so serene an eminence as to command a fair though a hasty survey of the existing field of politics—let us seize that moment to look upon the curious and motley spectacle it exhibits. Never was there a carnival with masks so many and so grotesque ! Never was there an assembly where, with the same object in view of all, there was so confused, so heterogeneous a variety of character, of conduct, of costume !

In the first place we perceive Mr. Huskisson, Lord Palmerston, and their adherents : next come the Vivians, the Knatchbolls, and the “ long order ” of the High Tories. Thirdly, stand sullenly and aloof the professed Reformers. Fourthly, we descry Lord Althorpe and his members. Fifthly, the declared supporters of the administration. Sixthly, various individuals scattered *in gurgite vasto*, and fighting like Dryden’s Almanzor, according to caprice, or to interest, or to passion, while they consecrate the cause with the name now of magnanimity—now of independence. Seventhly, apart and afar, look upon the rest a small band of men whom we shall more particularly describe than the others, because of all, while they are the least immediately, they are the most ultimately influential.

To speak, first, of Mr. Huskisson. If ever man were placed in a more delicate and embarrassing situation than another, as to the chances of power, it is Mr. Huskisson. His own party is strong as an ally—it is nothing as a body. He attracts a considerable notice—he may excite a very reasonable fear. He is powerful as a part of opposition, but he could no more form an Administration than Colonel Wilson or Sir Joseph Yorke. Coalition is not only his evident, it is his indispensable



policy; but coalition with whom?—there lies the question. The Whigs?—What!—the Whigs hate him, and Mr. Huskisson knows it. No man can pass a night in the House of Commons, and not perceive the bitter temper felt towards him by the —— and the —— of that long-memoried body. Note how coldly fall his speeches on the Whiggish ear; note how loudly, how chucklingly bursts the applause when any one—even though that one be Minister of the Home Department—refutes a statement or retorts a reproach! Denied coalition with the Whigs—and we beg to remind our readers that coalition with the Whigs is a very different thing from acquaintanceship with Lord Lansdowne—will Mr. Huskisson lean to the Tories—the High Tories? Some weeks since, it *was* expected that he would; and certain measures towards a union between the two factions were (we use a coy word) suggested.

Mr. Huskisson's speeches, since then, have proved the suggestion was without fruit. Nor would it be less than madness in him to dream of coalescing with a party which, having considered him the Julian of his country, would now ask him to mend matters by becoming the Judas of his principles. Mr. Huskisson, indeed, stands upon an eminence lofty and narrow—one false step, and his fall is inevitable. He has incurred doubt; he has aroused hatred; he has forfeited power;—but hitherto he has clung to one tenet, true or false, and the tenacity of his grasp has saved him. The objection to coalition which applies to the Whigs, applies also to the Reformers; and as for the members headed by Lord Althorpe—even supposing that the greater part of them were not Whigs—it is sufficient objection, that they give a general support to that Government which Mr. Huskisson opposes; we might add, as a still stronger reason, that *their* support is scarcely connected with anxiety for office. We must own that, looking rather with favour than in neutrality towards Mr. Huskisson and his coadjutors; acknowledging Mr. Huskisson's experience and his enlightenment; allowing the great rise which, as a man of genius, Lord Palmerston has made in public estimation; holding in high respect the unblemished honesty, and the quiet but undeniable talents of the Grants,—we must own that, in spite of all this willingness to admit their individual merits, we do not know, among the various factions of the hour, one so unlikely to enjoy and retain power as the Huskisson party. And the great obstacle to it is Mr. Huskisson himself—a man unpopular in the House, unpopular with the nobles, unpopular with the Church, unpopular (as to character, though not as to opinions) with the philosophers (a far more powerful body than is generally suspected)—unpopular with the people, without strength to stand alone, or adroitness—it may be fortune—to ensure support. He and his friends make at once the most ostentatious enemy of the Administration, and the body least likely to replace it!

Looking now towards the Tories, we are reminded of the sign of the 'Good Woman'—we see a marvellous proper body, but where the devil is the head? They are the very reflection of a Highland army; there are men, and arms, and courage enough for conquest, but there are more than enough divisions for defeat. Instead of one captain, they have fifty;—they are all impatience for action, and all confusion when action should begin. They are like the Frenchman's plum-pudding; the ingredients are excellent—there are the citron, and the plums, and the



suet, and the sugar, and the brandy—nothing is forgotten, but the bag that should have kept them together.

This want of union is a remarkable and portentous trait in the existing state of the Tories. Hitherto, their great strength has been their unanimity—this has atoned for all their other infirmities. The unanimity is gone; they run to and fro, and are at their wit's end. Happily for the country, unhappily for the Tories, when common faith and confidence have once deserted any common body of men, long time and many concurring circumstances can alone restore them. Meanwhile, by the necessary gravity of power, the Government rapidly attracts towards itself all the severed and solitary particles released from the general mass.

But the singular and moral spectacle, of Tories without union and without place, is nothing to the spectacle afforded by the Reformers—by, on the one hand, Quarterly Reviewers contemning Parliament, and Marquises of Blandford moving for Radical innovation; and, on the other, Sir Francis Burdett eulogising prosecutors of the press, and . . . veering into place! Good Heavens! what a miserable exhibition of heroes does vulgar Liberty manifest! what a hedge for the rags and shreds of reputation to hang to dry and flaunt them in the sun, is this Parliamentary Reform! We cannot conceive it possible to contemplate a more ludicrous, yet a more odious prostitution of sacred names and principles, than we find among the present squad of Reformers. The old ones, in whom we put our trust, shifting, and truckling, and halting—ogling power—turning their backs civilly on Independence, and showing us with the most complacent coolness that no measures have been with them so founded on that invariable TRUTH, which (to use a simile quoted by the Emperor Julian as belonging to Homer, but to be found, we believe, no where in his works,) is like “the thrones of the gods, fixed, unswerving, immutable”—as to be uninfluenced by the most paltry change of measures and the most shifting tergiversations of men.

But if we despise our old Reformers (we speak, be it noted, of Reformers *in* as well as *of* Parliament)—what shall we say to the new?—what shall we say to men who went to bed Tories, and rise on the next morning Radicals?—to men who talk of appealing to the people, where formerly they would have appealed to the Horse Guards?—and who, where once they accused their foes of hatching a revolution, now talk gallinaceously of sitting on their own little egg of Reform? What shall we say to men, who, because one of their party changes his opinion on a single point, revile his tergiversation, and change theirs upon all?—who owe conversion, not to conviction, but to discontent; and who recognize in the Catholic Question that divine pair of whiskers which are to change the complacent face of Sir Roger de Coverly, the Tory, into the grim features of a Saracen's head—the Reformer? What shall we say to these men?—Nothing! But to the people we *will* say, that this change affords a lesson better than Reform itself—at least of any reform that has yet been seriously offered to their notice; it teaches them what playthings have been their great and paramount interests in the hands of the few, and how necessary it is that they should trust, not to the hollow jargon of men who perhaps mean them well at such moments as passion or in-



terest dictates ; but who view their griefs only when distressed themselves, and contend for their rights only when themselves are injured !

We now turn with a deeper interest than we bear towards the ordinary divisions of political combatants, to the party formed by Lord Althorpe. We beg all who would know the crying vice of our political state, to note the professed object of this party ; it is the object of enforcing a rigorous economy. The crying vice of this country is—expense ! Whoever reduces this vice is the real Reformer. But mark ! the expense is not limited to our taxes, to our houses, or to our food. If the first thing requisite to a sound State is cheap bread, the second is **CHEAP JUSTICE** ! Let Lord Althorpe look to this ; let him extend the scope of his policy from our expenditure to our laws—from the King's court to the Judges—from the budget to the code—from the purses of the poor to the minds of the poor. Let him, in a word, exert the same watchful, the same resolute, the same united force, for the improvement of morals, that he exerts for the saving of money, and we shall say that this country has never owed to any single man so large a debt as she will owe to Lord Althorpe. We can conceive no reputation so enviable as his will be. We can conceive no possible party based upon so firm a settlement as the party which he forms. If the ambition of that party be turned towards power, we feel that we echo the voice of the whole country when we say, “ Be but sincere, and we predict you a success beyond that of any combination of men who have gone before you ; for you are the only combination of men who, with wealth, rank, and influence, have united yourselves actively and vigorously with the public. If we hated you as individuals, our veriest interests would inevitably make us support you. You are like the men in the Chinese fable, who gained the height of every head they struck off from their enemies ; your enemies are those of the community ; you rise by every tax you remove ; you become great by every abuse you destroy ! ” We dwell the more emphatically on our praise of this party, because we consider it deserving of a far more extensive and audible approbation than it has yet received. We think this association a momentous æra in our national politics, not only from what it is in itself, but from the example it has set. Narrowing now our view of its consequence to the present time, we look on the power of this party as a circumstance remarkably fortunate for the Administration. A neutral body of chosen men, whose public conduct has been long tried, most of whom are signalized as being of lukewarm inclination to office—who have united on one ground, of retrenchment and vigilance—and who, nevertheless, give a general support to the Administration—give us in that support, it must be owned, a remarkable pledge of the sincerity and wholesome intentions of the Government ; it is exactly upon such a support, the support of honest and unbiassed men, that, if we could form a Utopian Administration, we would place it.

The fifth party that courts our notice is the one composing the Administration—*that* demands an article to itself, which it shall have hereafter :—for the present we are forced to content ourselves with making our observations upon the other divisions bear more or less upon the one in power.—Nor would it be well timed to treat, at length, of an Administration dependant on the will of an august Personage, whose life at the moment we are preparing this for the Press seems,



unhappily, so precarious a tenure:—the existence of an Administration depends on that of the King—not so the existence of parties.

Of those scattered individuals opposed to the Government, and who seem, in the late divisions and unsettlements, to be very much in the situation of that unhappy person in the Child's game called "Puss in the Corner," who stands forlorn, but eager, in the middle—the only Puss without a corner;—of these individuals, we will own we think the enmity or the neutrality a matter of comparative indifference. Every week, every day, these single combatants fall into one band or another; and under a more artful and blandishing administration, the band chosen would be easy of prediction. But there is this good in an Aristocracy: Aristocrats have a public opinion of their own, and they are so far swayed by it, that in order to be dishonest they must first be solicited; they are rather coquets than harlots—rather ladies, as Miss Steele would say, in fashionable society, than ladies of hoodless licentiousness of life. To men of this stamp there is a cruel bluntness about the Duke of Wellington; he does not belong to your *gens delicats*, who have pretty words and illecebral disguises for the naughtiest solicitations; and this bluntness makes expectant neutrality easily subside into rancorous disappointment. There is another consequence in an Aristocratic representation—your Aristocratic Liberals are generally too well off to be active. Many of them unaffectedly shrink from office, because they recoil from trouble: they can not, it is true, be bribed by a hostile party; but neither, beyond a silent vote, can they be useful to their own. These men act sometimes from hereditary motives—are Whigs ancestrally, or democratic by pedigree, or sometimes from popularity, or sometimes from caprice, or sometimes from conviviality, or sometimes from an unexamining and stolid honesty. Men may be despicable from many causes besides the desire of lucre!

Passing from them, we pause for a few moments to regard a body of men, not indeed influential in Parliament, but from whom opinions, that become by slow degrees the rallying points of contention, almost invariably emanate. The men of whom we speak are of a severe and uncompromising temperament; they stand on high, a butt for the malice of the placeman, and the brilliant arrow of the nobler hero of the schools. They have their fault, like other men and other reasoners; the fault is obvious. Reflecting much on public life, but seldom mixing actively in its changes, their opinions assume the form of propositions; they lay down for Government certain abstract rules, and they speak not of what is convenient, but what is true. Temporizing and semi-measures do not satisfy the men we refer to; they demand what they consider an imperative good, and they look with indifference on minor benefits, with contempt on petty propitiations. These men do not support the present Government, because their support no Government conceivable under the present order of things, can hope to secure: the utmost to be obtained is their neutrality. They seek for an austere Truth found but in a single well, and they waste not a moment in dabbling for verisimilitudes in artificial pools. Whatever their merits or defects, they have nothing to do with the daily bustle, and turmoil, and mutability of ordinary politics. But do not let us, therefore, believe that they are without their use, or that no light can stream from the far and serene temples of abstract con-



temptation upon the stormy common-places of active life. On the contrary, it is from these men that we chiefly learn the real objects we should desire to possess: the ultimata it will only content them to attain, it will satisfy us to approach. And it is meet that one class of men should cling to a rigid and unadulterated good, were it only that another class might have some standard by which to diminish evil. It is true of the sectarians we designate, that they neither crowd the reeking bar, nor pour forth their oracles from the prostituted fane of St. Stephen's; but their writings come before us in the calm of the closet, when the voice of the sophist is dumb, and the loud roar of faction murmurs only at a distance. It is true, also, that amidst these writings there is much that may be matter of cavil, and much that may excite our displeasure. Our love for the poetry of facts may be shocked by the plainness with which speculation is attired; and the interests that bias us insensibly to ourselves may recoil against inquiries which strike at the root of all isolated interests whatsoever. Moreover, even if our reason boldly and fairly encounter the reasonings opposed to it, whatever is new ought to be closely analysed and severely tried; and perhaps we may experience towards the novelty of their theories an unprejudiced dissent on many points, and a philosophical scepticism on all. However this be, we must acknowledge, first, that the writers of this school can scarcely be allured to delusion by either of those motives which most commonly operate on political debaters—either, on the one hand, by the desire of profit and of honours, for neither profit nor honours can be the meed of their homely and uncompromising tenets—or, on the other, by the drunken desire of popularity, for the public never affords its favour to that man who fights openly against the public prejudice. If they be actuated by vanity, it must necessarily be that more healthful vanity which regards the few, not the many—which appeals solely to the applause of those who reason—and which claims from reason hostility or assent.

Such, then, make the more conspicuous divisions and particles into which the political force of the country seems to have split. The first and most obvious conclusion to be drawn from the hasty glance we have been enabled to give, is the truth of that popular sentiment which makes a main source of strength to the Wellington Administration—viz. the inadequacy of any other immediate party to fill the place of the present Government. Secondly, we think that a little reflection will show us that this variety of factions places the Government, for the present, upon a more promising and salutary footing than any which preceded it, and was founded only on the superiority of *one* party over *one other*. For, in the first place, the earthquake to the old soil of parties, sundering so many individuals from the mass of Opposition, has broken also that bond—pernicious to a country, though scarcely blameable in a sect—which made the faith of fellowship more strong than conviction. The honestest portion of men—for the acute and sagacious Shaftesbury has reasoned well in supposing that with the honestest men fellowship, or the spirit of party, is the most strong)—can, therefore, now be won to Government, by the persuasion of its good intentions and good performances, without the obloquy or the desertion formerly incurred; and good intentions and good performances make, in consequence, a part of that conciliatory policy which, a



very few years ago, was wholly composed of bribes and of pensions. Secondly, as it is a common principle in human nature, that the more our companions are in error or in danger, the more easily we are led to either; so that numerical force formerly confined to two, being now split into many sects, there is less likelihood of obstinate measures against the people from those in office, and of truckling with, or perfidy to, the trust of the people in those who are out. Thirdly, the narrow and vigilant jealousy universally created by several small parties, all differing from each other, yet all anxious for power, necessarily urges on each that circumspection of conduct which is made imperative on men when they feel that they are accurately watched and weakly supported; so that the man who would be prudent is almost compelled to be honest. Fourthly, that great portion of the public, supine and inactive, accustomed to lean indolently on the Whigs, and to trust to their stewardship without too nicely scrutinizing the accounts, have lost their prop, and must stand alone—have lost the steward, and must look to their own affairs. The men whom they have trusted are gone and scattered, and losing even their name. Many candidates succeed; but the public must examine, deliberate, compare, before out of the competitors it can take one on which to confide. Warned by the past, may it remember the caution of all wise housekeepers—viz. that the best way to corrupt a good servant is to put yourself too largely in his power. Fifthly, and we consider this the most important consequence of all, while on the one hand these various factions prevent, by their divisions and their mutual jealousies, the force of an opposition from becoming so great as to impede and clog the wholesome vigour of Administration, so, on the other, they prevent the Government from enjoying that cemented and tranquil power that might allow them to grow indolent over the luxuries of office. Like a small state, they must make vigour atone for the want of numbers; and their best way of becoming independent of their rivals, is by strengthening their sympathy with the public.\* Be it ours to make that sympathy both necessary and perpetual. It has been predicted by an ingenious and skilful commentator on the politics of the moment, that the novel parties now existing must again subside into the ancient forms of Whig and Tory. This is impossible at present: let us take care of the future.

To frustrate the prediction, we have only, generally to unite on two very easy points. The first is an agreement that we ought to legislate for the whole community, not for this or for that section of an oligarchy; the second is a resolution to place trust only in such men as rigorously enforce this solitary doctrine. Let us unite on these points, and the Whigs and Tories are gone for ever! Do away with the madness of the many, and the gain of the few exists no more! Meanwhile, the policy of a people deceived while they slept, and now awakened at once to the sense of their folly, and the necessity of caution, cannot be better expressed than by the brief advice of Epicharmus, recorded in that illustrious history,† which, of all the chronicles of ancient literature,

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\* If the break-up of the old parties had effected nothing else, it would be something that an English Minister (Mr. Peel) should have twice distinctly stated that the Ministry depend on the public. This is perfectly anomalous in our history.

† Polybius.



harmonizes the most with the modern intellectual spirit, that demands from facts a warning, and from the crimes of the past extracts the wisest morals for the future. "Be slow and be wary of your confidence; these are the nerves of the mind!" L.\*

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SPECIMENS OF GERMAN GENIUS, NO. II.

WE stand in as many, and as incomprehensibly various, relations to Nature as to man: and as, to the child, she shows herself childlike, and bends benignly down to his infant heart; so, to the god, she shows herself godlike, and attunes herself to his high spirit. We cannot say that there is *one* Nature, without saying something excessive, exaggerated; and all attempts to arrive at truth by discussions and conversations about Nature, do but remove us farther from the natural. Much is already gained, when the effort fully to understand Nature ennobles itself into a longing—a tender and humble longing, which even the cold, reserved temper soon learns to delight in, if once it feels secure of a more intimate acquaintance with her. There is a secret attraction, towards all points, from within us, diverging from an infinitely deep centre. As wondrous Nature, sensible and insensible, lies round about us, we think every one of her features an exercise of her attractive power, a manifestation of the sympathy which exists between her and us; but, behind those blue, distant mountains, one man seeks the home which they veil from his sight, the beloved of his youth, parents, brothers, sisters, old friends, dear recollections;—another thinks that, far on the other side, unknown glories await him; he believes that a future, full of life and beauty, lies hidden there, and he stretches his hands wistfully towards that new world. Some few stand motionless and serene in the midst of the glorious spectacle; they seek to embrace it only in its fulness and concatenation, but they forget not in the Whole that radiant thread which runs through and enlinks its parts, and forms the holy crown of light: such spirits are blessed in the contemplation of this living and more than midnight depth of floating beauty.

Thus arise manifold ways of viewing Nature; and if, in some, sensibility to Nature is a joyous sensation, a banquet, in others, we see it transformed into the most reverential religion, giving direction, support, and significancy, to the whole of life. Even in the infancy of nations, such deep and earnest spirits have been found, to whom Nature wore the countenance of Deity; while other gay and joyous hearts thought of her only as a host, at whose bounteous table they might freely seat themselves. To them, the free air was a cordial drink; the stars, lamps to illumine the nightly dance; plants and animals, nothing but costly and delicate viands: and thus did Nature present herself to their minds, not as a still and awful temple, but as a plenteous kitchen, and merry banqueting-hall.

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\* N.B. The signature L. will be affixed to all political articles for the *New Monthly* that are written by the Author of the above paper, and of the "Remarks on the Present Administration," in the Number for January. This is mentioned because the said articles are part of a series.

I desire not to be considered responsible for every individual sentiment and expression contained in the above paper. The writer's general tone of sentiment is certainly akin to my own, but I conceive that the Country owes more to the Whigs than my contributor is willing to allow.—EDITOR.



In an intermediate class between these two, were others, whose view of Nature, though differing from the last, had yet reference to the senses alone. These saw, in present Nature, only a vast, but as yet wild and unreclaimed park, or pleasure-ground; and were busied, day and night, in creating patterns of a more refined and perfect Nature. They divided themselves into companies, for the accomplishment of the great work. Some sought to awaken mute and forgotten tones in air and wood; others deposited their conceptions and images of more beautiful forms in brass or stone; built up from the rock more stately piles for dwellings; brought to light hidden treasures from the clefts of the earth; tamed the wayward and lawless streams; peopled the inhospitable sea; carried plants of long-known and excellent virtue into desert zones; checked the wild overspread of forests, and tended the nobler flowers and herbs; opened the earth to the life-giving motions of generative air and enkindling light; taught colours to blend and arrange themselves in beautiful pictures; and wood and meadow, fountain and rock, to unite in one lovely garden; breathed tones into the living members, unfolded their mysterious connexion, and taught them to move in livelier and more joyous vibrations; adopted the defenceless animals which were susceptible of some touch of human culture, and cleared the woods of those noxious beasts which seemed like the monstrous births of a distempered fancy. Soon did Nature assume a kinder aspect; she was softer, and more refreshing, and willingly hearkened to all the wishes of man.

By degrees, her heart began to have a human motion; her fancies were brighter; she became social, and freely replied to the friendly inquirer; and so the golden age appeared to be gradually returning, when she was the friend, the comforter, the priestess of men; when she lived among them, and her divine society and intercourse raised them into immortals.—*Novalis*.

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There is no more potent antidote to low sensuality than the adoration of beauty. All the higher arts of design are essentially chaste, without respect of the object. They purify the thoughts, as tragedy, according to Aristotle, purifies the passions. Their accidental effects are not worth consideration. There are souls to whom even a vestal is not holy.—*August Wilhelm v. Schlegel*.

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It is impossible to witness the singular and universal gaiety and joyousness of the people of Naples without the greatest sympathy and delight. The many-coloured brilliant flowers and fruits with which Nature decks herself, appear to invite man to adorn his person, and all that surrounds him, with the brightest possible tints. Silken handkerchiefs and ribbons, flowers on the hat, are seen on every one who has any means of procuring them. Even in the smallest houses, the chairs and sofas are painted with gay flowers on a gold ground; the one-horse calèches are striped with bright red, the carved work is gilded, the horses are decorated with artificial flowers, scarlet fringes and tassels, and gold tinsel. Many wear on their heads plumes of feathers, others little flags, which flutter in every breeze as they move swiftly along. We usually call the love of gaudy colours barbaric and tasteless: in some cases it may be so; but under a perfectly clear and blue sky, nothing is gaudy, for nothing can outshine the splendour of



the sun, and of its reflection in the sea. The most brilliant colour is deadened by the intense light; and as all hues, the greens of trees and plants, and the yellow, brown, and red, earthy tints, crowd upon the eye in their fullest beauty, gay flowers and dresses blend in a universal harmony. The scarlet bodices and petticoats, trimmed with broad bands of gold and silver, of the women of Nettuno,—the other national costumes,—the gaily-painted boats,—every object seems to strive to become visible under the dazzling splendour of sea and sky.

And, as they live, so do they bury their dead. No long, sable train there breaks the harmony of the joyous world.

I saw a child borne to the grave. A large red velvet pall, richly embroidered with gold, covered a broad bier, on which stood a carved chest, highly decorated with gold and silver. In this, lay the dead clad in white garments, covered with rose-coloured ribbons. At the four corners of the chest were four angels, each holding a large bunch of flowers over the body. As they were only fastened at the feet by wires, they moved with the motion of the bier, and appeared to scatter odours over the dead child. This tremulous motion of the angels was increased by the rapidity with which the procession hastened through the streets;—for the priests and taper-bearers rather ran than walked.

*Göthe.*

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The *beau-monde* of Paris were delighted with Gessner's Idylls—just as a palate sated and deadened with high feeding and poignant sauces, is refreshed by a milk diet.

*A. W. v. Schlegel.*

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I looked down into the Rhine and thought,—thus does this antick, rolling stream of life, flow on and on,—out of its hidden sources, like the Nile. How little have I hitherto done! how little enjoyed! Our merits and our joys are not great—our changes are far greater. Our hearts and heads are laid under the ground, altered a thousand-fold—unrecognizable,—like the face of the man in the iron mask disfigured by countless wounds.

Each minute appears to us the end, the object, of all former minutes. We mistake the seed of life for the harvest—the honey-dew on the ears for the sweet and nourishing juice—and, like beasts, we chew the blossoms.

I thought—yet, how steady and immoveable does the little light burn on within us, in the midst of the fierce conflicts of nature. All around me shocks and struggles with giant-power. The stream grasps the islands and the rocks in its mighty embrace; the night wind walks in the stream, and ploughs it up, and drives back its strong waves, and wrestles with the thick woods: even there, above, in the peaceful azure, worlds labour against worlds. The infinite powers rush like streams towards each other, and meet whirling and foaming, and on the boundless and eternal whirlpool, our little orbs play around the eddy of the sun. And yet, in the midst of all these storms, the spirit of man rests calm and peaceful, as the moonbeam sleeps above the tumult of a windy night. In me, all is now tranquil and gentle, and I see before me the small brook of my life flow on and drop into the stream of time with a thousand others.

*Jean Paul F. Richter.*



Be and continue poor, young man, while others around you grow rich by fraud and disloyalty; be without place or power, while others beg their way upward; bear the pain of disappointed hopes, while others gain the accomplishment of theirs by flattery; forgo the gracious pressure of the hand, for which others cringe and crawl. Wrap yourself in your own virtue, and seek a friend, and your daily bread. If you have, in such a course, grown grey with unblenched honour, bless God, and die.

*Heinzelmann.*

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The most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness: one who loves life, and understands the use of it; obliging,—alike at all hours; above all, of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such an one, we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker.

*Lessing.*

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Last among the characteristics of woman, is that sweet, motherly love with which Nature has gifted her; it is almost independent of cold reason, and wholly removed from all selfish hope of reward. Not because it is lovely, does the mother love her child, but because it is a living part of herself—the child of her heart, a fraction of her own nature. Therefore do her entrails yearn over his wailings; her heart beats quicker at his joy; her blood flows more softly through her veins, when the breast at which he drinks knits him to her. In every uncorrupted nation of the earth, this feeling is the same. Climate, which changes every thing else, changes not that. It is only the most corrupting forms of society which have power gradually to make luxurious vice sweeter than the tender cares and toils of maternal love. In Greenland, where the climate affords no food fit for infants, the mother nourishes her child up to the third or fourth year of his life. She endures from him all the nascent indications of the rude and domineering spirit of manhood, with indulgent, all-forgiving patience. The negress is armed with more than manly strength when her child is attacked by savage beasts. We read with astonished admiration the examples of her matchless courage and contempt of danger. But if death robs that tender mother, whom we are pleased to call a savage, of her best comfort—the charm and the care of her existence—where is the heart of man that can conceive her sorrow? Read the lament of the Nadowessee woman, on the loss of her husband and her infant son. The feeling which it breathes is beyond all expression.

*Herder.*

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The most perfect specimens of ordinary women have a very acute and distinct perception of all the boundary lines of every-day existence, and guard themselves conscientiously from overstepping them. Hence their well-known and remarkable uniformity. They cannot bear excess, even in refinement, delicacy, truth, virtue, passion. They delight in variety of the common and accustomed. No new ideas,—but new clothes. Fundamental monotony,—superficial excitement. They love dancing, especially, on account of its light, vain, and sensual character. The highest sort of wit is insufferable to them—as well as the Beautiful, the Great, the Noble: middling, or even bad books, actors, pictures, and the like, delight them.

*Novalis.*



It is as if women made every thing with their own hands, and men with tools.

*A. W. von Schlegel.*

He pored over a fatal iron-mould—a pock-mark or wart in his wife's heart; he could never raise her to a lyrical enthusiasm of love, in which she might forget heaven and earth, and all things. She could count the strokes of the clock between his kisses,—and listen to the pot boiling over, and run to take it off, with the big tears, which he had drawn forth by a beautiful story, or a discourse from the outpourings of his heart, yet standing in her eyes. She sat in the adjoining room and sang to herself quavering psalms, and in the middle of a verse she interwove the prosaic question, “What shall I cook this evening?” And he could never get it out of his head that once, in the midst of the most moved attention to a cabinet sermon of his on death and eternity, she looked thoughtfully downwards, and at length said, “Don't put on your left stocking to-morrow morning; I must first mend a hole in it.” The author of this history hereby asserts that he has often gone nearly out of his mind in consequence of such-like feminine interludes. It is, in truth, to be wished that the said author, in case he enter into the estate of matrimony, may find a woman to whom he can read the most essential principles and *dictata* of metaphysics and astronomy; and who, in his most towering flights, will not cast up his stockings at him. He will, however, be satisfied if one fall to his lot who has humbler merits, but who is capable of soaring with him to a certain height:—One, on whose opened eyes and heart the flowery earth and beaming heavens strike not in infinitesimals, but in large and towering masses; for whom the great Whole is something more than a nursery or a ball-room; one who, with a feeling at once tender and discriminating, and with a heart at once pious and large, for ever improves the man whom she has wedded. This it is, and no more, to which the author of this history limits his wishes.

*Jean Paul F. Richter, in Siebenkäs.*

Formerly, it was the fashion to preach the Natural, now it is the Ideal. People too often forget that these things are profoundly compatible; that, in a beautiful work of imagination, the Natural should be ideal, and the Ideal, natural.

*A. W. von Schlegel.*

It is a coarse but very common misapprehension, that in order to represent the Ideal, an aggregate of virtues as numerous as possible must be packed together under one name:—a whole compendium of morality be exhibited in one man. Nothing is effected by this but the utter extinguishment of individuality and truth. The Ideal consists not in quantity, but in quality. Grandison is exemplary, but not ideal.

*A. W. von Schlegel.*

Wherever, O man, God's sun first beamed upon thee,—where the stars of heaven first shone above thee,—where his lightnings first declared his omnipotence, and his storm-wind shook thy soul with pious awe,—there are thy affections—there is thy Country.

Where the first human eye bent lovingly over thy cradle,—where thy mother first bore thee joyfully on her bosom,—where thy father engraved



the words of wisdom in thy heart,—there are thy affections, there is thy Country.

And though it be among bare rocks and desert islands, and though poverty and care dwell there with thee, thou must love that land for ever; for thou art man, and thou canst not forget it, but it must abide in thine inmost heart.

And Freedom is no empty dream, no barren imagination,—but in Her dwells thy courage, and thy pride, and the certainty that thou art of high and heavenly race.

There is freedom, where thou canst live in the customs and fashions and laws of thy fathers; where that which rejoiced their hearts rejoices thine; where no foreign oppressor can command thee, no foreign ruler drive thee according to his will, as cattle at the will of their driver.

This thy country,—thy free country,—is a treasure which contains within itself indestructible love and faith; the noblest good (excepting religion, in which dwells a still higher freedom,) which a virtuous man can possess, or can covet.

*Arndt.*

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Master Jacobus Polychorus, who lived in Strasburg in the 16th century, says, in a little book he wrote,—“The German people is more especially a trustworthy, veracious, constant, bold, and manly people; likewise liberal, mild, hospitable, undaunted, laborious, temperate, honest, cheerful-minded, and covetous of a good name: one that in all things seeketh to lead the wits of men, and to be beforehand in all knowledge. And thus Germany yieldeth to no land in all arts, and knowledge of tongues and new inventions. From her have we printing, and the use of fire-arms, and many other arts. And likewise is Germany a right blessed and favoured country, lying under a temperate sky, abounding in all manner of grain, and in all the riches of water or wood; having sufficiency of various wines, metals, and all materials for useful works. And the Germans are kind-hearted and generous to strangers; gentle and placable to supplicants; prompt and forward in war; neither on foot nor on horse, yielding to any.”

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Surrounded by the nations which have the chief and foremost influence on the condition and destinies of mankind, lies our Father-land; strong against all, formidable to most, in 600,000 warriors, who have seldom been equalled, and never excelled. For whomsoever, or for whatever cause, they take up arms, whoever be their leader, with them rests the balance of political power, the liberties of Europe, the welfare of the human race.

By Germans was the last universal monarchy overthrown; from among them proceeded the rulers of the states which arose out of its ruins, in one of whom, chosen by themselves, Europe recognized the title and the rank of Cæsar; while the abuse of his power was mainly checked by the spirit of German freedom.

A country, more than twelve thousand square miles in extent; fruitful, yet rather in what ministers to the necessities, than to the luxury and voluptuous ease of man; fostering the growth of an active and industrious spirit by her numerous towns, and of high culture and civilization by her many capitals; sufficiently furnished with coasts and rivers for commerce, yet not to such a degree as that the mercantile spirit can



ever become national and predominant; lying under a climate neither enervating from heat, nor painful from cold, but of a heathful mean; and thence producing an organization of the human species equally removed from the extremes of rigid apathy and effeminate sensibility; peopled by men vigorous both in labour and in enjoyment, apt and intelligent in invention; inclining always to the useful, and patient in improving and perfecting; full of feeling for the Beautiful, and in the fine arts, second to none; yet still more successful in the investigation of the True and in the accomplishment of the Great; remarkable for good sense and for unwearied perseverance; obedient even to the most rigid military subordination, yet ardent at the name of freedom and worthy to enjoy it; a people capable of any thing if they have but sufficient pride to throw aside all imitation, and to be content to be German:—Such is our people—such is Germany.

*Johannes v. Muller.*

Germans are serious in society, their comedies are serious, their satire is serious, their criticisms are serious, their whole polite literature is serious. Is the comic alone always unconscious and involuntary in this people?

*A. W. v. Schlegel.*

There are ideal trains of events which run parallel with the real ones. Seldom do they coincide. Men and accidents commonly modify every ideal event or train of events, so that it appears imperfect, and its consequences are equally imperfect. Thus it was with the Reformation—instead of Protestantism, arose Lutheranism.

*Novalis.*

I hate all people who want to found sects. It is not error, but sectarian error—nay, and even sectarian truth, which cause the unhappiness of mankind.

*Lessing.*

Duclos remarks that few distinguished works have been produced by any but authors by profession. In France, this class has long been held in respect. With us, a man used to be esteemed as less than nothing if he were only an author. This prejudice still shows itself here and there, but the force of honoured examples must, in time, crush it. Authorship is, according to the spirit in which it is pursued, an infamy, a pastime, a day-labour, a handicraft, an art, a science, a virtue.

*A. W. v. Schlegel.*

#### TIME.

“ The Love where Death hath set his seal,  
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,  
Nor falsehood disavow.”

BYRON.

YE are gone! ye are gone! friends of my youth,  
In the spring-tide of hope and love;  
Ye are gone in the bloom of unfading truth,  
To the stainless worlds above!

I'll not weep for you, friends of my youth,  
Nor sigh o'er your ruin'd prime,  
Death, the proud archer, hath more of ruth,  
Than the stealthy greybeard Time!



He comes but the fleeting hues to steal  
 Of the cheek's carnation dye ;  
 Or the print of his iron hand to seal  
 On the eye's dark brilliancy !  
 Death can but sever the mortal link  
 Which bindeth kindred clay ;  
 Whilst bright through the archway's ruin'd chink,  
 Faith's golden sunbeams stray !  
 But Time, the rude spoiler, comes, alas !  
 With a keener, deeper woe ;  
 Wasting our years, like the sands of his glass,  
 In a dull and certain flow !  
 With'ring the young hopes planted fast  
 In the heart's unfathom'd core,  
 Quenching the starry lights which cast  
 Their splendour on earth's dim shore !  
 Loos'ning the ties that affection wove,  
 Riving fond hearts in twain,  
 Turning to gall the sweet honey of love,  
 And the dew-drops of sorrow to rain !  
 In friendship's wane, and passion's decline,  
 There's nothing on earth so dear  
 As the twinkling lights which again may shine  
 In a distant hemisphere !  
 Thus Memory still lingers in bowers of youth,  
 Unstained by manhood's crime—  
 O ! Death, the proud archer hath more of ruth  
 Than the stealthy greybeard Time !

M. A. C.

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THE PAINTER.

The pillar'd arches were over his head,  
 And beneath his feet were the bones of the dead.—SCOTT.

IN the romantic village of M——, there lived, at the close of the last century, a painter, or rather artist, since to the humble practice of domestic decorator he added the more ambitious calling of sign-board and epitaph painter-in-ordinary to the parish. His path to this pre-eminent state of exaltation, far from proving one of peace and pleasantness, had been chequered with difficulties and crosses, which nothing but the energetic perseverance of “heavenly genius in its course divine” could have surmounted. The offspring of love and poverty, reared in privation, with no better preparation than a year's instruction from the village pedagogue, and a brief apprenticeship to a neighbouring limner—a most indefatigable and remorseless defacer of God's creatures—he found himself, at an early age, wholly dependent upon his pencil for subsistence. Long and severely was he tried ; Penury marked him for her own, and Want sat “mowing” on his solitary table. In vain were his style and titles blazoned above his door-posts in characters of surpassing beauty ; in vain was his window darkened with matchless effigies of things in heaven above, and on the earth beneath, and in the waters under the earth : “two stars keep not their motion in one sphere,” and that of another Apelles had long since culminated upon the meridian of M——. This fortunate person lived in the hearts of



the villagers; through his brush "the memory of buried love" triumphed over the grave, and under the shade of his handy works they drank to departed friendship: the church-yard and street were alike redolent of his success, while our hero, in solitude and misery, would fain have eaten of the crumbs that fell from his rival's table. But the tide of human affairs at length turned; he took it at the flood, and was borne on to fortune.

The wife of his grammatical pastor and master, the ancient pedagogue, "was gathered to her fathers;" and her afflicted relic,—“a wretched fragment of divided love”—partly from early association and present commiseration, and partly from a slight jealousy of the deference paid by his compatriots to the great limner of the village—in derogation of what he conceived his own superior claims, as the unquestioned autocrat of their literary microcosm—entrusted to his former pupil the office of rendering monumental justice to the saint in Paradise, the unparagoned of housewives. The painter, duly impressed with the importance of his next move in the game of life, threw all his energies into the task: he drew from the recesses, in which they had so long slumbered, the glorious imaginings of his spirit; he poured forth the hidden treasures of his genius; and shadowed forth the "thrice-told tale" of Death's doings in hieroglyphics that found an echo in every bosom; they consoled the aged, charmed the youthful, and "cowed the better part of manhood" in the mighty Coryphæus of the arts in those regions. His star sunk from apogee; fame and practice flowed in upon the neophyte, who having hit the vein of rustic humour, followed up the idea which had fructified so auspiciously. Scorning the beaten track of imitation, and giving free play to his imagination, he hurled his rival to the dust, and usurped the vacant throne of taste. The village sages were illuminated incontinently; "conviction came upon their startled souls, like lightning on the midnight traveller." The signs under which they had been wont to revel were now "nothing to the purpose;" the angel was "a mere, mere woman,"—and who could suppose *their* identity?—the dolphin exceedingly like any other odd fish: whereas the beasts and the fishes of the new painter differed entirely from aught hitherto "dreamed of in their philosophy," and the daring innovator was pronounced by acclamation "a marvellous proper man." Let it not be supposed that he became puffed up with conceit at his sudden elevation; quite the reverse: the meekness with which he bore his budding honours conciliated love no less than his talents commanded admiration; so that, blest with competency, and the society of "the kind fair friend by nature marked his own," with his children growing "like olive-branches round about his table," he enjoyed as much happiness as usually falls to the lot of mortals even the most favoured.

The village church, a plain antiquated structure, betraying in its massive shafts and circular arches the simple taste of our Saxon progenitors, contained within its vaults the burial-place of a once noble and powerful family. This "ancient receptacle" had been decorated and disfigured by the martial ardour and monkish superstition of its various possessors with effigies of numerous gallant knights, as well as with certain quaint devices and intricate inscriptions, conveying sage axioms upon the vanity of worldly pursuits, and the instability of sub-



lunary things in general. Such, at least, was the prevailing interpretation of the initiated in such matters ; since, whether from the ravages of time and damp upon the characters, or the uncouth nature of the symbols under which so much was supposed to lurk, their precise meaning had never been satisfactorily ascertained ; and it must be confessed that these “ learned Thebans,” with their wonted ingenuity, had broached interpretations to the full as incongruous and monstrous as any of the objects of their speculation. This tomb, at all times the resort of antiquarian curiosity, was visited at the happening of the incident we are about to relate by a celebrated topographical illustrator, who, in furtherance of a design of commemorating so unique a relic of the olden time, employed our painter to furnish a fac-simile of the disputed characters and symbols. Happy in the opportunity of disseminating the fame of his native village, and at the same time adding his humble tribute of light to the galaxy of antiquarian lore about to be shed upon the world, he repaired to the church, bearing, in addition to the materials necessary to the prosecution of his task, a basket containing his dinner and two candles, with a determination to finish his job before the setting of the sun.

It was the first day of the Saturnalia immediately succeeding the gloomy and self-denying season of Lent ; at a period when the authorized festivities of the church were celebrated with an ardour and enthusiasm proportioned to the fervour and sincerity with which her austere duties were wont to be observed. It was the Easter of our forefathers, ere “ the goodly usage of those ancient times ” had given way to a spirit of refinement, which has already curtailed the enjoyments of the lower orders, and almost effaced the badge of honest simplicity from the character of our peasantry. The whole district of M—— was alive ; and the venerable sexton, warming at sight of the general hilarity, had relaxed from half a century’s toil in the watchful discharge of his ministerial functions, in favour of a “ trusty frere,” with whom he was to pass the holiday week. To our painter, therefore, as to a discreet and pious son of the church, he entrusted the keys of the sacred edifice, intimating his intention of demanding them again when the following sabbath should recall him to his duties. The Painter, chuckling inwardly at so thrifty an employment of a holiday, carefully secured the church door, deposited his provisions in a convenient spot, lighted one of his candles, and propping up the narrow door that led to the vaults, at the extremity of which stood the mausoleum, he descended to his task. Scarcely, however, had he reached his destination, when the door fell with a clap that reverberated in thunder through the vaults, and startled the painter to such a degree that the candle fell from his hand, and was extinguished amid the dust of the charnel house. There is something of seriousness and even awe in solitary darkness for which it were difficult to account—a sort of vague idea of danger—a fleeting sensation of helplessness, that pervades, more or less, every person and every age. On infancy its effects are indisputable ; it generates the first misery of existence ; and it clings around the daring, and philosophy, ay, even religion, of maturer years. No wonder, then, that the Painter should have been considerably embarrassed at the event : he stood in mute bewilderment, while his “ seated heart beat at his ribs ” with convulsive throbs. Shaking off, after a brief space, a portion of



this enervating weakness, and recovering with some difficulty the lost candle, he proceeded to grope his way to the door, which, after numerous falls and bruises, he succeeded in reaching. But vain were all his efforts at removal; the bolt had shot forward, and inclosed him in a living tomb! The ponderous lid, the iron-bound defier of centuries, stirred not at his puny struggles: he toiled until exhausted nature refused to answer the calls of desperation—his strength failed, and he sank fainting to the earth, while chilling streams of perspiration trickled down his limbs. The horror of his situation confounded all his faculties, and struck down the manhood within him; one withering thought filled his whole soul—that thought was, starvation! The church would not be visited until the following Sunday—six mortal days! For him that Sunday would never dawn! the noisome vapour of the vault, and torturing famine, would ere then have destroyed him! O God! to perish thus, in the pride of manhood and fame, with nought but a single plank between him and salvation. Ah! no—“Hope, the charmer, lingered still behind;”—the candle! the candle! he may still be saved! the spark of life may still be kept in! years of happiness still awaited him—oh, no! he *could* not die! Meanwhile the minutes passed away; but, in darkness, and solitude, and silence insupportable, he recked not how they flew: now, he measured them by the wild throbbings of his own tumultuous pulse, and they seemed to fly as if winging their way from happiness: now, he thought of the thousands that must elapse before he could be rescued, and they appeared to creep as they are wont to creep, when, as if enamoured of distress, they drag their wheels for the wretched. At length, the cravings of thirst and hunger becoming intolerable, he ate a morsel of the candle, a filthy and bitter morsel!—but what is so bitter as death! in loathing and disgust, he continued at intervals, as exhaustion gnawed his vitals, to swallow small pieces of the nauseous food, until, although hoarded with all a miser’s tenacity, it failed, and left him, with he knew not what portion of his imprisonment yet unexpired, to famine and death! Then ensued a fearful reaction; the thread by which he clung to life snapped in his grasp, and he sank back into the waters of despondency! “The sickening pang of hope deferred” fell like an ice-bolt upon his heart, freezing up the springs of existence, and scaring reason from her seat. Memory conjured up the dark records of the noble house about to prove so fatal to himself: imagination summoned the grim warriors from their shrouds, and arrayed them in fearful reality before him. “Dabbled in blood” they wandered by, and “shook their gory locks” in his face! He yelled for very agony, and rushing wildly through the vaults, raised his impious hands to Heaven, and called aloud for annihilation! But these paroxysms could not last; again he sank down, and as his bodily strength ebbed, his mind began to throw off the withering terror which had overwhelmed it, and to resume its accustomed steadiness. He bethought himself of his former life, with its errors and transgressions—of his future existence, with its happiness or misery—and he poured forth his soul in prayer, and besought the searcher of hearts—Him in whose hands was his fate—for grace to “die as erring man should die,” in humbleness and diffidence, “nor desperate of all hope on high.”

Comforted, doubtless, yet still racked by his ignorance of the lapse



of time, he tried to sleep; but his eyelids closed in vain: he was wretched, and the balmy breathings of repose fanned not his cheek! or if perchance oblivion for a few moments “steeped his senses in forgetfulness,” the most harrowing visions haunted his fitful slumbers. He beheld the home of his childhood ransacked by stranger hands; the gentle partner of his bosom stretched, in poverty and suffering, upon the bed of sickness; his little ones, “all at one fell swoop,” driven houseless outcasts upon the world, and in bitterness of heart invoking curses on the author of their being! Then would he start, and wake; and anon slumber again, to dream and wake again to tenfold agony! At last his mind collapsed: the boundaries of fancy and reality became indistinguishable, and, borne down by the maddening alternations of hope and despair, he swooned.

How long insensibility lasted is uncertain: for aught he knew, it might have been hours, or days, or weeks! but from it he was roused by the sound of approaching footsteps. He started to his feet; a torch flashed through the gloom; he staggered forward with a hysteric cry of joy, and fell into the arms of his wife! Alarmed at his absence from the evening meal of the family, she had, with the assistance of her neighbours, forced the church doors and rescued the Painter from “the tomb of all the Capulets.” He had been incarcerated just *seven hours!*

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#### SKETCHES AND RECOLLECTIONS, NO. V.

*Recollections of certain French Actors continued.—Talma.*

“The poor player,  
That frets and struts his hour upon the stage,  
And then is heard no more!”

AND Talma too is gone! I first became acquainted with that great actor on his visit to this country in 1817. He was then, assisted by Mademoiselle Georges, giving a series of performances at the Opera Concert-rooms. These consisted of selections of the most striking scenes from his most popular characters. Upon my telling him, in answer to his inquiry whether I had attended any of them, that I had not, he said: “Shall you be soon in France?”—“Yes, I think I shall.”—“Then do not see me here; wait till you shall come there. I am not in my proper frame here. I wish you should see me on my own theatre. Your English audience and me, we don’t understand one another: the *conventions* of our stage are so different from your’s, I don’t know what they expect of me, and they don’t understand what I do; therefore there is no enthusiasm, and that *must be* for the actor; if he inspires his audience, he catches back the enthusiasm from them: if they are cold, he will be cold. Then I will tell you: many of them don’t understand what I *say*, but come to me for the sake of *dandy*.”—He laughed as he said this, and appeared not a little pleased at the opportunity of using a word, then much in vogue, but which he misapplied for *fashion*.—“Besides, I give them only my best scenes, and that is disadvantageous to me.” As I did not instantly perceive how showing himself at his best could be to his disadvantage, he explained. “Why, you see there is no contrast; there is no light and shade; no repose. My scenes of passion, for example—they have no preparation for



them, so they are abrupt and shocking.”\*—“G——, with whom you are well acquainted, made a similar remark, the other evening, upon what I had called the unreadable parts of the *Paradise Lost*. ‘They would certainly be unreadable,’ said he, ‘any where but where they are; but they serve as resting-places for the mind, which is often carried to the highest degree of excitement; and were it not for those unreadable parts, that glorious poem would, perhaps, be unreadable altogether.’”—“Ha! he said so? you see I am right, then. It is the same thing in art and in literature—there must be light and shade.”

Soon after this I had the gratification of seeing him on his own stage. The play was *Hamlet*. I had previously read the French tragedy, so that I was prepared for its extraordinary variations from, and its still more extraordinary inferiority to our own. For regularity and compactness of construction the play of Ducis deserves some praise; but in all other respects the French poet has altered, without even once improving upon, his great original. To say nothing of the gentle Ophelia, who is here converted into something little better than a jealous termagant, and of other personages, who, although they retain their respective stations in the drama, have undergone similar changes of character, *Hamlet* himself is shorn of all his finer qualities. He is not there the tender, the melancholy, the reflective, the philosophic, the paramountly humane! Yet though deficient in all that constitutes the charm and essence of the character, the *Hamlet* of the French stage was better fitted than the marvellous creation of Shakspeare to display the genius of Talma. His province was the profound, the terrible, the sublime; but he was not remarkable for tenderness; and gaiety and playfulness (qualities of our *Hamlet*,) were utterly beyond his reach. The play, therefore, was well constructed for exhibiting what he could do, and for concealing what he could not; and had he selected any for the purpose of producing a powerful first impression this would have been the one. His first entrance—his rush upon the stage, imagining he is followed by his father’s ghost—was really terrific! The wild cry, the staggering and uncertain step, the eyes distended, the open mouth, the wide-spread fingers, and hands vaguely waving in the air! It was altogether a representation of terror mingled with horror, unequalled for force and truth. It needed the presence of no ghost to account for it; it was manifest that nothing short of a supernatural vision could have occasioned it. He almost realized the effects enumerated by Shakspeare’s ghost as consequent upon his narrating the tale he *could* unfold to “ears of flesh and blood.” Little, if at all, inferior to this was his gradual recovery from his alarm on discovering himself to be in the presence of Norceste. In this play the ghost does not appear, but whenever he is *supposed* to appear, you saw him in the actor’s face. For stage purposes this arrangement is certainly preferable to

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\* He used this word in its French sense:—simply as occasioning a shock—an untimely surprise. Talma, as is well known, spoke English with great fluency and considerable correctness; with but a slight French accent, yet a strong French intonation. It was by this latter circumstance, together with his occasionally falling into minute French idioms, you detected that English was not his habitual language. Upon this occasion our conversation was in English: and I have endeavoured—and I think I may trust to the accuracy of my memory in this respect—to repeat his share in it in his own words.



our own. In the reading of Hamlet the imagination receives no shock from the stage-direction—*Enter Ghost*:—on the contrary, it is excited by it, and creates for itself a dim, vague shadow, from which the appalling words of the spectre seem to proceed. It is not so on the stage. An actor—like Talma—may terrify you by the display of his own terrors; but the illusion is diminished, if not entirely destroyed, by the actual presence of some lusty gentleman, (and such, by some odd fatality, is usually selected as the representative of “the buried majesty of Denmark,”) who struts about in a pair of creaking boots, with a rolling-pin in his hand. Considering the vast improvements which have been made in scenic effects, it is not too much to desire that this evil should be remedied. That by the exercise of a very small portion of ingenuity it could be, can hardly be doubted; and it is a pity, when the talents of scene-painters and machinists are taxed to the uttermost in the getting up of some worthless melodrama, or Easter pageant, that more is not done towards the illustration of Hamlet, Macbeth, the Midsummer-Night’s Dream, the Tempest, and other such plays, wherein supernatural or preternatural appearances occur. In the case of Hamlet, I question the necessity of the Ghost being made to appear at all. Certainly, he must be *heard*; and this might, without great difficulty, be contrived. In the closet scene, for instance, no greater violence would be done to the imagination of the spectator in being made to suppose that Hamlet *sees* the Ghost, although it were invisible to the audience, than, as at present, that the Queen *does not* when it actually appears on the stage. The palpable, matter-of-fact Ghost is the great blemish of our play, as acted; for his\* appearance is subversive of theatrical illusion, and usually excites sensations more nearly allied to the ludicrous than the sublime. The effect produced by Talma’s “*Je le vois*”—when he sees a something invisible to all but himself—was awful; but that effect would have been considerably weakened, if not absolutely converted into the ridiculous, had his alarm been excited by the *bonâ-fide* apparition of a hog in armour. So great is the drawback upon the efforts of even the best English actor in all his scenes with what, as he is represented, may be called the Un-phantom, that it is at least worth an attempt to contrive some expedient by which his appearance might be *subdued*, if not altogether dispensed with.

But to return to Talma. On a line with his awful imaginings of the presence of the Ghost, might be placed his threats to Claudius. They were overwhelming—like thunder—or a whirlwind; and the actor (Desmousseaux) to whom they were addressed, forgetting, in their fearful reality, the play, the stage, the audience, seemed absolutely to quail beneath them. I have seen him produce a similar effect in Nero.

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\* I say *his*, for I think of the *Stage-Ghost*, and cannot for the soul of me commit the absurdity of bestowing upon him the ethereal *it*. The impression commonly produced by the *part* was lately exemplified with most amusing *naïveté*, in a compliment paid by a newspaper-critic to a clever actor who had *condescended* to perform it: “And the ghost, in the hands of Mr. —, was more than usually gentlemanlike and respectable.” Gentlemanlike and respectable! Why, if it had occurred to any wag to lampoon the Cock-lane Ghost by describing it as being gentlemanlike and respectable, that imposture could not have been carried on for eight-and-forty hours.



For scenes of this kind he possessed many and peculiar advantages. Though not tall, he appeared to be what is termed well-knit—firm and muscular; his head was large and broad, and set solidly upon a neck unusually thick; his eye was quick, piercing, flashing, even fierce; and his face, altogether, capable of expressing, in the highest degree, every variety of tragic passion, but more particularly rage and terror. Then his voice was deep, full, clear, round, and musical. It was this command of voice that enabled him to give such touching effect to his lamentation over the urn containing the ashes of his father—a scene of the most profound pathetic. But he never suffered himself to be betrayed, by the acknowledged beauty of his voice, into mere unmeaning sing-song. His tones were chiefly beautiful because they were fraught with sense and passion. Like John Kemble's (whose voice was in many respects defective), they were *intellectual*; and like his, too, when they were most beautiful, they were most truly the reflex of his feelings and his understanding. He never had recourse to them as a cover to a feeble conception; nor did he take refuge in empty sound from inability to grapple with sense. These qualifications combined it was that rendered him super-eminent in such scenes as those I have noticed. One other point: I do not recollect ever to have heard a soliloquy (*as a soliloquy*) so well delivered as by him; I allude particularly to the paraphrase on "To be or not to be!" He seemed to be totally unconscious of the presence of an audience. His air was that of fixed and intense thoughtfulness: his eyes were thinking, and his words appeared to drop involuntarily from his lips. It was thinking aloud—no more. It has been said, that to deliver a soliloquy naturally is one of the most difficult points in the art of acting: certainly it was conquered by Talma. Yet notwithstanding the general excellence of this performance, there were parts which forced upon you the recollection of his own expression: "There must be light and shade;" and, to confess the truth, the "shade" was deep and frequent. He was a tedious declaimer, and there did occur speeches of a hundred, or a hundred and fifty lines in length, which he delivered in one unvarying tone; and these were intolerably fatiguing. Some part of this fault might be charged upon the vicious construction of French tragedy, which delights in long declamatory *tirades*, and part upon the eternal jingle of the rhyme; yet a considerable portion of it must certainly remain with the actor, who, although, in a greater degree than any other French performer, he possessed the art of disguising the monotony of the rhyme, he was cold (I had almost said tame) unless when excited by a deep feeling or a powerful passion. Then, to an eye long and till lately accustomed to the noble presence of John Kemble—to his action and attitudes, picturesque, dignified, grand, sublime, as they were—Talma appeared inelegant, ungraceful, and sometimes uncouth. But the gestures of the French, as of the more southern nations, even as accompaniments to conversation, are rapid and violent; and much of that which had at first appeared to me unnatural and ungraceful, partly perhaps because it was un-English, I grew reconciled to as I became acquainted with its propriety and truth. Still, compared with his general excellence, these were but trifling blemishes; for in all the essentials of tragic acting Talma was—in a word, TALMA.

I have unwarily been led into some notice of Talma in his profes-



sional character, although, for the reasons stated in a former paper, I had intended to abstain from so doing. My object was to relate a few *traits* of him in private life, and to this I proceed. He was amiable, cheerful, and unassuming. His manners were singularly unaffected and simple: had you seen him for the first time, in private, you would not have recognized in him the great tragedian. At home you saw him in his dressing-gown and slippers—he left the buskin and toga at the theatre. But though cheerful, and sometimes even playful,\* he did not premeditatedly *set about* being playful for the purpose of astonishing you by letting you see how wonderfully a great tragic actor could *unbend*! He was never gay but from sheer *gaieté de cœur*, and then the merest trifle would serve to amuse him. At dinner, one day, instead of asking for the *salière*, (the salt-cellar, as I intended,) I asked for the *sellier*. Talma burst out laughing, and said, “Oh! I knew that in England you eat the saddle of mutton, but I did not know that you eat the saddler.” This served him as a joke for the rest of the evening, and to every body that came he introduced me as the Englishman who had come to France to eat up the saddlers—“*Exprès, Messieurs, pour manger les selliers.*”

Though not a vain man, he entertained a fair notion of his own value. He was not displeased with well-merited praise; but more than he loved that, he despised flattery. He instantly distinguished one from the other. He had been acting *Œdipe*—a character in which he was impressive, grand, and terrible throughout. At the conclusion of the performance several persons visited him in his dressing-room. In reply to some fair compliment paid to him he quietly said, “*Oui, je suis content de moi.*” A person present after indulging in much wild panegyric, concluded with a phrase of French magniloquence—“After this you have but one triumph more to achieve to render you immortal—play comedy.” Talma somewhat angrily exclaimed “*Ah!—Bah!*” And turning to me, he said in English—“Some of these people make me sick—they would flatter me to death.”

None but a man of true genius would have *dared* to mention himself in the manner he once did. A merely vain man, or a pretender, would have *insinuated* as much, but in a round-about shuffling way. Speaking of the relative difficulties of tragic and comic acting, he gave it as his opinion that tragedy required deeper study, as well as more extensive qualifications in the actor. “As a proof of it,” he added, “see how many fine comic actors we can name, whilst we can cite only four great tragedians,” (and he counted on his fingers:) “*Il n’y a que Le Kain—La-Rive—St. Prix—et moi.*”

He bore criticism with extreme complacency, provided it appeared to be dictated by good sense and justice; and I have seen him more ruffled at being told that he had made a mistake at a game of dominos (a favorite recreation of his), or that he had missed a *coup* at billiards (although from the shortness of his sight he could hardly see his ball at three feet distance from him), than by a severe examination of one of his most important performances. But the attacks of ignorance and pretension would sometimes annoy him beyond his power of concealing

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\* When I said that he was deficient in playfulness and gaiety, I meant *on the stage* only.



his vexation. His performance of Sylla, in M. Jouy's tragedy of that name, drew forth a profusion of critiques. The royalist papers were mostly hostile to him, and, for one reason amongst others, because it was thought that, in dressing his head for the character, he had endeavoured to improve the resemblance he was said to bear to Napoleon; when the fact was, he had adopted for his authority the well-known bust of Sylla himself. The resemblance therefore, though certainly it was striking, was purely accidental. After reading one of those papers—a tissue of ignorance and vulgar malevolence—he crumpled it in his hand, and, dashing it violently on the ground, gave vent to his anger in terms of unusual severity. Madame —— expressed her astonishment at his being so irritated by the scribble of what she designated *un ignorant renforcé*. “*Justement c’est pour cela !*” exclaimed Talma; “*que l’on soit éclaboussé par un cheval, à la bonne heure ; mais par un âne—— !*”—“To be bespattered with mud by a horse, so be it; but by an *ass*——! Didn’t old Geoffroy\* attack me, all through his life, three-hundred-and-sixty-five times in every year? and was I angry with him? But he was something at least.” A French idiom—“*mais lui !—c’étoit quelque chose, au moins.*”

After I had seen him play Hamlet, he was desirous that I should tell him what I thought of him in comparison with John Kemble in the same character. The styles of these two great actors were as different from each other as the characters of the two Hamlets: so it was scarcely possible to draw a comparison between them. Perhaps the question could never strictly have been, which *actor*, but which *style of acting* do you prefer? This I told him; and added, that if they could change places I thought they would both be in some respects gainers:—that the quiet dignity of the French tragedy would be favourable to the display of some of the qualities of Kemble, while the turbulent passions of our’s would afford great opportunities to him (Talma). “Ah!” said he, with something between a groan and a sigh, “that is what I want—the stiff rules, and the coldness of the French drama, cramp me—I have not room to throw myself out in—it is an ungrateful theatre [for drama] to me—I do all I can for it; it does little for me.—Yes, I ought to have been an English actor; I want the liberty of your English stage, and to *lutter*—*lutter*—how do you say it?—” (Impatiently.) “To wrestle.”—“Yes, to wrestle—I want to wrestle with Shakspeare.”—In the course of the same conversation he took credit for the superior decency of their stage, and said that a French audience would not tolerate the introduction of Ophelia’s coffin. “Yet,” said I, “you bring on the urn supposed to contain the ashes of your father. I admit that a funeral urn is a more picturesque object than——”—“No, that is not the reason: the coffin is supposed to contain a dead body, which is shocking.”—“So is your urn: the only real difference is that the body is burnt—roasted—; but the French cook every thing.” He consi-

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\* Many years editor of the *Journal des Débats*. He was a man of deep and extensive learning, and a profound critic; but being as firmly attached to the old school of acting as of literature, he was not generally favourable to Talma, whom he considered somewhat in the light of an innovator—as happily he was. Besides reforming, in a considerable degree, the French system of declamation, Talma operated the same reform in the costume of the French, as did John Kemble in that of the English stage.



dered for a few moments ; then laughed, and said, “ You were right at first ; the urn is a more picturesque object.”

He was singularly free and unaffected in giving his opinion when asked for of other actors. If that opinion happened to be adverse to the party in question, he would deliver it frankly. He never on such occasions assumed a tone of mock-liberality, “ damning with faint praise.” As his transcendant talents placed him above the suspicion of envy or jealousy, he could afford to speak out, and he did so. On the other hand, he was the first and the most ardent to encourage a promising genius. Being one night at the *Gaité* (one of the minor theatres) he saw an actor of the name of Lufargue in some part in which he displayed considerable ability. Unwilling to trust to a first impression, he went again to see him in some other performance ; and being confirmed in the favourable opinion he had formed of him, he instantly procured his removal to a prominent station at the second French theatre, then a sort of stepping-stone to the first. Many *traits* of this nature might be related of him. Apropos of the minor theatres : there was at the *Ambigu*, a man of the name of (I think) Frénoy, a melo-drame-actor, so confirmed an imitator of Talma that he had acquired the title of “ the Talma of the Boulevard.” This man’s imitation of his great prototype was, in sober seriousness, what little Simmons’s imitation of Kemble in *Coriolanus* was, in jest : that is to say, it was irresistibly droll. It is certain he considered himself as equal to Talma, if not, in some respects, superior ; for at the *Théâtre Français* he has been heard to express his approbation of him in such terms as— “ Good—good—*very good* !” or “ There ; *that* is as I wish him to be ; he has pleased me to-night.” Speaking of him, Talma said, “ If it were not for Potier, I should say that that man amuses me more than any actor in Paris. He is a little *ME* ; (*C’est un petit moi*,) when I see him, it is like looking at myself in a crooked mirror—I see all my features, but I see them distorted. But the devil take him ! he puzzles me ; for he makes me think, that, unless I am a very fine actor, I must be altogether detestable.”

He was a great admirer of Potier, and went more frequently to the *Variétés*, where Potier at that time was in high force, than he did to any other theatre. “ Potier,” he once said, “ is not a man, but a laugh : you look at his face, and laugh ; you look at his legs, and laugh ; he speaks or is silent—you laugh : he is angry or pleased, merry or sad—you laugh, laugh, laugh !”

Of John Kemble as a man, he always spoke in terms of affection—of unqualified respect for, and admiration of him as an actor. He entertained a high opinion, too, of points in Kean’s acting. But his praises of Miss O’Neill were boundless. Certainly, the French stage could produce nothing at all comparable with her for sensibility, tenderness, and pathos—it possessed nothing so exquisitely feminine. The phrase currently attributed to him respecting that accomplished actress, that “ she had tears in her voice,” he *might* have applied to her, but it was not his own ; it had been used as the affected compliment to Mademoiselle Duchesnois for years before. Yet it was more justly said of Miss O’Neill ; for “ the tears in the voice” of Mademoiselle Duchesnois were nothing more than a continual whine. But there was no similarity between these actresses. The fine qualities of the latter, which were few, were



rather Siddonian; besides which, her person was—— The only safe method of getting over this ground will be by saying that Mademoiselle Duchesnois was prodigiously—unlike Miss O'Neill. If, as Talma said of her, and of her great rival, Mademoiselle Georges, that to form a fine actress both must be compounded into one; to form a SIDDONS, he himself must have been thrown into the crucible along with them.

It has been frequently said that Madame Pasta had received instructions from him. This is not true, in the sense intended to be implied. That Madame Pasta had deeply studied him there can be little doubt; and those who have seen that eminent artist in Medea, may form a tolerably good notion of what Talma was. Her acting, both for style and quality, approaches more nearly to his than any I ever saw. But she never received lessons from him. The first time he ever saw her perform was at the Italian theatre in Paris, and upon that occasion I had the pleasure of accompanying him. The opera was "Tancredi." In the early part of the piece, Tancredi (Madame Pasta) has a long scena with Amenaïde, during which, the performer has scarcely any thing to say. Talma was deeply attentive; and, in reply to an expression of dissatisfaction uttered by a lady who was with him, he said, somewhat sharply, "*Elle écoute bien, au moins.*" However odd it may seem, *to listen well*, is no slight qualification in an actor, as may be proved by its rarity. At the conclusion of the performance, he exclaimed, "*Al-lons, voilà une diablesse qui ira loin!*"

I shall conclude this paper by giving a copy of one of his English letters, the first, I believe, that has ever appeared in print. Yet I give it not so much as a specimen of his English, as because it is characteristic. The few errors in the original are here retained.

" Paris April 4th 1819.

" MY DEAR SIR,

" I HAVE received your letter and I answer you by the return of post. The two works you mention are exactly those I wish to have\* (they are in 8vos.) I will take the three guineas print of the Kemble's family. I return you many thanks for your kind offers. My wife would like to have two or three morning gowns of fancy muslin at a moderate price, say, from twenty to thirty shillings a-piece; but those kind of bargains are not under your cognizance, and I suppose you are a better smugler than a buyer. Perhaps Mrs. —— would be so kind as to make that purchase. it will take very little place for you can put the whole in your shirt or in your hat. besides you have learnt me not to have the least doubt of your abilities in that line of trade.† If you quit London in a fortnight you will not find me here at your arrival, for I set off to-morrow to pay a Visit to my Subjects of the South and levy my usual tribute. you will be so kind as to keep the objects you will bring over for me, till my return in Paris which will be about the middle of june. Pray our kind remembrance to Mr. and Mrs.——and to all those who have not forgot me.

" Believe me, my dear Sir,

" Your sincere friend

" TALMA.

*Rue de Rivoli, No. 14.*

" N. B. In case you make the purchase of the gowns, you must take two yards more than ordinary for each, my wife not being of small dimension in length and breadth: besides our french women are partial to trimmings, furbelows, flounces, and I don't know what."

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\* Danville's French and English Grammar.

† I had succeeded in conveying a silk gown from him to his sister in England.



In the comic acting of the French, there are *degrees*; and something much below supreme excellence may be capable of affording considerable pleasure. In their tragic acting, there are none: there, it is all or nothing: mediocrity—even though it be “the perfection of mediocrity”—is positively insupportable. The death of Talma was fatal to French tragedy. At the event, Melpomene wept with deep and rational grief; for it left her without consolation, since it left her without hope.

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ON THE PRINCIPLES OF ADMISSION INTO THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—LETTER TO MARTIN ARCHER SHEE, ESQ. P.R.A. &C.

SIR,—IF I had known how, consistently with the forms and usages of society, I would rather have offered my gratulations to British Art and Artists, than to yourself, on your accession to the Chair of the Royal Academy. With due deference toward the deceased, I may perhaps be permitted to assert that the throne of art has hitherto been filled by men who, although highly meritorious artists, had too much of the spirit of adulation and courtly subserviency in their composition—too many private and personal hopes and fears, and too little of public spirit for that important station. No man has yet occupied it who possessed loftiness of thought to conceive and execute a work high-principled enough to excite the envy, or the apprehensions of such men as my Lord Chamberlain’s deputy.

From the talents and the urbane independence which you have long since manifested, far better things may be expected than from your predecessors; and, among these better things, I should hope the speedy abolition of that cap-in-hand system of solicitation, or beggarly entreaty, under the denomination of “canvassing,” which has so long and so disgracefully prevailed in the election of its members, and which is so utterly unworthy of the dignity of a national and Royal Academy of Arts.

When a certain nobleman enquired of Mr. West how it had happened that a meritorious young artist, whom he named, had not been chosen, his answer was, “Your Lordship knows that when young men first get on horseback, older ones do not allow them to gallop too fast.” He felt it better to confess, than to endeavour to conceal what could not but be surmised. But for the President to avow that so much alloy was thought necessary to the royal mintage—Good Heavens! how his Grace must have stared! *Telee Gee* obtained, however, on this occasion, that credit for sincerity, which the Royal Academy lost in purity of principle; and it must be acknowledged that where some sinister interest did not force him to refraction, the light that was looked for from the President, was readily and candidly transmitted.

I once asked him, whether he thought if Raphael were now living, and living in England, he would get into the Royal Academy without canvassing? His answer, smilingly delivered, was, “No, I think not.”

But this was during the disgraceful ascendancy of the Farington faction. There is certainly more public principle among the R.A.’s, since Tresham broke up the select vestry system, by appealing against it to the King; and the new members are more true to their trust than were those whom they succeeded.



Yet, Sir, the old leaven still continues—at least, occasionally—to ferment, as the votes of the last general assembly, which met to fill up the vacancy occasioned by the demise of Mr. George Dawe, sufficiently attest. One would have hoped that simply the *vis inertiae* of the name and character of that submissive, canvassing, crafty, and inefficient member, would have gone far toward generating a more honest impulse: yet so it was, as I am well informed, that Mr. Eastlake, on that occasion, had nine votes; Mr. Arnald, 8; Mr. Danby, 3; Mr. Briggs, 3; Mr. Newton, 2; and Mr. Edwin Landseer, only one! The Editor may here either throw in the customary note of wonder, or may leave this latter fact, like Mant's Bible, “without note or comment.”

Now, no one will dispute that Mr. Eastlake has a competent stock of talent—that is to say, a stock superior to that of many who were previously on the roll of Royal Academicians; but what shall we say of him who was but an unit behind him on the list, while he had eight times as many suffrages as Edwin Landseer, and four times as many as Newton? Mr. Arnald has been regarded as having been for years laid on the Academical shelf. Respectable, and much respected in private life, this circumstance, opportunely pleaded by himself, appears to have recently stimulated the exertions of those to whom private friendship is more imperative or more influential than public duty; a pardonable fault, but not a laudable motive. The fact that he has been twenty years, or so, on the list of Associates, cannot be denied, and twenty years is long to wait for advancement; but this consideration is illegitimate as a motive, and as a reason it is irrelevant; for had seniority been the principle of promotion, not only there had been no room for election, but Messrs. Elias Martin, Theophilus Clarke, and Archer James Oliver, would have had prior claims.

And if it had been determined, in previous conclave at “the club,” that there was more room in the Academy for, or more honour derivable from, filling up the vacancy with a painter of landscape, than with a universal painter of genius, why were Mr. John Martin, Mr. Havell, Mr. Glover, and Mr. Linton forgotten or neglected? \* Will Mr. Turner, or Mr. Callicott, or any other first-rate judge of landscape-painting within the Academic circle, say that among these artists there is not one of superior professional abilities to those of Mr. Arnald? Havell is assuredly a man of pre-eminent talents; and because he happens to be in Italy, are we therefore to forget, or are the Royal Academicians not to recollect, that he is an Englishman, and of high professional claims? Linton, too, has recently returned thence, with a considerable accession of well-merited fame.

But the truth—too well known to be dissembled, even were dissimulation desirable—is, that these are men of independent spirit, who would not compromise the public uses of a national Academy of Arts upon any oligarchical principle; while Mr. Arnald is meek, humble, docile, acquiescent, and, like Mr. Bigg, Mr. Woodforde, and others that might be named, likely to float with the stream, and therefore eligible and choice-worthy.

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\* Ought not the imprudent independence of Mr. Haydon, as it respects the Academy, to be forgotten in the estimate of his talents? By nothing but his talents should an artist be judged by a body with the pretensions of the Royal Academy.



Are we changing characters with the Scotch? They were used to be esteemed a bowing, adulatory, insinuating, and submissive people; yet, in the republic of Art, they have done themselves the honour of setting London a well-principled example of probity, purity, and reclamation. They have, without solicitation or previous announcement, sent Mr. Martin up a diploma, constituting him an Academician of the Edinburgh Royal Academy of Arts; while the Academy of London still persists in virtually proclaiming to all artists, by its conduct, ‘We cannot dispense with your offering yourselves as *candidates*; you must still continue to approach us cap in hand, as Mr. George Dawe did; you can no otherwise arrive at the highest nominal honours of your profession: and *thus* you may even come to be buried in the metropolitan cathedral, leaving one part of the world to wonder why, and the other peeping about, to find themselves dishonourable graves.’

Is it prudent, is it patriotic, while the Modern Athens is awakening to the impulse of the noblest motives, for the Modern Babylon to be preparing soporific draughts for her talented sons?—to be scattering the seeds of the hellebore and poppy among the roses of art? The Scots have put aside the old, corrupt, begging, and beggarly system of entreaty; they have virtually adopted an excellent scriptural motto; they know the worthiness of their artists by their *works* alone; and in selecting fit associates, leave faces, manners, dress, address, and all other personal considerations entirely out of the question; they have discovered or acknowledged, that it is wiser to admit neither of canvassers nor candidates. As Academicianship is a species of peerage, their good sense has taught them that it should emanate, without any of these scurvy and degrading preliminaries (as when the King creates an earl or baron), from a pure principle of appreciation of the professional MERITS of him whom “the King delighteth to honour.”

Even were these superior principles not in full operation among our sensible rivals in literature and art, would it be either just or expedient for us to preach with John Bunyan,

“The way to Heaven lies by the gates of Hell?”

Is it wise, or otherwise, to inscribe over the portal of the Council-room at Somerset House, “‘Here stands our opium; here we feed our owls?’ here spoonbills are nursed; here Daws may strut in peacocks’\* feathers. None but tame birds are admitted into our preserve. Here we make game of eagles, while Scotchmen stimulate their loftier flights.”

I need not inform you, Sir—in fact I do but avail myself of your much respected name to remind others—that there is but one grand and graceful line of public conduct for a Royal Academy of Arts to adopt upon these occasions; like all grand lines it is simple; and, put in the preceptive form, amounts to this: to fill the places of highest honour and trust, with the men of highest talent, without regarding their *youth or age, or riches, or poverty, or any other extrinsic advantages or disadvantages, under which they may luxuriate or labour.* If in those adu-

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\* It is said, that of the pictures, through means of which Mr. G. D. obtained his academical honours, the landscape passages were from the pencil of Mr. Constable.



latory times which mark the decline of public virtue, simplicity of conduct—as purity of style in Art—escapes popular notice, or its healthy excitement ceases, it is but the more incumbent on those who know better than tamely to follow in the meretricious track of false refinement, to point toward higher principles.

On the occasion of that recent London election to which I have alluded, Landseer was at the very bottom of the list, having but a single vote; but as he seems, professionally speaking, to be a sort of elephant, it is probable he will take no notice of this affront; or only sportive and jocular notice, like him whose proboscis was pricked by a tailor. If he take any other, it should be in future to send all his performances to the British Gallery, where the noble managers, though not very forward with other rewards, generally provide him (as at present) good places for his pictures; or, he should think of the Suffolk-street Gallery; or, he should *at least* send none of his works to the Royal Academy, where, with a single exception, they have always assigned him indifferent, or bad places. No temporising middle course would we advise him to pursue.

Under your Presidency, Sir, and with the Edinburgh example before it, it may at least be hoped that the Metropolitan Academy of Arts will not be too proud to be reasonably selfish and publicly useful. Have not the Academicians themselves found it *sufficiently*

——— “Hard to climb  
The steep where Fame’s proud temple shines afar;”

but they must add to these the disheartening and deleterious effects of hypocritical submissiveness?

Of all modes of graduating their scale of public conduct, *the best places for the best pictures, and the highest stations for the most meritorious artists*, is at once the simplest, the easiest, the purest, the most certain, the best. Regulating their conduct by any other principle, public bodies do but create difficulties; do but make to themselves graven images which are worshipped in superstitious folly: do but lay themselves open to the reproach of betraying their trust, where they might more easily enjoy the respect of fulfilling it; for the public are, at least in all matters of art and taste—the final judges, and the legitimate fountains of censure and of praise. I have the honour to be the sincere admirer of your pictorial, poetical, and critical talents, and, Sir, your obedient servant,

PHILOGRAPHICUS.

*London, March 1830.*

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## THE LOUNGER, NO. II.

*Or, Observations on the Month.*

It is an inexpressible pleasure to know a little of the world, and be of no character or significance in it.—*Spectator*.

He hath strange places, crammed with observation, the which he vents in mangled forms.—*As you Like it*.

French Writers.—Duke of Wellington's Administration.—Mr. Owen's Meeting.—Popular temper of the English.—G—r and his coat-of-arms.—Miss ———'s marriage with Lord \* \* \* \*—The pathos of names.—H—— and Napoleon.—Jew Bill.—Channing.—English writers on America.—Difference between Scotch travellers and English.—R——'s bon-mot.—Anecdote of Sir J—— D——.—Professor Sedgewick's speech.—Siamese Elephant a bon-vivant.—Novels—Carwell—Lawrie Todd—the Manners of the Day.—Remarks on popular Criticism.—Lord Dacre's Races.—Nature of patronage.—Mr. Cobbett.—Genius and Common Sense.—The King's illness.—Salaries of Public Men, &c.

*À Madame,*

*Madame \* \* \* \**

*Rue de la ———, Paris.*

———— Street, April 27, 1830.

THE longer I live and read books, the more, my dear friend, I am persuaded that the French writers have only one fault to signify, and that is this—they are perfectly ignorant of the thing they write about. There they are at present, writing slap-dash, point-blank—fire in their eyes, slaver on their lips, to prove that the Duke of Wellington's administration is a despotism; that the English Liberals are in despair at it; that the Duke means to restore in France the old regime; support the ultras, and kick all the people who have read Rousseau to the devil! What a very small modicum of trouble—what a grain of information would have made these honest gentlemen quite of a different opinion! Good heavens! what fine things the French might do if they had but patience! With what a rapidity, what a fervour do they come to their point! What a pity it is that they don't see that the point is unexceptionable before they waste so much energy! I cannot help the more contrasting their impetuosity with our caution, from the remembrance of a meeting at the City of London Tavern a little while ago. It was convened by Mr. Owen, the philanthropist of Lanark, partly to consider the distress of the country, principally to introduce his own remedies upon public notice. I made a point of attending the meeting, as I do every thing which brings me among a host of strangers and excludes the d——d civilities of my acquaintances. By Jupiter! no man knows what a noble people we English are till he has attended these popular assemblies! I tell you, it was Easter Monday, all sorts of festivities going on—a Lord Mayor's show in the metropolis, and Greenwich fair in the suburbs—with all this we had about 1200 men in that close room, listening to political questions, and composed almost wholly of artisans and mechanics. That which amuses mankind has a reference to some association previously within them. Mark this, my wise friend! what shall we say then of the pre-hoarded knowledge, the train of thought of 1200 artisans, who stayed away from plebeian gaities, and listened, as a preferred amusement, to speeches on political science. I tell you what I say of it.—We are much nearer a revolution, and a popular revolution,



than you think for. Aristocrats think and are idle—when the people think, you may be sure action is at hand. And with what attention did these fine fellows listen to a speech of three hours!—how your Frenchmen would have spat and ejaculated! With what temper did they, after a slight address to their reason, hear those whom they considered their adversaries; one a Deist, and the other a Tory! How shrewdly, when some designing rascals wanted to turn the debate into a question of theology, did they see and scout the artifice; and above all,—mark this, ye freemen of France!—how zealously did they enjoy a jest, and how little were they diverted by it from their object!\* Depend upon it, that the English, despite of all their cant and their bragging, are a devilish fine people; and what is more, they are the only people in the world in which a revolution can happen with safety. If Montesquieu is right, that is saying a prodigious deal for them.

There is an article in the Quarterly about the aristocracy, under the head of “The Peerage.” I thought at first, when I read the title, that it was about “Fashionable novels.” *Apropos* of the peerage—who do you think has a right (at least, so I understand) to more quarterings and a finer coat of arms than almost any one of us? No less a person than — G —, the Fruiterer. Whatever be his arms, I am sure, at least, so excellent a Fruiterer has a right to *supporters*. As for a motto, the name of the old poem will do well enough; viz. “The Triumph of Isis”—(*Ices*.)

So Miss \* \* \* \* is to be married to Lord, \* \* \* \*. G \* \* \* \* says she fell in love with the euphony of his title;—very likely—she was quite in the right if she did—a handsome face would have lasted a few years; a handsome name will last her all her life,—at least, till she marries again. What a pathos there is in a name! One could write a beautiful book about cognomens. A poor devil of a man, a surgeon, I believe, was brought into Court the other day for breach of promise of marriage: they read his verses out; and when the counsel came to one line which ended thus,

“Oh, think of Robinson!”

there was an universal shout of laughter. There might have been tears and white handkerchiefs if you had only altered the name, and the line had run thus:—

“Oh, think of Julian!”

These little accidents move the passions—passions make history: yet these little accidents history cannot mention with safety. H \* \* \* \* talks of a coloured carpet upon which Napoleon rolled when a baby, and hints at the influence the said coloured carpet might have had on the infant hero’s subsequent life: this is very just, but it is a little ridiculous.

You say in your letter you are surprised at the Jew Bill having once passed the House of Commons. The reason is this: the ministers depended on the Anti-Catholics for being Anti-Judaical, and took

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\* For instance, Hunt, who was in high and especial favour with the audience, expressed a dissent from the proposal of choosing Brougham to present the petition of the meeting to the House of Commons—“At all events, gentlemen!” said he very dryly, “if you want Mr. Brougham to attend to your petition, pray don’t forget to send a fee.” The assembly shook with laughter, but not a single man was won. A French assembly when it once laughs is seduced.



no trouble about their own friends. The Anti-Catholics were knowing dogs—made a party—dined with each other—and the Ministers were left in a minority. You do not tell me what the French say about the American Channing: I am anxious to know. His works are reviewed in the proper spirit of reviewing in the last Westminster. It is high time we should show that we English are willing to be the first echo to an American's praise. The fact is, that when the Americans read our periodicals they suppose us hostile to them:—no such thing! The Scotch write our periodicals, and it is the Scotch (the last nation in the world to do justice to a new people!) who abuse them. I hope from my heart, that when this number of the New Monthly reaches the United States, this little fact may not escape attention. Let them recollect Captain Hall is a Scotchman, and let them be assured that there is scarcely a liberal Englishman who does not think that collection of solemn frivolities which he has lately been pleased to publish, as narrowed in its reasonings as it is provincial in its language. There is this difference between the Scotch traveller and the English: the Scotchman is minute, not from a zeal for what is true, but a love of what is small. He will forego his sketch-book for his dinner; he does not forget the main chance; shrewdness makes him observe others, but take care of himself. Your English traveller, if he does not altogether shut himself up in his postchaise, is far more tedious, I allow; but he is far more thoughtless of himself. He copies what is, to every hair-stroke, not because he does not think it very troublesome, but because he wants to make a sound book. He neither leaves out nor exaggerates; but he is very often a miserable selector, and terribly ill used. The best of our wits found this to his cost. Last summer, when sailing up the Rhine, he had ordered dinner at a certain village—dinner was waiting for the whole company: but there we were, we English, sketching away—now a stick—now a stone—now a chateau—now a shrub. “Pray, Mr. R——” said a gentleman to the wit, “are we ever to land and get something to eat?” “Yes,” quoth R——, “whenever these gentlemen *have finished the inventory of the Rhine!*” That is just your English traveller; but it is not your Scotch. He would never have been taunted for losing *his* dinner. Sir J——n D——e, a man no less happy as an observer than gallant as a soldier, or eloquent as a speaker, once said to his Scotch valet, on leaving some place or another, “Well, Sandie, have you packed up all *our* things?” “Our *ain* at least,” answered Sandie. Now that's your Scotch traveller; he notes down as Sandie packed up—all his *ain* things—at least!

I know some of us have been persuaded that the Americans are jealous of us, and slight us, and abuse us, and despise us, and so forth. Nonsense! Let any Englishman read at the same time, the articles in the Sketch Book on “John Bull,” “English Rural Life,” &c. and the “Travels of Captain Hall,” and he will see at once how the Americans speak of the English, and how the English suffer the Scotch to reply!

Speaking of Literature, one thing is remarkable just at present: The ferment, and the bubble, and the noise of half a dozen little authors, who *rivulet* it along, and make us all think they are the great writers of the day; while unknown and unseen, but by a discerning few, a stream of exquisite and deep writing flows on in lordly obscurity.



I was never more struck with this fact than the other day, when after wading through a heap of drawing-room books, my attention was directed to an article in the Philosophical Magazine; it is by the Rev. Mr. Sedgewick, Professor of Geology at Cambridge, and is a speech delivered at the Geological Society: whether I look to the tone of thought, or the noble and calm beauty of the style, I own that I am at a loss to point out any piece of writing produced within the last twenty years, which I should put beyond it. The march of intellect proceeds so rapidly, that it is now in the Brute Creation; and Elephants have evinced their boasted sagacity by becoming the first to set a notable example to the more diminutive beasts. I do not speak of tricks, and learning the sword-exercise and playing at cards; Poodles have done all that ages ago. I speak of an Elephant turned Epicure—an Elephant putting its ivory teeth to their proper use. The young lady of that species who has been exhibited here, and is now on a provincial tour, was pleased to receive a party of us as private visitors the other day. One of our ladies offered Mademoiselle a *bon-bon*. She refused the *bon-bon*, and filled her trunk with water. “What! does not she like these things?” asked the lady. “Pardon me!” said Mademoiselle’s *ami*, a Frenchman; “she has been drinking beer, and she washes her mouth out before she takes *sweet things*!” On hearing this, ——— sent her a temple of spun sugar from his own table; and has ever since talked very seriously of despatching missionaries (of the faith of the *Almanach des Gourmands*) to convert the Elephant nations! After all, I dare say they would do just as much as any other missionaries!

The three last novels I have read and can recommend to you, are; “Carwell,” a charming book—very odd, very clever, and very touching; “Lawrie Todd,” sly, shrewd, humorous, real; and the “Manners of the Day,” a work of great point, grace, and true painting. I do not say it has not the faults which a novel on the manners of the upper classes necessarily must have, but they are the faults of one who both sees them and redeems them; the faults, in a word, of a remarkably good writer, and clever woman, who could write gravely if she pleased. You may depend on the conscientiousness of my criticisms, short as they are. I write exactly what I think, without regard to the person who publishes, or the person who composes. Now that I am glancing at the subject of novels and criticism, I wish to point out to you a fact worth noticing:—the critical press never had so little a sway over literature as it has at this moment, and novels make one of the most striking proofs of it. Your critics affect the greatest contempt for this class of writing—the Quarterlies, (excepting only the Westminster, which from the dullest and most monotonous, is growing various and entertaining) never notice them—the Monthlies slur them over in a small print—the daily papers regard them with majestic silence—the Weeklies only honour them with a sort of passing nod,—and their utmost panegyric is “clever enough for the class to which it belongs.” Yet all this time, novels are the only things bought—the only things read—the only things talked of. The stone which the *soci-disant* builders of reputation refuse, becomes the headstone in the corner. Sore at this, your reviewers now and then put forth a pungent leading article against the taste of the day—fashionable novels—and Heaven knows what! the readers skip the lead-



ing article—and the reviewer, good easy man, thinks he has annihilated the circulating libraries. The long and the short of it is, that critics themselves are to blame for all this—they are to blame when their periodicals fail, and the Clubs refuse to take them in any longer. Men who would lead the public taste, must appear to yield it—a witty angler who was wise on other points than fly-fishing, once said with professional quaintness, “Inclination is like a trout, Sir; you must play with it before you can attempt to win it.” If they would reform the popular taste, and in reforming become popular themselves—they must study exactly the points which please the people — and by touching on those points instruct. This is neither beneath the dignity of wisdom, nor without even the gravest compass of benevolence. A man may write just as learned an article, and a far more useful one, on a book about Almack’s, as on a book about the ‘*Adoneia*.’ Profound writing is often only trifles treated wisely. Shallow writing—generally grand subjects handled frivolously. The first is a characteristic of Bacon—the second, of the Editor of the *Athenæum*. A periodical that kept the true wisdom, utility, in view, would be sure to sell—and if the conductors were themselves of good taste, they would be sure to do wonders to the taste of the public. This is, indeed, the main secret of the unrivalled and unwavering success of the *Literary Gazette*—its sale and its influence; it never neglects the public, and the public returns the compliment. The lightest subject and the gravest is treated with equal care—and somehow or other, the grave is made entertaining, and the light instructive. Hence if it wants to expose—it has not first to struggle against the want of an audience, and it seldom fails of correcting—because it never fails to be read.

But the common herd of critics, while they rail against every thing light in literature, are the last to do justice to what is more important. They throw no light upon history. Ethics, once the boast of this country—now its shame—they leave to utter oblivion. And even in novels, if a writer does wish to infuse into his volumes some little instruction, something of a purer or a more elaborate cast than the ordinary materials, they are the first to cry against the stupidity—the first to cry—this may be all very fine in an Essay, but it is wretched in a Novel. Very well, gentlemen, you get every day—a novel as light as it can be, and you cry out again; ‘this may be very fine as a Novel, but it is wretched as an Essay!’ This sentence thus artfully reversed according to circumstances, supplies them on all occasions. It does not take much then, you say, to become a critic! No, my dear friend, not much sense, but a vast deal of capital. Our critics prose themselves into ruin; skilled in nothing, they are necessarily read by nobody.

You remember the races at Lord Dacre’s—they have been very bad this year, as somehow or other people have found out they have been every year since Lord Dacre sunk from the representation of the county into his Peerage, and forgot to give his neighbours that pretty collation he had been accustomed to do in the days in which votes were desirable.—To be sure, it is very good-natured in him to afford us the races at all—nevertheless the company seem to forget *that*, and to make a point of looking most ungraciously hungry. Formerly, at the Hoo, there was that great desideratum in races, an equality in the horses. Of late years, however, Lord V—— has been pleased to patronise the



meeting by allowing his Newmarket horses to teach the country quadrupeds how to gallop. Accordingly away starts my Lord's Wonder or Matilda, or whatever the beast may be called—distances all competitors—wins in a canter, and sweeps away prizes, cups, or whatever bets any miserable bumpkin may have been fool enough to make against a dead certainty. I mention this fact, not because it is important in itself,—for who cares a straw about Lord D.'s races?—but because it shows a fact very important, namely, the nature of English patronage, which appears to be a fig for others, and a fig-tree (the largest of all trees) for one-self!

Old Cobbett has been making an ass of himself, (a very easy manufacture it is too!) and proposing that 10,000*l.* be placed in his hands in order to qualify him for Parliament, and obtain him a seat therein. I never say a single syllable against a man who writes, until I have read with the gravest attention the greater part of what he has written. I have pursued this rule with Cobbett, and while I have in so doing obtained a fair licence to say what I think of him, I have obtained also an insight into the vulgar means of governing the vulgar. Use but coarse language, plenty of proverbs, plenty of nicknames—utter nonsense logically, and falsehoods as if you were stating a problem—and then—your end is gained! Mr. William Cobbett is a man who has never stumbled on a truth in his life—ignorant of history, ignorant of political economy, going in a ring and consequently ever getting giddy, and falling over himself, (as the Irishman says,) a blunderer in his premises, and a booby in his conclusions—he has got over the common people by talking as they talk—in an alehouse; and diddled them out of so many halfpence a week for a nonsensical Register full of more prejudice, more cant, and more absurdity, than ever was composed by any political quack who poisoned the people under pretence of recovering them. What a common delusion it is to think that whatever is coarse is strong, and whatever is blunt is true! There is a sort of prejudice against genius, as if it could not be useful. For my part I have seen all classes of men, from the cot to the palace, from the closet to the Exchange, and I never in my life knew a man of genius whose most prominent feature was not his common sense.\* “Plato” (this is a favourite quotation with your dunderheads,) “banished Poets from his Utopia!” True, my dear gentlemen, but that was not till Plato had written a vast quantity of poetry himself, which was so cursedly bad, that he felt himself forced to destroy it. Of how many maxims in a system is Pique the father!

The poor dear King has been, as you know (for hourly expresses are sent to Paris with the nearest intelligence respecting him) extremely unwell. Nothing can be so ingenious, so felicitously chosen, as the phrase by which his Physicians designated his malady—“A difficulty in breathing.” Now this may apply to all maladies of what nature soever, or what degree. A hot day produces difficulty of breathing,

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\* Men of genius are, it is true, for the most part exceedingly vain: And therefore where vanity is brought into action, it beats the common sense out of the field. But ask advice *for yourself* (a topic on which his egotism is not aroused) of a man of genius—and you will see if the shrewdness and soundness of the advice you receive, would not do honour to the coldest calculator in the world!



particularly if one is portly, and one's last gasp is merely finding it difficult to breathe any better. Do you know, if I wrote an opposition newspaper, I think I could manage with a very little skill to destroy — absolutely destroy — any great personage I pleased. I would merely make my leading article about his health. I would find out his symptoms, and continue them as I pleased. What man, with nerves short of an Ostrich's, could have the constitution to live long after reading every morning at breakfast a new series of reasonings why it was necessary for him to die? We are all hypochondriacal after fifty. And really — whatever hard-minded persons may say to the contrary — the body is a very valuable possession, which it is quite natural that we should be alarmed at the mere hint of renouncing; the body to the soul is like a house to oneself, the longer one inhabits it, the better one likes it — and your old ones have a deal of comfort in them!

There is a silly floating spirit abroad at this moment, about the salaries of the public servants, — an idea that it is necessary that men in order to serve the State, should first plunder it, — an idea that Clerks will do business a great deal better, if they have enough money to squander away, rather than enough to support them, without enough to waste on those pleasures and gaieties which necessarily distract their attention from business; and another idea no less singular, that the wisdom of a Judge is exactly in proportion to his salary! It is an evil sign for a State, when money — money — money is made the grand inducement to public offices. And with respect to Judges. — Has it ever yet been found that the slenderness of pay produced a paucity of candidates? No — it is one of the especial benefits of an Aristocratic government, that there will be always men enough to accept any place which has dignity attached to it. You never find people who hate dancing, refuse to be Steward at a ball; or those who hate public dinners, refuse to preside at an anniversary. Honour is a great — *the* great motor in this State. Money is its agent — its slave, or its sub-Lieutenant. A man wishes to be rich in other countries, in order that he may enjoy — a man wishes to be rich in this country, in order that he may be of consequence — purchase a peerage, or be asked to Devonshire House. With all its faults, this principle is better than the love of money. In the name of heaven let us keep to it! and do not let us make public offices so lucrative, that the profits swallow up all other considerations. This is indeed to corrupt a people — set a lure for integrity — and twist Righteousness into Mammon. It is the vulgar system of over-paying, which creates in England so many rascals; and makes a rogue and a Place-man — two proverbial names for one thing. The Morning Chronicle says, (and it is a startling truth,) that while America has produced public men of undoubted virtue — a Washington, or a Jefferson — we have produced only the idols of a party. This fact is singularly worthy of deep thought: we have plenty of poets — plenty of philosophers — plenty of orators: the national greatness shines forth in every department — but one — political integrity. This is so strongly felt among us, that we distrust clever men, and fly to dunces as the only persons we can meet with — too stupid to deceive us.

Adieu, my dear friend,

Yours, &c.

B. H.



## PARISIAN JOURNAL.

THE importance of late political events in France, added to the interest which they have excited in all the countries of Europe, and more particularly in England, induces me to suppose that a rapid sketch of the present situation of the contending parties may not be unacceptable to my English friends. The exaggerated tone of party feeling, which pervades both the *salons* and the journals, renders it difficult to draw any sound conclusion from those sources ; and it is therefore only from a close personal observation that a stranger, who, uninfluenced by political prejudice, wishes to form an impartial judgment on the respective merits of the conflicting factions, can hope to obtain his object. Having fortunately been placed in a social position, which afforded peculiar advantages for the study of both sides of the picture, I have availed myself of it to abstract myself from the mists of prejudice, in which hatred on the one hand, and mingled fear and pride on the other, have enveloped the real situation of affairs, and am therefore enabled to form, if not an enlightened, at least an impartial judgment. When the celebrated address of the Chamber, in 1827, had occasioned the fall of the "deplorable" Ministry (as they termed it) of M. de Villele, the Administration of M. Martignac, selected from the most moderate portion of the *centre droit*, and reinforced by M. Roy and others, who were not in immediate contact with the discussions of the moment, commenced its career under circumstances which promised a happy and prolonged duration. The law securing the intervention of the *tiers* in the formation of the electoral lists, greatly increased the popularity of the Ministry ; and had the measure projected for the alteration in the municipal system been carried into a law, there is reason to believe that M. Martignac and his colleagues would have found themselves in possession of a greater share of the esteem and affection of the nation, than had for many years fallen to the lot of any ministry, but, unfortunately, this was not permitted ; vacillating between an inward tendency to Liberalism, and the counter-attraction of the Court to Ultraism, M. Martignac found his faculties paralyzed, and he at once lost the confidence of his sovereign, by his *penchant* for the increased liberties of the people, and disappointed the hopes of the nation by his fear of offending the Court. Hence the dismissal of the Administration occasioned neither surprise nor regret, and the conviction of their good intentions was lost in the recollection of their weakness and instability. On the 8th of August, 1829, the present Ministry was appointed ; and from that moment, all the Liberal journals commenced a series of attacks on them, with a virulence which has continued with unabated violence to the present moment. Various causes contributed to produce the excess of this feeling ; the Prince de Polignac was only known in the political world in his capacity of ambassador to England, in which situation he was supposed to have imbibed feelings and opinions moulded on those of his friend the Duke of Wellington ; this impression would alone have been sufficient to render the Ministry unpopular in France, but it received a tenfold accession of strength from the appointment of M. de Bourmont, who is, perhaps, more personally unpopular than any statesman who ever existed in France. The bulk of a people seldom forgive treachery under any circumstances, and the manner in which M. de Bourmont abandoned the cause of Napoleon at Waterloo was of a nature to make the deepest impression on their feelings. The substitution of M. Mangin, a man of narrow mind, for M. de Belleyne, who, as Préfet of Police, had equally distinguished himself for upright impartiality and active benevolence, and the appointment of M. de Haussez, a man perfectly ignorant of naval affairs, to the Ministry of Marine, completed the measure of popular discontent. Day after day, the journals teemed with predictions of a counter-revolution meditated by the Ministry, and called on the citizens to prepare for resistance. But the Administration continued determined to oppose the most imperturbable prudence to the attacks of their enemies ; they resolved to show that the opposition of the Liberals was to the men, not to the measures, and then founded on that basis the accu-



sation of an attack meditated by the Opposition, on the constitutional right of the King to nominate his ministers. Accordingly, not an ordonnance was issued, not a *coup d'état* of any description attempted. All the journals (with the exception of the *Gazette de France*, the *Quotidienne*, and the *Drapeau Blanc*) vied with each other in calling on the Chambers at once to crush the Ministry by a refusal of the budget *in toto*; and devoted column after column, to prove that if the Government, after the refusal of the budget, attempted to raise supplies by a Royal Ordinance, even if issued in the terms of the Charter, an armed resistance to the levy would be justifiable and necessary. Prosecutions were commenced against several of the journals, and they were convicted by the Court of Correctional Police; but in every instance, the *Cour Royale*, on appeal, acquitted the defendants. In this situation of things, the Chambers assembled; the Speech from the Throne contained allusions to the attacks on the Ministry by the press, which, though covertly thrown out, were sufficiently understood, and excited the liveliest emotions among the people. The Chamber of Peers voted an address, which, as usual, was little more than an echo of the Royal speech; but the Chamber of Deputies, after a warm and prolonged discussion, adopted, by a majority of forty-one, an address, attacking the Ministers, and informing the King, that as no confidence existed between the Administration and the country, it was for him to judge between them. The King's reply announced his determination of supporting the Ministers; and the next day, the Chambers were prorogued until the second of September. It now remains to be seen what course will be adopted: on the one hand, the small number of the majority may induce the hope, that between April and September, there may be sufficient time to gain over, by those means which Ministers so well know how to employ, a sufficient number of deputies to enable them to carry a favourable address; while on the other, they are preparing for an appeal to the Electoral Colleges, in the event of a dissolution, by removing one by one such prefects of departments as are supposed to be infected with Liberal principles, and consequently, not likely to prepare the lists in a manner suitable to their views. Vacillation and timidity are the characteristics of the Polignac Administration; hence it arises, that while unwilling to do right, they fear to do wrong, and allow week after week to pass in inactivity, apparently satisfied with being able to ask triumphantly, "What harm have we done?" and in the mean time, neglecting all the ameliorations in government which the circumstances of the times demand. That the Administration, as at present constituted, can long stand its ground is impossible; and that so direct a collision should take place as would produce the accession of the Liberal, or *extreme gauche* party to power, is at least improbable: the two remaining alternatives are, first, the dismissal of a few of the most obnoxious of the present Ministry, and replacing them by some of the most popular of the Martignac Administration, as M. Hyde de Neuville, M. Roy, and M. de Belleyne; and, secondly, the return of M. de Villele to power. Negotiations have for some time been in progress for the purpose of carrying the latter project into effect, but appear likely to prove abortive. Villele knows too well his own talents and importance to allow himself to be placed any where but at the helm; while Prince Polignac, though aware of his own political inefficiency, and the difficulty of extricating himself from the labyrinth in which he is bewildered, is too proud to submit to the guidance of any one, however superior in intellect and fertile in resources. The King's feelings naturally lead him to look with an eye of parental affection on Prince Polignac, and tend to blind him to the real danger of his situation. The only chance which the Ministry have for securing the popular voice, would be the adoption of the plan suggested by M. de Villele: his advice to them is this—"Assemble the Chambers without delay; the financial situation of the country enables you to present to them a reduced budget; and you have the opportunity of proposing several popular laws: in whatever manner these projects are received, dissolve the Chambers the moment they are disposed of: if the deputies reject your proposals,



you appeal to the Electoral Colleges, showing them that the Chambers refuse to sanction a reduced expenditure, and the adoption of laws advantageous to the country ; if, on the contrary, they adopt your propositions, you can with confidence point the attention of the nation to what you have done, and show that your wishes and plans are so conducive to the interests of the nation, that even a hostile Chamber is compelled to coincide in them." This is sound policy, and might perhaps prop up the tottering fabric ; but it comes from M. de Villele, and therefore Polignac scorns to be dictated to. In the mean time, the only two journals of any talent which were not attached to the Liberal party, have quarrelled between themselves, and are literally every day, by their mutual invective, furnishing arms to their adversaries, and exposing all the weakness of their own position. The "*Quotidienne*" remains attached to the Polignac party, while the "*Gazette de France*," which, like other rats, has always sagacity enough to leave a falling edifice, stands forth the champion of M. de Villele, and echoes what the Liberal journals have been saying every day for the last eight months, of the weakness and inefficiency of the Administration as at present constituted. The French know no moderation in the war of words ; hence the exaggerated views attributed by each party to the other ; the Liberals accusing the Court of wishing to revoke or annul the Charter, and the Court retorting on their opponents the imputation of plotting to revive the horrors of the Revolution : both are equally false ; the bulk of the people are tranquil, and satisfied with the present state of things ; the wish of the Ministry is simply confined to the retention of their places, and they are as anxious to avoid any thing like a *coup d'état* as their adversaries are to force them into it ; while, on the other hand, the only revolution desired by the Liberals is their own accession to power, if possible, but at any rate the fall of the present Ministry, whom they personally hate. The day of abstract principles is past in France, and the advantages of social order are too strongly appreciated to admit of its being easily kindled into a commotion. It is true, that if Prince Polignac, who possesses not a little of the Gascon principle, "*je me laisserai arracher un œil pour pouvoir en arracher deux à mon ennemi*," obstinately refuses to give way, and will attempt to govern the country without the assistance of the Chambers, and if the Chambers, on the other hand, persist in refusing even good gifts at the hands of Polignac and Co. the *ultima ratio* may be resorted to, and in that case, the result is easy to foresee ; but as the King has always the power to put an end to the question by very simple means, it is not to be doubted that he will recollect the good example of Phœbus of old, and take care to check the career of his headstrong son, before the unguided course of this modern Phaëton has quite enveloped the universe in flames. In the mean time, the expedition to Algiers is in progress, and is the point on which the hopes and fears of the Ministry are most firmly fixed : should it have a brilliant success, the French, always apt to be intoxicated with military glory, may be induced to look with an eye of complacency even on M. de Bourmont ; he is well aware of his situation, and will strain every nerve to achieve something which may blot out the recollection of his former life ; should he succeed in his attempt, there may still be hope ; but if the expedition experience the slightest reverse, the fate of the Ministry is irrevocably sealed, and it will be well for them if the loss of power be all they have to undergo. The Chambers have not been consulted on the propriety of the expedition, and it is, therefore, in their power to give an *ex post facto* opinion when its event is known. Hence the anxiety of Prince Polignac to prolong the interval before the re-assembling of the Chambers until after the triumphant return of his colleague. The nation is quiet, and tranquilly awaits the event.

Among the numerous useful institutions of this capital is one, the existence of which is but little, if at all, known in England, although its nature and objects render it peculiarly adapted to our countrymen. It is entitled, "*L'Ecole speciale de Commerce et d'Industrie*," and is devoted to the preparation of young men for the various branches of commercial life. The



establishment owes its origin to the observations made by Messrs. Lafitte, Ternaux, Dupin, and other eminent commercial men, on the evils which attended the course of education usually adopted by boys intended for mercantile pursuits. They perceived that after many years passed in the acquisition of classical and other knowledge, interesting indeed, but of slight practical utility, a boy found himself, at the age of eighteen or nineteen, anxious to commence active life, but totally unacquainted with the principles by which his pursuits were to be guided, and therefore obliged to enter a counting-house, or warehouse, and pass several years more without remuneration, in order to acquire the information necessary to enable him to take an active part in business; and even then, in consequence of his subordinate situation, out of the reach of those theoretical details on which alone a perfect knowledge of business can be founded. It was to remedy this inconvenience that the present establishment was founded. It is under the immediate sanction of the Government, and is overlooked by a "Conseil de Perfectionnement," of which the celebrated Comte Chaptal is the President, and among the members of which are comprised the most enlightened and influential commercial men of France, in addition to the most eminent individuals in every department of science which comes within the range of the objects embraced by the Institution. This council publicly examine the pupils every year, and distribute prizes to such as deserve them. The interior regulations are under the general direction of Messrs. Blanqui and Franklin, who appoint the inspectors of every department, and eighteen professors are charged with the details of instruction. The *locale* is eminently adapted for the purpose, being fixed in the magnificent hotel in the Rue St. Antoine, built for, and inhabited by, the great Sully. This hotel, together with its spacious garden, &c. is wholly devoted to the purposes of the Institution. The school is divided into three classes; in addition to which there is a fourth, or preparatory class, in which pupils are admitted at the age of twelve, and instructed in the first elements of the sciences which will form the subjects of their study in the other classes,—such as writing, the French language, geography, ancient and modern history, the elements of arithmetic, and a foreign language. It is not, however, necessary for pupils to pass through the preparatory class. At sixteen, they may at once enter the first class, in which they are taught writing, arithmetic as applied to commerce, commercial geography, a foreign language, the theory and practice of the primary substances of manufactures, geometry as far as the mensuration of surfaces. For the pupils who are intended for mechanical professions, as architects, &c. a course of linear drawing is substituted for that of the primary substances. When the pupil appears, on examination, capable of leaving the first class, he is placed in the second, where he learns writing, geography, and statistics, book-keeping in all its branches, commercial jurisprudence, the theory and practice of the primary substances applied to manufactures, another foreign language, algebra as far as quadratic equations, the higher branches of geometry, the history of commerce, political economy as applicable to commercial affairs, the theory and practice of exchanges. In this class, as in the former, linear drawing and the theory of mechanics are substituted for the study of the primary substances, where more consonant to the destination of the pupils. After having remained a sufficient time in this class, and undergone a strict examination as to his capability, the pupil is removed into the third, or highest class; and it is here that the peculiar excellence of the Institution is developed. The studies commenced in the preceding classes are continued, at stated intervals; but the time of the pupil is principally occupied in the practical application of them. The room devoted to the pupils of this class is fitted up in separate *bureaux*, each of which has inscribed on it the name of one of the principal commercial cities of the world; in each of these *bureaux* a pupil is established, and supposes himself a merchant residing in the place represented by his *bureau*; a capital is confided to him; he opens a set of books, and practises, in every respect, the business of a merchant; his correspondence is carried



on with the fictitious merchants of every country; he purchases their manufactures, and sends in exchange his own; freights ships, insures them, and; in fine, undergoes all the difficulties and vicissitudes which encounter an adventurer in the real world. All the correspondence, &c. passes under the eye of the director, who takes care that the issue of adventures of different kinds shall be such as to accustom the young merchant to the exercise of every possible ingenuity in the prosecution of his affairs. An exchange is held once in every week, at which all the young merchants assemble, discuss and settle the price current, and negotiate all the exchanges required by business. From time to time, the pupil closes his books in one country, and establishes himself in another, where he carries on the same species of business. If any fraud or false speculation is committed, the affair is judged by a *Tribunal de Commerce*, composed of the pupils, under the supervision of the director; this tribunal may also declare a merchant in a state of bankruptcy, if requisite. In the establishment are two extensive museums, the one containing the primitive substances in the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms; the other, specimens of every species of manufacture which form the subjects of commerce: with these the pupils are made thoroughly acquainted, together with the mode of packing, the duties to which they are subject in different countries, and their useful application to the ordinary purposes of life. There is also a chemical laboratory, for the use of those pupils who are intended for scientific or mechanical pursuits. By these means the pupil, on leaving the establishment, is at once qualified to take an active part in commercial life, either as principal or subordinate; and that no time may be lost in applying the information obtained, the administration of the establishment take on themselves the responsibility of providing situations for such of the pupils as require it, and who have passed through the courses of study with propriety. The terms are 1482 francs (58*l.*) per annum, and 1282 francs (50*l.*) for the preparatory class. There are no extra charges, except for books, &c. and such masters as do not form part of the general system,—as dancing, music, and fencing. It appears strange that something of this sort has never been suggested in England, as its success here has exceeded the warmest anticipations of its projectors. The pupils are composed of natives of all countries, all of whom have equal attention and encouragement from the members of the *Conseil de Perfectionnement*.

April 1. The worthy citizens of Paris are very young in the science of political dinner-giving. Ever since the adoption of the famous address by the Chamber of Deputies, the salons have resounded with the note of preparation for the magnificent banquet to be given by the electors to the deputies of the Seine; the Ministry were filled with alarm at the awful consequences which must result from a revolutionary dinner; their journals appeared inclined to suspect that the turkeys would be stuffed with bullets instead of truffles; the canes and umbrellas of the visitors turn out to be pikes and pistols in disguise; and that the Goddess of Liberty herself would descend, like another Thais, to light the Alexander of the Seine to the conflagration of the palace of the Bourbons. On the other hand, the Liberals taught us to look forward to this meeting of the friends of freedom for an exposition of the principles on the basis of which the temple of rational Liberty was to be erected in imperishable solidity, and at which all the tyrants and Ultras of the world were to tremble at the prospect of their approaching ruin. The day arrived, and seven hundred individuals sat down to a dinner in which (as well as in the guests) quantity was considered, rather than quality. After the viands were dispatched, a very innocent toast to the health of the constitutional King and Chambers was drunk in single blessedness, and was followed by two long speeches, prepared for the occasion, of equally innocent and common-place materials. When they were over, as no one else was inclined to venture to address the assembly, some of the company begged to have the speeches in question encored,—a request with which the orators most willingly complied, and repeated the effusions verbatim. Here the



farce ended, having occupied about two hours in the whole. The "Constitutionnel," however, devoted five columns the next day to an account of this remarkable national festivity. Harmless as all this seems, it was considered so alarming an innovation, that even those members of the two centres, who had voted for the Address, almost without exception, thought it necessary to be "unavoidably" prevented the honour of accepting the invitation.

April 12. The anniversary of the return of the Bourbons is celebrated by a general holiday to clerks and school-boys during the day, and a partial illumination at night. The former token of commemoration appears to be *accueilli* by the people with much more satisfaction than the latter, as the business of all the *bureaux* appeared suspended with great good-will, while the illuminations were almost wholly confined to the public buildings, and the houses of the Ministers, and other Court functionaries. Devices and coloured lamps are luxuries unknown here: large rosin wicks, placed in a kind of saucer of melted tallow and pitch, and arranged in rows on triangular and pyramidal platforms, form the whole *appareil* of the exhibition. The only buildings which varied the general uniformity, were the hotel of the Legion of Honour, which had the representation of something like a star, in (*mirabile dictu!*) coloured lamps, and the Chamber of Deputies, which presented a very striking spectacle; the lights being placed close to each other on the lofty flight of steps, forming an ascending blaze of light from the ground to the entrance, and throwing the portico and columns into strong relief. With this exception, the appearance of the illuminations was monotonous and dull.

The war between the Classiques and the Romantiques continues with unabated vigour; the triumph claimed by the latter party in respect of Hernani is at best but doubtful; the piece has, it is true, drawn crowds to the theatre, but this furnishes a proof rather of the zeal of the rival factions, than of the intrinsic merit of the tragedy, while the roars of laughter which nightly mingle with the applause bestowed upon it, prove that the audience are as susceptible of the ridiculous as of the sublime; and, in fact, the drama of M. Victor Hugo contains a considerable portion of each of these incongruous ingredients. Twenty representations having, however, somewhat blunted the edge of public curiosity, M. Alexander Dumas, the colleague of M. Hugo on the theme of Romantism, has taken the field at the Odéon with "Stockholm, Fontainebleau, and Rome, a Trilogy, in five acts, with a prologue and epilogue;" this title, being interpreted, means simply a tragedy in seven acts, of which the first three pass at Stockholm, the succeeding three at Fontainebleau, and the seventh, or epilogue, at Rome. The time embraced by the action is thirty-five years. The fundamental principle of the Romantiques being an utter contempt for the unities and all the other requisites so firmly insisted on by the Classiques, it will be seen that M. Dumas has fully acted up to the creed of his sect. A brief examination of the manner in which he has effected this, will at once illustrate the talents of the author and the principles of his school. The first act, or prologue, introduces a young officer, who, on his arrival at Stockholm, meets Descartes the philosopher on the quay, and receives from him a slight satirical sketch of the various personages of Christine's Court as they pass to a review of the fleet, which takes place at the back of the stage; during their conversation the Queen's foot slips, and she falls into the sea; Steinberg, the young Frenchman, plunges in after her, and succeeds in saving her. This prologue is wholly unnecessary; every thing that passes in it is entirely unconnected with the intrigue of the drama, in which neither Descartes nor Steinberg take any part. The conversation is, however, lively, and as a detached scene would do credit to the author, but has nothing in the world to do with his tragedy. The piece, (according to the author's appellation,) now begins. The first two acts take place in the Queen's palace at Stockholm, and are occupied with the developement of her affection for Monaldeschi, who hopes, by her means, to mount the throne of Sweden as her husband. Christine, however, believes his affection to be disinterested, and, without intending it,



blasts his ambitious views by resigning the crown in favour of her cousin, Charles Gustavus, and retiring into private life, accompanied only by Monaldeschi, Santinelli, his rival and enemy, and a young page named Paulo, whom the Queen has recently taken into her service on his being dismissed by his master Monaldeschi. The page is, however, Paula, an Italian girl, seduced by Monaldeschi at Florence, who had followed him with unabated affection to Stockholm in disguise, and whom he had become most anxious to get rid of, fearing her presence would interfere with his designs on the throne. After Christine's resolution to retire from royalty, Monaldeschi no longer opposes Paula's being of the party, as the little real affection of which his heart was capable was devoted to her. Passing over Christine's first visit to Rome, the third act presents her established at Fontainebleau; here the three remaining acts are devoted to what is, in fact, the only real plot of the piece, namely, the treachery and death of Monaldeschi, which is related with historical correctness as far as concerns the communication by Monaldeschi to De la Gardie, the minister of Charles X. of Christine's machinations to regain possession of the throne, and De la Gardie's disclosure of the favourite's treachery to the Queen; but the dramatic catastrophe is heightened in interest by the part allotted to Paula in the *denouement*. When Monaldeschi is about to implore the clemency of the Queen, Paula gives him a ring containing poison, desiring him, if he fails in his suit, to swallow half and send her the remainder, as she is resolved not to survive him. Monaldeschi works on the feelings of Christine, who forgets the Queen in the woman, and not only spares his life, but promises that after a short exile he shall be restored to her affections, and share the throne with her. This promise revives his ambitious hopes, and with them recalls the memory of the unfortunate affection of Paula; to rid himself of her, he resolves (like Varney in "Kenilworth,") to make the affection of his victim minister to her destruction, and begs the Queen to give the fatal ring to her page after his departure, as a token of his regard; Christine executes the commission, and Paula, believing Monaldeschi dead, swallows the poison; but being undeceived by the Queen, discloses with her dying breath the secret of her sex, and the perfidy of Monaldeschi. Christine, fired at once with indignation and jealousy, orders Santinelli to pursue the traitor; urged by hatred, he quickly overtakes the victim, and the wretched Monaldeschi, dragged into the presence of the two women whom he has deceived, is, despite his abject supplications for mercy, dispatched by Santinelli in their presence, and expires at their feet. The epilogue represented the penitence and death of Christine at Rome; but it was itself so feeble, and so thoroughly out of place after the regular catastrophe of the piece, that it was very properly withdrawn after the first night. In this piece, as a whole, M. Dumas has shown himself to possess dramatic talents of the first order; the characters of Monaldeschi and Paula are sketched, and preserved throughout, with the hand of a master; the abject cowardice and selfish meanness of the former, contrasted with the self-abandonment and devoted affection of the latter, are delineated with faultless spirit and accuracy; and the whole of the fourth and fifth acts are more thoroughly dramatic than any tragedy, French or foreign, which has been produced for many years. The situations are at once natural and effective, and the dialogue nervous, appropriate, and unaffected. In the first two acts, on the contrary, the style is frequently laboured and heavy, and the author appears impressed with the sense of working against a dead weight. This arises from his having thought more of his school than of himself, and thence sacrificed the perfection of his drama to his zeal for the ultra-Romantic principles which he professes, which have induced him to confuse and impede the real action of his piece by annexing to it events not only unconnected with the subject of his action, and occurring in different places and at different periods, but in themselves wholly destitute of dramatic interest; and this merely to show that he scorned to observe the law of the unities. But even in the early portions of the drama there are some admirable passages, particularly the description of



the literature of the Court of Louis XIV. given to Christine by Steinberg ; and the speech of the Queen on hearing the applauses of the multitude showered on the new monarch, in whose favour she has just abdicated ; “ On dit vive le Roi, c’est vive la Couronne qu’on faut dire.” The beauties of the author are the offspring of his natural genius, his faults are the result of his partisanship. As a poet, he does not exhibit the beauties which distinguish M. Victor Hugo, but he is equally free from the contrasting faults by which they are thrown so strongly in relief, and as a dramatist he is far superior. It is not too much to say that if M. Dumas will be content to write good tragedies, and leave it to the developement of his subject, and the uninfluenced bent of his genius, to decide whether the piece shall assume the Classique or Romantique form ; if, in fact, he will write for the world, not for a party, he will rank as the first tragic author in Europe.

We have all laughed in our youth at the barber-surgeon immortalized by Mr. Joseph Miller, who recommended decapitation as a radical cure for the head-ache, but it is no matter of laughter here. If the French sometimes turn a tragedy into a jest, they balance the account by acting a jest as a real tragedy, as has just been proved in a melancholy manner. A young gentleman residing in my quarter having a sister who was afflicted with a painful and tedious, but apparently incurable disease, thought the kindest thing he could do for her would be to put an end to her sufferings ; and, accordingly, after writing a letter to his father explaining his motives, he blew out her brains, and retiring to the house of a friend performed the same office for himself. The gentleman in question had never displayed the slightest symptoms of insanity, but appears to have acted simply from philosophical conclusions of the necessity of the deed.

One of the pleasantest literary meetings in Paris is the monthly dinner of the “ *Revue Encyclopédique*,” a work conducted with the greatest talent, and which, though principally devoted to literary and scientific subjects, never loses sight of the main object of its establishment—the diffusion and inter-communication of knowledge, and the principles of civilization throughout all nations, and the consequent increased influence of the doctrines of rational liberty, as developed in the dispersion of the mists of prejudice of every description, and the erection of the fabric of universal happiness on the basis of truth and information. As the objects of the *Revue* are strictly cosmopolitan, the monthly meetings present an union of some of the most distinguished characters of every nation in the world, who may happen to be at Paris ; and not unfrequently the natives of fourteen or fifteen different countries find themselves united in the common cause of universal enlightenment. In addition to M. Jullien de Paris, to whose unremitted exertions the establishment and success of the *Revue* is to be wholly attributed, and who is the perpetual president of the meetings, I have observed at the last two dinners, among a host of other celebrated characters, General Santander, of Colombia, Sir Sydney Smith, Pigault le Brun, Sismondi, Say, Chodzko, Fossati, &c. No foreigner visiting Paris should miss an opportunity of attending one of these meetings, unless literature and liberty are matters to which he is equally indifferent.

At the last meeting of the “ *Société de Géographie*,” the prize gold medal, value five hundred francs, was presented by M. Hyde de Neuville to M. René Caillié, the recent traveller to Timbuctoo. After a neat speech in honour of M. Caillié, the President observed, that although the Society had thought it right to adjudge the medal to M. Caillié, they were so sensible of the services rendered to science by the late gallant Major Laing that, while regretting the untimely fate which had deprived them of the pleasure of expressing to himself their high opinion of his merits, they had thought it right to order a medal of similar value with that presented to M. Caillié to be struck and offered in their name to the widow of our gallant countryman. This is worthy of remark, as being in contrast to the usual selfishness of the French character.

The tribunals here have been occupied by two curious trials, which have



attracted an unusual portion of public attention ; the first in date was between a M. Pellet and a M. Massey de Tyrone. It appears that M. Pellet, some time ago, wrote some verses called “*Les Classiques et les Romantiques*,” and being much pleased with his composition, in the innocence of his heart, entrusted his manuscript to a friend in Paris, to be published if possible : the luckless manuscript, however, fell into the hands of M. Massey de Tyrone, who being of opinion that “all was fish that came to his net,” forthwith prints the poem as his own, under the title of “*Les deux Ecoles*,” and when M. Pellet, surprised at seeing himself in print without deriving either fame or profit from the operation, came forward to claim his bantling, M. Massey quietly declared that his poem is the only real *Simon Pure*, and that M. Pellet is an impostor. An action is commenced—M. Pellet comes up to Paris from the Pays des Vosges to plead his own cause, which he does with all the energy of a parent seeking to recover his beloved progeny. “*Les deux Ecoles*” is his *Virginia*, M. Massey de Tyrone is the *Appius* who has ravished his offspring ; in the midst of the discussion, however, M. Pellet, being unaccustomed to much travelling, unfortunately caught cold and died. Here was a natural termination of the business ; but no, his heirs were equally zealous for the honour of his poetic authorship, and revived the suit, adding that the death of M. Pellet was now to be added to the other delinquencies charged against the unfortunate M. Massey ; the latter vigorously maintained his claims to the honours of the poem, but the balance of evidence being unhappily the other way, the Court decided that he must lay down the laurel chaplet, and weave it with cypress to deck the tomb of M. Pellet, and pay all the expenses of the proceedings. This important matter occupied about half a dozen sessions of the tribunals ; the poem itself would, probably, have remained a profound secret from the majority of the public but for these proceedings.—The other trial involved a still more curious question of identity of person. A pamphlet appeared a short time since purporting to throw a new light on the assassination of the Duc de Berri, of which it was asserted that Louvel was only the instrument, and that the real plotters and instigators of the deed were a variety of noble personages, among whom were the Duc Decazes, the Duc de Maillé, the Vicomte Paultre de Lamothe, and the Comte François d’Escars. This pamphlet professed to be written by Colonel St. Clair, and the individuals calumniated immediately commenced actions for defamation against the person bearing that name. In the course of the investigation there appeared reason to suppose that the *soi-disant* Colonel St. Clair was altogether an impostor, and that the defendant was in fact a Major Mac Lean who had served in the Peninsular army, and had been broken for cowardice. The defendant stoutly maintained that he was Colonel St. Clair, and no one else, and appealed to the general evidence of those who knew him in society, and also to the fact that he had obtained a pension from the English government under that name, which appeared to be perfectly true ; on the other hand Major Fry, and a vast number of other officers, were confident that the defendant was the individual whom they had known in the Peninsula as Major Mac Lean. The tribunal was embarrassed what opinion to form of the matter, when, by an extraordinary coincidence, the real Colonel St. Clair, who had been many years absent from France, arrived in Paris while the trial was proceeding, and was confronted with the defendant. It then appeared evident that the latter, wishing to get rid of the disgrace attached to his real name of Mac Lean, had assumed that of Colonel St. Clair, and had succeeded in imposing himself, not only on general society, but on the British government, as that individual, who happened singularly enough to be the only Colonel of that name in the army. The pamphlet itself was to be evidently a mere series of inventions, strung together in the hope of getting money, and the impostor being convicted of wilful defamation, was sentenced to one year’s imprisonment and fines and damages amounting to upwards of 1500 francs.



## GREEK NEGOTIATION.

It is the invariable custom of the Ministers of the Crown, when they are pressed for information respecting a negotiation in their foreign policy which is still pending, to beg to be excused from giving any till the whole matter is arranged and completed, when they promise papers and documents, and answers to all the questions that may be put to them. This course is, undoubtedly, a very convenient one to them, and has moreover the advantage of having sometimes the reality, and always the appearance of reason in it—and yet how often is that appearance entirely fallacious. It may be inconvenient to Ministers to give information upon unfinished diplomatic arrangements, but it is still more inconvenient to the country that the information should be only given when it is too late to be of any real use; for it is obvious, that if a transaction be only made known when it is finally concluded, it is then impossible—supposing it should be one which the House of Commons, or the public, may consider contrary to the best interests of England—to remedy the evil which has been thus irrevocably committed. It may be, under such circumstances, gratifying to dismiss, or to disgrace Ministers who have so misconducted themselves; but this does not diminish one jot the injury they have been enabled to do to the public honour or advantage. It is pleasant to reflect upon the degradation and exile of Oxford and Bolingbroke; but these penalties, so justly inflicted, did not prevent the country from suffering under the sad effects of the disastrous peace of Utrecht for almost a century.

There may, also, be many cases in which the intentions of the Minister may be good; but his prejudices or his folly may lead him astray, and in such circumstances it is no consolation, while the national interests are suffering, to know that he thought he was right while he acted wrong.

For these reasons, as well as many others, it would appear to be frequently advisable that the public attention, either in or out of parliament, should be called to pending negotiations—that nascent evils should thus be averted before it be too late, or that, in any case, the nation and its representatives, who are to be the judges of the conduct of Ministers, should be put in possession of the facts and bearings of the case as early as possible. It was a saying of Mr. Fox's, that "*truth requires time before it can soak into English heads*;" a fact of which Ministers seem fully aware. They present their papers and make their statement when the whole matter is concluded; the papers and statement take some time to read and to digest; and so by the time that any motion is prepared to censure their conduct, they are enabled to meet it with an additional argument—viz. that it is an old story, which it is not worth while to waste the time of the country, or of the House, in reviving and discussing.

If there ever was a question relating to foreign policy on which the public should be early informed, so that they may check, if such exist, the mistaken views of Ministers, it is upon the important subject of the settlement of Greece. Since it has been decided, as is now generally understood, that a prince connected by blood, and residence, and friendship, with this country, is to be the future sovereign of that unhappy country, how deep must be the interest of every well-thinking



Englishman in its fate! If, indeed, we want any thing to convince us of the importance to Britain of the new arrangement with regard to Greece, and how much we ought to treat it as a vital question, not only of foreign, but also even of domestic policy, we have but to look at the anger, the impotent rage, of foreign journals, because the prize, after having been contended for with the blood and treasure of Russia and France, has at length, by the force of circumstances, fallen into *our* hands. We have only to read the speeches of M. de Chateaubriand, and the diatribes of the French Liberals, to see the value to British interests of having *our* candidate placed upon the throne of Greece; that candidate being a prince of high character and attainments, and who, moreover, is willing to sacrifice present comfort and ease, the luxuries and the delights of civilized life, and even the bonds of affection, to the noble but difficult task of regenerating and pacifying Greece, of rendering her happy and prosperous, and of adding a new state to the great family of civilized and Christian Europe. How fortunate then are we, having done, at least our Ministers, but little to deserve it, to have this nomination to the sovereignty of Greece given to us; to be thus enabled to extend our influence and our commerce in the Mediterranean exactly at the moment when, from the probably increased power of Russia in those seas, we the most want it. We should be thankful to Providence for the gift thus conferred upon us, but we should at the same time remember that it is to our own exertions we must look for making proper use of the golden opportunity of doing good to ourselves and others, which is thus offered to us.

The present Ministers of this country, who have conferred many and great benefits upon us in the course of their domestic policy, are, unfortunately, or at least have thus far been, narrow-minded and bigoted in the views they have taken of our foreign relations. They are Ultras in France—Apostolicals in Spain—Absolutists in Portugal—disciples of Metternich in Germany, and, we fear we must add, Turks in the East. Whether these views originated in a petty jealousy of the line of policy pursued by Mr. Canning—a determination to act in every way as differently as possible from that able Foreign Minister, or from the natural narrowness of their views, it is difficult to determine. The Duke of Wellington, in himself the Government, was, it is well known, the approver and champion of the Holy Alliance. He learned his diplomacy at the Congress of Vienna, where that abominable league to enslave the world was first contrived, and he has never been able to forget the lessons he received there. When he was sent to the Congress of Vienna, where the part taken by England was the first step that commenced the breaking up of that unhallowed compact, he is known to have said to some of his friends,—“I am going to put an end to the Holy Alliance, and there are but two persons in England who will regret it—the ——— and myself.”

With such feelings and such opinions, it is no wonder that our Ministers viewed the rising fortunes of the Greeks with dislike and distrust—that they lent their moral influence to the Turks—and that, by sending their Ambassador back to Constantinople in 1829, they encouraged these barbarians to be unreasonable in their demands, and to renew the unequal contest with Russia. Such conduct as this, with their notions, was not only comprehensible, but, to a certain degree, excusa-



ble. Yet that they should, if such indeed be the case, when the pay is played out—"quand la pièce est finie"—when the Turk is almost only a name in Europe, continue, from their love of his amiable qualities, to obstruct the establishment of Greece upon a reasonable basis, would be in the highest degree culpable, as well as foolish. It would be, to use the expressive language of Fouché, "*pire qu'un crime, car se seroit une faute!*"

Of course, until Ministers are pleased to let the faithful Commons of England behind the curtain, nothing absolutely certain can be known respecting the provisions to which they and their august Allies have agreed with regard to Greece. But rumour, in England, has many tongues, which sometimes tell the truth. And as for the protocols, and minutes of conferences, &c. they seem themselves to be aware how important it is that the public should be early acquainted with their contents; for the ink with which they are written is hardly dry before the "*Algemeine Zeitung*," the "*Augsburg Gazette*," or some equally useful journal, gives them to a wondering world. Voltaire's complaints respecting the surreptitious publication of some of his works might very easily, with a change of names, be supposed to issue from the mouths of the august plenipotentiaries.

"J'écris une sottise, aussitôt on l'imprime;  
On y joint méchamment le recueil clandestin  
De mon cousin Vadé, de mon oncle Bazin:  
Candide emprisonné en mon vieux secrétaire,  
En criant *Tout est bien*, s'enfuit chez un Libraire.  
Jeanne, et la tendre Agnes, et le gourmand Bonneau,  
Courent en étourdis de Genève à Breslau."

It is not, of course, intended in any way to make a comparison between the licentious effusions of Voltaire, alluded to in these lines, and the grave productions of our negotiators, though it may, perhaps, be doubted whether the former were not the more innocent publications of the two! It is, however, as has been before observed, upon rumours that most of our present reasonings respecting Greece must be founded; but those rumours are so general, and so accredited, that they almost carry with them the force of proof.

These rumours say, then, that his Royal Highness Prince Leopold has been offered the sovereignty of Greece, but upon the following conditions:—

I. That the northern boundary of his new State is to run, from West to East, as follows:—From the mouth of the Aspropotamos, along the south-eastern bank of that river as far as the lake of Angelo Castro—the boundary will then pass through the middle of that lake, as well as through the lakes of Vrachosi and Sacarovitza—and will then be continued to the mountain of Artoleria—then to Mount Axos—and so along the valley of Calouri, and the top of Mount Ceta, to the gulf of Zeitoun. To this boundary there are many and very great objections,

First, it excludes from the new State of Greece the provinces of Acarnania, Ætolia, and the southern part of Thessaly, all of which were comprehended in it in the protocol of March 22, 1829, which assigned to it, as its limit, a line drawn from the gulf of Arta to the gulf of Volo.



Secondly, It excludes from Greece the fertile plains of Ætolia, almost the only good land comprehended within the more extended limits of Greece; for, as is well known, the other provinces are, for the most part mountainous, rocky, and barren.

Thirdly, It is a most unsatisfactory boundary for defence. This must be obvious upon the slightest examination, for all the eastern part of it passes through a country of plains—and along the Aspropotamos, a torrent in winter, but over which, in the summer season, an army may walk dry-shod. It is also a peculiarly inconvenient line of boundary, from its passing so very near as it does to Missolonghi, which must, therefore, be fortified at great expense, and be always guarded by a large garrison.

Fourthly, It precludes the possibility of the establishment of tranquillity in the northern parts of Greece. The provinces of Acarnania and Ætolia are entirely peopled by Greeks, who it cannot be supposed will remain quiet under the Ottoman yoke, when they see their neighbouring brethren enjoying all the blessings of a free Christian government. On the other side of them, also, are the Ionian Islands, protected and ruled by us; so that their condition will be actually that of Tantalus, condemned to see good government on all sides of them, but never to taste it themselves. It has been said, but this can hardly be believed, that it is intended to employ the French troops who are at present in Greece, and who are destined to guard the new Sovereign and his country till he can establish a military force of his own, in the first instance, to conquer these provinces for the Porte. Surely the Duke of Wellington, who has shown such a disinclination to conquer Candia for the Greeks, can never consent to subjugate Greek provinces for the Sultan; not to mention the absurdity—for it would be one—to make the French army *soldiers of all work*, who are first to fight for the Turks against the Greeks, and then immediately to return to Athens and fight for the Greeks against the Turks.

Fifthly, The restricted boundary weakens the new country, which at best could but ill afford it, by lessening considerably its population and its revenues.

It has been said that our Government decided upon this line of boundary from fear that if the new Greek State approached too near the Ionian Islands, it might render them discontented with their present protectors. It is difficult to conceive that so paltry a motive could actuate persons calling themselves statesmen, for they must always look, as indeed one of their colleagues (Sir George Murray) has stated in the House of Commons this year they do look eventually, to the amalgamation of the Ionian Islands with the new Greek State, and our consequent deliverance from the expense and trouble belonging to their possession.

It is understood to be urged by his Majesty's Government, that the narrowing of the boundary of Greece is a compensation to the Turk for the right of *suzeraineté* proposed to be given to him over Greece by the Protocol of March 1829, but which is now taken away. Surely this is of all reasoning the most fallacious. In the first place, is the Porte in the situation to demand or expect equally good conditions with those she might have obtained last year? Has she not, since that period, prolonged the war with Russia, contrary to the advice of her



allies, and rushed madly into a contest which has nearly ended in her own extinction? Has she not, also, since that period, either through her own means, or those of the obedient minister of her vengeance, the Pasha of Egypt, inflicted fresh atrocities upon the Greeks, sold fresh multitudes into slavery, and conducted herself, as it were, in open defiance of the protocols, and treaties, and decisions of civilized Europe? And is she then now, when only inability to commit farther outrages obliges her to submit, to be treated with the same respect and consideration as if she had acted throughout with common sense and common humanity? Such a decision is surely not reasonable. But even waiving these considerations, is it not distinctly and peculiarly the interest of England, that the new State of Greece should be made as strong and as independent as possible? But this view of the argument may perhaps be better discussed, when the conditions to be imposed on the sovereign of Greece, by the high and mighty allies, have been all made public.

II. The second condition, or rather privation, which is insisted upon by the plenipotentiaries, is, that Candia should not form part of the sovereignty of Greece. This is perhaps, though it may not appear so at first sight, the most grievous condition of all, and for these reasons:—

First, while Candia is in the hands of the Ottoman power, who either from nature or inclination can never be friendly to Greece, the sovereign of that country and his people must be ever at the mercy of their barbarous enemies.

From Candia, in a very few hours, descents may be made upon the territory of Greece. The Greek commerce may be perpetually annoyed and plundered—for Candia is really the key of the Archipelago—and every insult and every cruelty may be perpetrated with impunity. Ay, but say the *Triple Allies*, we guarantee the territory of Greece. This is all very well, as far as it goes; but every one knows that the population of the Morea might, from Candia, be all either murdered or sold as slaves, before the august sovereigns of Europe were made acquainted with the fact.

Secondly, how painful must be the feelings of Greece and its sovereign, if the Turks or the Egyptians should renew their massacres of the people of Candia! a circumstance than which none is more probable. What would be their misery and indignation to hear of the sufferings of their fellow Greeks and fellow Christians, and yet be unable, as must be the case, to assist them! This circumstance might also occur in the island of Samos, which ought also, undoubtedly, to have been placed under the rule of the government of Greece.

Thirdly, the population of Candia being Greek, and the country having been less devastated than continental Greece, the possession of this fine island would be an immense acquisition both of men and money to the new state; of both of which it will have undoubtedly the utmost need.

The Duke of Wellington however says, we cannot conquer Candia from the Turks to give it to the Greeks. Why, is the noble Duke not aware that the whole of Candia is in the possession of the Greeks with the exception of three or four fortresses on the sea coast, which are garrisoned by the soldiers of the Pacha of Egypt? Such however, whether he is aware of it or not, is the case. But even, supposing for



argument's sake, that the Turks had a stronger hold than they have upon this island, where would be the difficulty of negotiating their evacuation of it, if its acquisition were deemed necessary for the new Greek State? The Sultan is no longer the fierce, unbending potentate, who suffered all Europe to mediate for him without listening to them. The salutary presence of the Russians at Adrianople has put an end to all this vain glory. He and his counsellors are now as amenable to reason as they were formerly deaf to its dictates. Besides, has not the Ottoman Porte made a declaration that she "will subscribe entirely to all the determinations which shall be taken by the conference of London, relative to the execution of the treaty of the 6th of July 1827?" Surely after this the fate of Greece is left entirely in the hands of the plenipotentiaries of the three Powers; and great will be their responsibility, and deep their disgrace, if they destroy the prospect of happiness in the new State by the errors of their views and decisions.

III. The third condition, which, according to report, is imposed upon the new sovereign, is understood to be—that he is to be allowed to make use of the small body of French troops still remaining in Greece, for the defence of his territory and his person, instead of receiving contingents of troops from all the three Powers, as had been originally intended. Whether it be for the interests of England thus to abdicate the power and the influence which the presence of a body of her troops resident for a time in the new State must have given her, it will be for the public to determine.

IV. The fourth condition, respecting which the plenipotentiaries are supposed to have acted harshly towards the Greek sovereign, is with regard to the guarantee of a loan of money to Greece for her present wants and exigencies. A guarantee of the three powers had been promised, to enable the Greek government to raise a loan of whatever money they wanted upon better terms. That is to say, the three powers of France, Russia, and England, were to have gone security each for a certain equal portion of the loan, for its repayment at fixed periods, as well as for the regular payment of the interest due upon it. It is now believed, that when the details of this loan came to be discussed, the greatest niggardliness was manifested, especially upon the part of England, as to the sum which was to be allowed for the loan, and that this feeling and conduct was carried so far, as in a great measure to endanger, if persevered in, the success of the whole plan. The revenues of Greece are, and must be for some years, extremely limited, while the expenses of the formation of the new state must, at first at least, be proportionably great. A loan was therefore required, the whole of which, it is said, would not have exceeded two millions four hundred thousand pounds; so that the extent of money for which each of the great powers would have been required to become security amounted only to the sum of eight hundred thousand pounds; not that they would have been obliged to pay that sum, but only to become security for its payment. To this limited responsibility, it is said, England more peculiarly objected, though a measure of the kind had been proved and allowed to be essentially necessary to the establishment of the new state. This too at a time when, among other economical proceedings, the public of England are in a course of payment of three



millions sterling for the fortifications of the almost useless province of Canada.

But it may be said, why is England to be supposed to have had more to do with imposing onerous conditions upon Greece than her august allies? Why may not Russia, whose interest it obviously is that Greece should be a weak and dependent state? Why may not France, who need not care much for the prosperity of that sovereignty, now it has fallen into the hands of a British candidate, have occasioned all these difficulties, by refusing to concur in more enlarged and enlightened measures? To this question no positive answer can be given until the series of papers relating to these transactions are before Parliament and before the public; but, if universal report is to be credited, both Russia and France have been most anxious to enlarge the boundaries of Greece, and to give to it all the succours of men and money which could be desirable; but the blighting influence of the English cabinet has nipped these generous dispositions in the bud, and prevented their taking effect. It is confidently believed that there exist, among the series of diplomatic papers relating to the affairs of Greece, certain memoranda appended by each plenipotentiary to the Protocol of the 22d of March, 1829. These, of course, will be laid before Parliament with the rest: and, if among them should be found a memorandum\* from the French Plenipotentiary, which is coincided in by the Russian, which declares in the strongest manner the wish of the French government that Greece should obtain enlarged frontiers and possessions, and every advantage which can render her condition stable and independent; if this paper be written in the ablest and most convincing manner; if it developes those sound principles of policy and humanity which ought to direct the councils of a great civilized country; if, on the other hand, it is followed by a memorandum of the British plenipotentiary, urging upon his allies the necessity of confining Greece to the Morea, of favouring the Turk as much as possible; if this state paper reasons largely and strenuously upon the injustice and impossibility of obliging the Divan to accord extension of territory or of privileges to the unhappy Greeks; if it upholds throughout that line of policy which, narrow-minded and ungenerous in itself, is peculiarly inimical to the good fame and best interests of this free and commercial country, and if it conclude by the ill-omened determination of sending back its ambassador to Constantinople;—if such be the respective tenor of these especially, and also of other documents in the series, then is it but fair to conclude that England has acted the part of *Turkish Commissioner* in the late negotiations, or, to use the expression of the Roman Courts of Justice, for the canonization of saints, has appeared in the quality of “*Avocat du diable.*”†

But the serious, and indeed melancholy part of this transaction, if it be in any way of the kind and complexion described in the preceding

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\* Since the text was written these very documents have appeared in the German papers, but have, through the neglect of our journalists, not as yet been translated.

† It is well known that when a saint is to be made at Rome, a person appears who personates the devil's advocate upon the occasion, and who opposes the canonization. The only susceptible difference between our ministers and this individual is, that the latter is invariably unsuccessful in his unhallowed attempts.



pages, is, that it must turn out to be one most injurious to England. It is quite obvious that the weaker Greece is made, the more must she be dependent upon the great military power of Russia. The new sovereign of Greece may carry with him an English heart and English intentions, but he must become in fact the vassal of the Czar. He may wish to favour British commerce and British interests, but, if Russia say nay, how shall he resist the only power whose forces are at hand to protect him from the Turk and from the Egyptian—to secure his territories from insult, and his subjects from butchery? But, as if the voluntary weakening of Greece was not a sufficient error to have committed, it has also been thought advisable to act as harshly as possible in every way with the Prince Sovereign—to haggle with him upon every little point—to send him away discontented and mortified, and then to deliver him over to the care of a French army, and the virtual *suzeraineté* not of the Porte it is true, but of Russia. Thus negating entirely the advantages and the credit which might have resulted to this country from the adoption of our candidate, had we known how to make use of the good fortune which was by this means thrown in our way. But it is to be hoped the people of England will avert such a catastrophe; that considerations of humanity and generosity, as well as those of national honour and interest, will make them take an active part in this now almost domestic transaction; and that they will prevent the Government from thus consummating a course of narrow-minded policy by an act of indelible disgrace.

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STANZAS.

O HARD to win—and little worth the cost,  
     Thy coronet, O Fame!  
 Twined upon brows strew'd thick with hoary frost  
 Of sorrow's winter-pressing on to steal  
 My hard-earn'd blossoms—eager still to seal  
     Their perishable name.

Fatal thy gifts, like funeral flowers which lie  
     On the cold deck'd-out corse;  
 Sweets flung from wither'd buds which lonely die,  
 Heart's-ease, and love's proud passion-flower inurn'd,  
 Incense of tributary sighs return'd  
     In fate's too late remorse!

Thy thousand windings—who would seek to thread,  
     Dark labyrinth of thought?  
 Where gall'd Ambition, toiling hard to tread  
 The rugged paths unshorn by pilgrim feet,  
 Wins—but to find distinction's honour'd seat  
     By life's drain'd current bought!

Precious the spoil upon thy Moloch shrine,  
     Dark minister of hell!  
 Incarnate demon, lodged in form divine,  
 Angel of light, on earth's enchanted ground  
 With voice whose syren warblings cast around  
     Their soul-deceiving spell!



Years come and pass—and at the weary close  
 We count the spendthrift loss,  
 The calm delight, the undisturb'd repose,  
 Hope's pleasant sunbeam, or its twilight gleam  
 To darkness turn'd by the mind's feverish dream  
 Flinging its shade across !

Yet such hath been—such ever still must be  
 The wear and tear of life ;  
 And man—the worshipper, who bends the knee  
 To self-created gods—his vital ray  
 Quench'd by the mists of sense, whose charm might lay  
 The heart's convulsive strife! M. A. C.

SKETCHES AND RECOLLECTIONS, NO. VI.

*Recollections of certain French Actors continued.—Frogère and the Emperor Paul.*

“ Rit bien qui rit le dernier.”—*French Proverb.*

“ Thou’rt marvellous merry, and thy wit is keen,  
 But better hadst thou pluck the Turk by the beard  
 Than shoot thy bolts at me. Bethink thee on’t.”—*Old Play.*

FROGERE had been a comic actor, of no very great celebrity, in Paris. He went to Russia, where he became the favourite, and the intimate associate of the Emperor Paul. It was upon this account only he was remarkable. I knew him but slightly; nor should I mention him but for the very odd way in which our acquaintance began, and for the purpose of repeating an anecdote he related to me, highly characteristic of his Imperial play-mate. I was one day dining at the *Café Anglais* with Monsieur T——. “ That little man coming towards us,” said my companion, “ is Frogère.” It is necessary I should premise that I had frequently been mistaken for an actor at the *Odéon* of the name of Davide. Frogère took his seat at our table, spoke to Monsieur T——, and, patting me familiarly on the head, asked me what the deuce ailed me that I acted so seldom. Guessing the cause of his error, I mumbled a reply, and allowed him to ask me two or three questions, respecting proceedings at the theatre, before I undeceived him. It was the most extraordinary resemblance he had ever met with, &c. &c.; and having exhausted his expressions of wonderment, away he went. Walking along the Boulevard Montmartre, a few days after this, I saw Frogère skipping across the road towards me, gesticulating, and evidently charged with something marvellous to communicate. “ My dear !” exclaimed he, “ I’ll tell you something will make you die of laughing. Three or four days ago I went into the *Café Anglais* and there was T—— at dinner with an Englishman. Well, will you believe it? I talked to the Englishman for five good minutes, thinking all the while I was talking to you.”—“ Well, Monsieur Frogère, and are you quite sure you are right this time?” He stood aghast. “ My dear Sir,” said he, “ do me the kindness to answer me one question: had I the honour of bowing to you, in the Palais Royal, about half an hour ago?” I assured him I had not been there all that day. “ Why, then, this is the Devil’s own mystification! What will my poor friend Davide think of me? It must have been him, then, I met there; and (instead of approaching him familiarly, as



usual,) mistaking him for you, I passed him with a bow of formal civility!"

Modern refinement has abolished the office of King's Jester, or Court Fool; but although there is no longer any acknowledged stipendiary dignified with that title, yet, in more European Courts than one, the duties of the office are sedulously performed by some 'loyal volunteer' bearing the honorary distinction of *Butt*. In point of respectability, however, the professors of the olden time had the advantage, inasmuch as there are upon record several hard hits given by the Fools to the wise men, or Kings; whereas in the case of the modern amateur the give-and-take is not fairly divided—the *give* being all on the side of the master, and the *take* on that of the man. The companion of a crowned head stands in a similar predicament with the lap-dog in the lion's den, or rather in that of Ali Pacha's pet lion with Ali himself: the ferocious and tyrannical Ali would take whatever liberties he pleased with the lion, but he never would permit the lion to use the slightest freedom with him; he invariably resented any attempt to abuse, by too great familiarity, his condescension; and, upon such occasions, would presently teach his shaggy associate to remember that, though tolerated for his master's amusement, he was but a lion after all. Upon re-considering the point, I doubt the aptness of this second illustration: European monarchs are not Ali Pachas, nor are their butts lions. Frogère, however, as I have been assured upon other authority besides his own, was not the mere butt of his Imperial patron, but really was upon terms of more equal familiarity with him than it might be supposed a man in his station would have been admitted to.

Yet easy and pleasant as was the friendship which for so long a time subsisted between these two eminent personages, it did once happen that the player was provided with leisure and opportunity for considering the important question, Whether it be altogether prudent or safe to make very free indeed with an Emperor of all the Russias? At supper, one evening, at the Emperor's table, some one present took occasion to pay the illustrious host a compliment at the expense of Peter the Great. The Emperor turning to Frogère, said, "This is really robbing Peter to pay Paul: 'tis hardly fair, is it, Frogère?"—"Quite the reverse, Sire," replied the actor; "for the reputation your Majesty will leave behind you will hardly tempt any one to rob Paul in return." Now, though this was almost as good a thing as any one need wish to say, it somehow happened that his Majesty did not appear to be in the least tickled by it; and as his Majesty did not condescend to honour it with his imperial laugh, no one else could presume to notice it by such a symptom of approbation. In fact, the joke, with all its merit was a total failure; at which nobody was so much astonished as the perpetrator of it himself. After a short time the Emperor withdrew, and the company separated. Frogère retired to his own apartment. He was any thing but happy in his mind. His jest had fallen flat; and such a mishap to a professed joker is as serious a calamity as the failure of a commercial speculation to a merchant. But to what strange cause could he attribute its ill success? The joke was a good joke, there was no denying it; and, were it otherwise, the Emperor was not so squeamish a critic but that he had laughed heartily at



many a worse. He thought, and thought—and thought again; but since his cogitations availed him nothing (he being still unable, with all his sagacity, to discover what could have occasioned his failure,) he got into bed, and like a wise man as he was, fell fast asleep.

It was the middle of a Russian winter. In the dead of the night Frogère was aroused by a loud knocking at his chamber-door. He arose and opened it, and, greatly to his astonishment, an officer, accompanied by four soldiers armed to the very teeth, entered the room. Frogère, having no reason to expect such a visit, naturally concluded that the officer (an old acquaintance of his, who had had the honour of being of the Emperor's party on the previous evening) had mistaken his room for that of some other person. Alas! he was speedily convinced there was no mistake, but that the untimely and alarming visit was indeed to him: the officer exhibited the Emperor's warrant for his arrest, and immediate banishment to Siberia!! The effect produced on him by this terrible announcement may—to use a phrase less remarkable for its novelty than for its convenience upon occasions of this nature—"may be more easily conceived than described." The idea of a trip to Siberia has shaken firmer nerves than those of poor Frogère. He wept—he screamed—he knelt—he tore his hair. What crime had he committed to draw down upon him so heavy a punishment? Could he not obtain a short delay? Of a day—a few hours only—merely, then, till he could see the Emperor that he might throw himself at his feet? His supplications were in vain: the Emperor's commands were precise and peremptory; and if ever there was an absolute monarch who allowed his mandate to be trifled with, certainly it was not the Emperor Paul. All that the unfortunate man could obtain from the officer, who was his friend, was just sufficient delay to enable him to throw a small quantity of clothes and linen into a trunk; and having done this, he was led forth. A carriage, guarded by a sufficiently strong body of cavalry, was in waiting, and, more dead than alive, he was lifted into it: a soldier, armed with a brace of pistols, and a sabre drawn, taking his seat on each side of him. The officer having seen that the windows of the carriage were carefully closed, so as to prevent the prisoner's communicating with any one from without, headed the cavalcade, gave the word, and they started, at a brisk trot, on their formidable journey. How long they had travelled till they made their first halt he knew not, for he was in total darkness, and his guards were dumb to all his enquiries: they were strictly forbidden to speak to the prisoner, and few Russian soldiers are so much in love with the knout as to disobey orders: but reckoning time by his sighs, and groans, and lamentations, it seemed to him an eternity. At length the carriage-door was opened. It was broad day; but he was not long permitted to enjoy the blessed light of the sun, for he was instantly blind-folded, and in that state led into a miserable hovel. Here the bandage was removed from his eyes, and he found himself in a small room, the windows of which being closed, was dimly lighted by a solitary candle. Some coarse food was placed on a rough wooden table, and signs were made to him that he should eat. But a few hours ago he was revelling amidst the splendour and enjoying the luxuries of a palace, princes the partakers of his pleasures, a mighty potentate his boon companion. Now—disgraced; a banished and forlorn man; a wretched shed for his resting-place; his fare so little



tempting he would not yesterday have offered it to a starving mendicant; surrounded by faces which, for the sympathy he would have implored, struck hopelessness down into the very bottom of his heart as he did but look upon them; a traveller on a dreary, dreary journey, which, when ended, no tongue should say him 'welcome;' nor should his soul rejoice as he should utter 'here will be my dwelling!' SIBERIA! In that one word seemed to him to be concentrated all of human suffering; and as he wildly paced the mud floor of the comfortless apartment, no sound escaped his lips, save only Siberia—Siberia!

That extremes meet is somewhat a trite observation. A trifling incident converted the agony of despair—and such was poor Frogère's—into a paroxysm of joy. The officer who commanded the escort entered the hovel, attended by an estafette. Frogère had not seen him since he got into the carriage on the previous night, nor was he aware that he had accompanied him so far on the journey. He was the only person of the whole number the unfortunate man was acquainted with; and the appearance of a familiar face was to him, in his present unhappy situation, a source of happiness unutterable. He was about to rush into the arms of his quondam friend, but a slight movement of the hand, and a look of withering sternness, sufficiently convinced him that such a demonstration of friendship was not very cordially desired by the other party. He prepared to speak, but a finger on the lip constrained him to silence. The officer went towards the light, and sealed a packet which he held in his hand; and having delivered it to the estafette, to whom he enjoined the utmost possible speed, he ordered the guard to post themselves outside the door. Being left alone with his prisoner, and having again made a sign of silence, "Frogère," said he, in an under-voice, "Frogère, here we part; the officer who will take charge of you to the next station is in attendance. Tell me—what can I—. And yet I hardly dare: the Emperor's commands are not to be disobeyed with impunity; and should it be discovered that I——. No matter; to serve an old friend I will run the hazard of my disobedience. Tell me, then, what can I do for you on my return to Moscow?"

The luckless Frogère burst into tears; and instead of replying directly to the friendly inquiry, he indulged in wild exclamations on the severity of the punishment for a crime, the nature of which he had yet to learn.

His companion looked at him with amazement. "Yet to learn! Are you mad, Frogère? Surely you are; and you must have been (as we all thought you) mad last night, or you never would have ventured that bitter sarcasm,"—and he added, in a still lower voice,—“the more keenly felt as it was not altogether destitute of truth.”

“Good Heavens! and is it for a trifle like *that* that I am to be——?”

“This is no time, Frogère, to waste in words: mine is the last friendly face you are likely to see for the rest of your long journey. The Emperor, as you well know, is implacable in his resentments; you cannot hope for pardon; so make up your mind to bear your punishment like a man, and tell me what I can do for you at Moscow.”

But the mind of the traveller was too bewildered to think upon any other service which his friend might render him, than the only one which his friend (like many other friends upon trying occasions) de-



clared to be exactly the one *he could not* perform for him: it was to intercede in his behalf with the Emperor. It was impossible:—but for any thing else, he would “raise Heaven and earth,” “go through fire and water,” &c. &c. &c. And, truly, there were many other modes of service open, not the least important of which was the disposal of his property—for not one particle of it (save the wearing-apparel already mentioned) had he been allowed to take with him. He had money and some valuable jewels; and provided nothing to his disadvantage should *come out* upon the examination of his papers, it was possible that those might escape confiscation. In that case, had he any friends or relations in France to whom he wished they might be transmitted? In the event of a contrary result to the scrutiny, a vast deal of trouble would be saved to him and to his heirs for ever.—No; he could think of nothing, he could think of nobody: his mind was all engrossed by the calamity which had befallen that one hapless member of his family who was at that moment on the high road to Siberia; nor was it capable of entertaining any other idea.

“Then,” said his friend, “I must think for you, and I must act for you. Should your property, as I have said, escape confiscation, I will deposit it in safe hands, and on your return you can claim it.”

“My return! am I not banished for life? Is there, then, a hope that——?”

“For life!” interrupted the officer; “do you imagine you are banished for life? Ha! ha! ha! No wonder, then, you are so grieved at your departure. No, my dear friend; and happy am I to be the means of pouring consolation into your bosom. Courage, courage, my dear Frogère! thirty years are soon over, and then——.”

“Thirty years!!!” groaned the luckless jester—but there was no farther time for conversation. The fresh escort was in readiness; and the eyes of the victim having been bandaged as before, he was replaced in the carriage. His friend at parting kindly pressed his hand, and placing therein a small sum of money, whispered, “You will find this more useful on your arrival at the place of your destination than you are now aware of. Courage! Farewell!” The blinds of the carriage were again carefully closed, the word to proceed was given, and away went the cavalcade, much faster than was agreeable to at least one of the party.

A Frenchman is proverbially the gayest creature in the universe, and blessed with greater aptitude than the native of any other country to accommodate himself to disagreeable circumstances. His language, too, furnishes him with a set of phrases admirably calculated to assist his philosophy, when assailed by the common misfortunes to which poor humanity is liable. He loses his umbrella or his wife; his dog is stolen, or his mistress is unfaithful; he is caught in an intrigue or a shower of rain, and he is speedily reconciled to the event by an “*allons, puisque——*” or a “*c’est une petite contrariété,*” or “*un petit malheur;*” or (if either or all of these should fail) by that last refuge of heroic endurance, the infallible “*ça m’est égal.*” But a “Thirty years in Siberia,” albeit it makes a promising appearance on paper as a title for a new book, is something more than a *petite contrariété*, and it is not by any means *égal*; so that poor Frogère finding that not one of these modes of consolation applied to his peculiar case, and no other source



of comfort occurring to him, he unconditionally surrendered himself to despair. For many hours he rode on in total darkness, and in silence unbroken but by his own unavailing lamentations: for his guards were again debarred of speech, either to their prisoner or to each other. At length they stopped. He underwent the same ceremonies as before: his eyes were bandaged; he was led out of the vehicle; and when he was permitted the use of sight, he found himself in another miserable hut, drearily lighted by the flickering glare of two or three burning twigs of the fir-tree. Here another coarse repast was presented to him; and, when he had partaken of it, the escort was relieved by a party of fresh men, and again was he hurried forward on his journey. But upon this occasion the sound of no friendly voice met his ear—all were silent, all were strangers. As nearly as he could guess, he had travelled three nights and three days, with occasional halts, always attended by similar circumstances, when, on the night of the third day, again they halted. His eyes were bound; but, instead of being allowed to walk, he was carried in the arms of his guards till he found himself placed on a wooden bench. Here he was left for several minutes, wondering why the bandage was not removed as usual. Presently he heard an indistinct whispering. Footsteps approached him. His hands were suddenly seized, and bound firmly together. He tremblingly asked the reason of this proceeding. No answer was returned. Rapidly, but silently, the upper part of his dress was loosened, and his neck laid bare. His heart sank within him. He began to doubt whether it was intended he should end his mortal journey by taking so cold a place as Siberia in the way. A word of command was given, and he heard the clank of musquetry. The word was given to march! He was carried forward in the arms of four men; and as they proceeded, he heard the regular tramp of many footsteps, before him and behind.—“Halt!”—He was placed on a seat—his hands were unbound—the bandage was removed from his eyes—and he found himself—at the very same place, of the very same table, in the same apartment where he had cut his unlucky joke, the same persons being present, with the Emperor at their head! His wild look of terror, astonishment and doubt, was greeted with a loud shout of laughter—and Frogère fainted. This had been a sort of Tony Lumpkin’s journey, for he had merely been driven backwards and forwards the distance of about half a dozen miles on the same road; and though, computed by the standard of his own melancholy sensations, the time had appeared much longer, he had, in fact, been absent for but little more than four-and-twenty hours—the Emperor, in disguise, being present at each of the stoppages. Though this was but a *trick*, the anguish and the sufferings of the object of it were *real*; and the consequence was a severe illness, from which it was long before poor Frogère recovered. It was, upon the whole, a piece of pleasantry which, however humorous it may be thought in conception, few would have had the heartlessness to execute but an Emperor Paul.

Some time after this the player was supping with the merry monarch, whilst, at the same hour, a trick was preparing of which Paul himself was to be the *butt*. Not long had they separated when the palace was alarmed. Frogère, with several others, rushed to the Emperor’s apartments, and there lay the imperial joker—a murdered corse!



## FASHIONABLE ECLOGUES, NO. I.

SCENE.—*The Family Mansion.*

MR. MRS. AND MISS LONG.

*Miss Long.*

NOT go to Town this Spring, Papa!

Mamma! not go to Town!

I never knew you so unkind,

You chill me with that frown:

My sweet Mamma indulge your pet,

Entreat Papa to go—

Ah! now I see you're weeping too,

We shall succeed, I know.

*Mrs. Long.*

Alas! my child, I've done my best,

And argued all day long,

But men are always obstinate,

Especially when wrong:

'Tis for my girl I urge the trip,

Not for myself, alas!

But when I married *had I known* . . . .. . No matter—let *that* pass!*Mr. Long.*

My dear, you know that I abhor

These silly discontents;

You're quite absurd; why don't you make

The people pay their rents?

I can't afford to take a house—

—Nay, don't put on that sneer;

For once be happy where you are,

We'll go to Town next year.

*Miss Long.*

Next year, Papa! next year, Mamma!

You know I'm thirty-two,

(I call myself but twenty-six,

So this is *entre nous* :)

Next year I shall be thirty-three,

I've not a day to lose,

Oh let us go to Town at once,

I'm lost if you refuse.

*Mrs. Long.*

Your conduct, Sir, is most absurd,

We went last year in June,

But Fanny had not a fair chance,

You took us home so soon:

Sir Charles was evidently struck,

I'm sure he would have *popp'd*,

But then he saw no more of us,

And so the matter dropt.

*Mr. Long.*

For sixteen springs to Town she went,

When Town began to fill,

And sixteen summers she return'd,

A flirting spinster still!

And now the times are very bad,

And tenants in arrear,

Dear love! I really can't afford

To go to Town this year.



*Mrs. Long.*

Dear love, indeed ! I ask you, Sir,  
 Has any one man got  
 One single sixpence he can spare ?  
 I answer, he has not.  
 Yet in *Haut ton* arrivals, still  
 I see each neighbour's name ;  
 If *other* paupers go to town,  
 Why can't *we* do the same?

*Miss Long.*

Does not the Opera contain  
 Its customary squeeze ?  
 Have not the groves of Kensington  
 Gay groups beneath the trees ?  
 At Almack's happy radiant eyes  
 Outshine the chandeliers ;  
 And when I think of dear Hyde Park,  
 —I can't restrain my tears.

*Mrs. Long.*

Of course, my dear ! you stay with us ?

*Mr. Long.*

Why no, my love ! not so,  
 My duties Parliamentary  
 Force *me*, alas ! to go.

*Mrs. Long.*

You can't afford a house in Town ?

*Mr. Long.*

No, sweetest ! there's the rub ;  
 But I shall sleep at Batt's, you know,  
 And dine, love ! at the Club.

*Mrs. Long.*

The Club ! I hate that odious word,  
 The bane of wedded life ;  
 Oh ! well the roving husband fares,  
 But chops may serve the wife !  
 And then the thing's a vile excuse,  
 Which we *must* take perforce ;  
 " Where *have* you been this afternoon ? " —  
 " Oh ! — at — the Club, " — of course !

*Miss Long.*

I hate them all ! but I abhor  
 The Athenæum most ;  
 They ask *the Ladies* Wednesday-nights !  
 — 'Tis all a braggart boast :  
 To show the gilt and *or molu*  
 Each eager member strives,  
 And seems to say, " Snug quarters these —  
 What can *we* want with wives ? "

*Mrs. Long.*

Come, dearest Fanny ! dry your eyes,  
 A *leetle* rouge put on ;  
 I'll order you a sweet chapeau  
 From MARADAN CARSON.  
 The Races and the Archeries  
 Will very soon be here ;  
 Cheer up, my love ! you shan't be vex'd,  
 We'll go to Town next year.

B.



## PURSE-PRIDE.

“Ce Triphon—je l’ai cru sobre, libéral, humble, je le croirois encore, s’il n’eût enfin fait sa fortune.”  
LA BRUYERE.

“His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.”—*Winter’s Tale*.

MAN dwells on the rind of a planet belonging to a system of stars which, compared with the universe, shrinks into a small portion of the milky-way ; here he looks about him, and wonders for a few years, and is then taken away, often without notice, and always against his will, and is obliged to leave behind him every object of his love and labour while here, “the fat king and the lean beggar making two dishes at one table,” where the worm is the emperor who feasts. Pride would not appear to be made for such a being, yet it is a garment which he so readily appropriates, and so easily puts on, that one might suppose that it was his proper costume, for which he had been measured expressly. He extracts materials for it out of the most unfit objects :—sure of wrinkles and liable to small-pox, he is *proud* of beauty : obliged to confess his descent from Adam, he pays our first parent so bad a compliment as to believe that his blood was improved by passing through the veins of a Percy or Plantagenet, and is *proud* of possessing a few drops from the purified stream : unable to lengthen one moment the life of his dearest friend, or to control the thoughts of the meanest human being, he is *proud* of his power : a brickbat, on a windy day, is sufficient to level his capacity with that of an idiot, yet he is *proud* of his understanding : he cannot really explain the simplest operation of nature, and has had occasional doubts whether he is sure of his own existence, yet he dares to be *proud* of his knowledge : and, though countless treasures can purchase him no other resting-place but the grave, and no superiority over his fellow corpses but being turned into a mummy, yet he is *proud* of his wealth. Nor is it requisite in order to excite this, his besetting sin, that he should possess, in any of the above respects, an absolute and decided superiority over the rest of the world ; if he is but a little better off than his immediate associates, a cobbler will play the great man as well as the proud Duke of Somerset, a parish-clerk lay down the law with the dogmatism of Dr. Johnson himself, and a retired cheese-monger mount his whiskey with a haughty air of conscious distinction, which would not misbecome the owner of a coach-and-four.

It happens, however, that our neighbour’s pride is, of all his faults, the one most offensive to us, probably because it hurts our own ; and as we are generally particularly discerning and eloquent when blaming errors to which we have not ourselves been tempted, we are always loud in our censure of those who bear not their honours meekly, and quote philosophers, moralists, and divines by the hundred in condemnation of faults which ill-natured Fortune will not afford us an opportunity of committing. Yet there is no species of pride so loudly reviled, so offensive to the spectator, so sure of unextenuating, uncompromising dislike, as the pride of riches. It does not seem quite clear whence this severity originates, but it is too general and too ancient not to be founded on something in the constitution of the human mind. Perhaps the true reason may be, that wealth is the darling aim of the larger portion of mankind, and that its glitter is requisite to give due effect to every other advantage of life, “*Et genus et formam regina*



pecunia donat :” we are, therefore, as envious of the cause as we are irritated by the effects of purse-pride, and we cannot have the comfort of the fox in the fable, as it is impossible to persuade even ourselves that *golden grapes* are sour.

However this may be, the fact is incontrovertible, that the term “purse-proud,” is always pronounced in a tone of the uttermost bitterness and contempt, yet, while we thoroughly hate the sinner, we do our best to promote the sin. It is the deference too frequently paid to mere riches which engenders and fosters in the rich so strong an idea of their own superiority ; and strangely unassuming would they indeed be if they failed to assert claims which, from Solomon and the son of Sirach’s days to our own, have been so readily admitted.

“The poor is hated even of his own neighbour, but the rich hath many friends.”

“When a rich man speaketh, every man holdeth his tongue, and look, what he saith they extol it to the clouds ; but, if the poor man speak, they say What fellow is this ?”

“The rich man hath done wrong, and yet he threateneth withal ; the poor is wronged, and he must entreat also.”

Happily, to our own days, and our own country, the last quotation is scarcely applicable ; “the oppressor’s wrong, the proud man’s contumely,” find few friends in an English jury-box ; still the beggar who steals a few turnips for hunger, would even now be in more danger than the gentleman who tramples down a field of corn for sport ; and the tone in which the latter would reply to the remonstrances of the injured farmer might bring to our recollection the rich man of Judæa, whom the son of Sirach describes. The effects of what is termed purse-pride, however, are felt most severely by those in the same rank of life with the haughty individual whom it attacks ; for he who to his associates is bristling with self-consequence, will sometimes be all condescension to those whose rivalry is impossible, and whose admiration certain. No satirist has more forcibly described all the foibles of society than La Bruyère, but the energetic precision, and graceful delicacy of his expressions, absolutely defy translation. In vain you search for synonymous words and equivalent phrases ; the spirit, the fragrance of the liquid, have evaporated, as you transferred it to another vessel, and you discover with vexation that its original charm and poignancy are wanting. The tacit agreement of society to flatter and fondle the rich, the almost instinctive tendency to look upon them with a favourable eye, though we are sure that their wealth will be of no service to us, though we have no expectation of borrowing their gold, or eating their dinners, did not escape the notice of the prose satirist of Louis the XIV.’s times.

“Un homme est laid, de petite taille, et a peu d’esprit. L’on medit à l’oreille, il a cinquante mille livres de rente : cela le concerne tout seul, et il ne m’en sera jamais ni pis ni mieux : si je commence à le regarder avec d’autres yeux, et si je ne suis pas maître de faire autrement, quelle sottise !”

But the *sottise* practised during the reign of that monarch, of whom (as a clever German observes) the French speak as if he had been the first to abolish cannibalism in Europe, finds numerous patrons in our own times and country. Do we not all contradict a poor gentleman with



much less circumlocution, and fewer apologies, than a man of five thousand a-year; if he has thrice that sum we suppress our discordant opinions; if he is still richer, perhaps we *change* them. When you perceive in society a mean-looking person enter the room and excite an immediate sensation; when every one gives way, every one is eager to procure him a convenient place; when doors and windows are opened or shut to accommodate him, and he is permitted to stand as long as he pleases with his back to the fire; when you observe his acquaintance anxious to catch his eye, and a superdulcified smile sit on every lady's lips whom he addresses; when you hear him talk long and loudly, and interrupt every body, while he himself seems safe from interruption; if all the news he reports is received with apparent belief, and all the opinions he broaches with apparent acquiescence; if one person tells another what Mr. N—— has just said, and there is more than requisite melancholy in the tone in which the important fact is mentioned that he has a cold in his head; if the girls sing none but his favourite songs, and attend with the most amiable deference to his musical criticisms; if you hear him receive offers of opera-boxes, and fine sporting, and excellent dogs, and various good things, which he does not need; and if, supposing some accident should delay the arrival of his carriage, a simultaneous rush is made to secure the honour of conveying him home—then, although it is just possible that this petted individual may be a distinguished statesman, philanthropist, philosopher, or poet, it is far more probable that he is only—*rich*.

The purse-pride thus fostered by the general consent of society displays itself in various ways, among which, however, there are three which appear the most usually practised.

The first is denoted by a haughty superciliousness and reserve, a fawning courteousness towards superiors in rank, and a kind of porcupine air of self-defence towards equals and inferiors. The sufferers from this malady are in general men of low origin, who have “achieved” their own “greatness” in some petty trade. Women are not so liable to it as they are to the other varieties of the disorder. The commonest symptoms are a dull cold stare on the countenance; a thick, guttural, unnatural mode of speaking; tendency to deafness and shortness of sight, and an extraordinary loss of memory. A patient will often hesitate, and rouse his recollection for a minute or two, before he can recall the names of the most busy streets in the city; he will fix his eyes on an old friend without a symptom of recognition; and his schoolfellows and playmates, his godfathers and godmothers, his uncles, aunts, and cousins, have so entirely faded from his remembrance, that they are to him as if they had never been. His brothers, and sisters, and his parents, always live so far from him, that he has occasionally some difficulty even in recollecting them. He is constantly on the look-out for what he calls “grand acquaintance;” and while he admits a profligate lordling to his table and his intimacy, he is nervously alive to the dangers of sitting next a vulgar person at a public dinner, and shrinks as if he feared assassination from every neighbour whose rank is doubtful. How anxious is he to have every thing about him in style; how fearful of being caught in dishabille; how vexed that he cannot quite cure himself of eating with his knife! He tries to express



himself as well as possible; and if his grammar is not perfectly correct, yet his words are very long. He does his best to get knighted; and if the wife of his youth, who shared his poverty and helped to save his riches, should fortunately die, what is the possible degree of ugliness, stupidity, and ill-temper, from which he would shrink, if their owner happened to be second-cousin once removed to a Viscount?

The second kind of purse-pride is of a very different nature; its most striking attributes are suavity and condescension. Persons of this class, far from neglecting former friends and seeking fine acquaintance, delight in being what is termed Kings or Queens of their company, and in displaying to the astonished eyes of their old associates their newly-acquired consequence; for, like those of the preceding description, they are generally *parvenus*, men who have unexpectedly obtained a fortune, or ladies who have made "a wonderful match." They are always the most protecting, patronising creatures imaginable; and while they take care you shall not overlook one evidence of their prodigious wealth, they seem determined to remind you every moment that they are far too amiable to give themselves airs. They apologise, in the most exaggerated terms, for the slightest apparent neglect; are miserable if they did not return your bow, or answer your note; while in the midst of their sorrow, it is evident that they are anxious to remind you how magnanimous it is in a person of 10,000*l.* a-year not to cut him who has only half as many hundreds. For myself, I am inclined to prefer, as far as my own sufferings are concerned, the haughty pride of purse which cuts you dead at once, and puts you out of your misery, to this cat-like playing at familiarity, which just allows you to live a little longer upon sufferance, and reminds you every now and then, by a gentle scratch, that your prolonged existence is merely an indulgence of your tormentor, which may terminate whenever he pleases. I do not like to be invited to dinner in as compassionate a tone as if I could not command a decent meal at my own house, nor to have delicacies pressed upon me with an urgency which implies a conviction that I have seldom an opportunity of eating them. In fact, I am not ashamed of being poor; any more than I should be of having a cast in my eye; but that society and conversation cannot be very agreeable which is constantly reminding me either of my poverty or my squint. The most vexatious of all kinds of purse-pride, however, is, in my opinion, that species which unites the superciliousness of the first description with the parade of the second, which worries you incessantly by bringing into strong contrast the advantages of riches and the inconveniences of poverty, and does not even sweeten the mournful truth by a few grains of good-humour and affability. To persons of this class, all nature speaks but one language; in every object they behold, their ready fancy can find something to suggest the remembrance of their wealth; and it would be utterly impossible to allude to music without hearing how much they pay for their opera-box—to politics, without receiving some information about their funded property—to literature, without being told the value of their library—or to divinity, without an intimation that they have purchased some valuable advowsons. They are above using hints or allusions, but tell you in so many words that they are rich and you are poor; and if they do not add that they think poverty thoroughly contemptible, it is from no hypocritical wish to



conceal a fact, which speaks in every glance of their eye and tone of their voice. Sometimes, they will ask a man who keeps a humble cabriolet ‘whether he drives four horses?’ and will advise another to purchase a beautiful mansion, or fine picture, in order to have their ears regaled by the confession that he cannot afford it, and to exhibit a good deal of surprise that such things are not in every body’s power. Poor creatures! how vexed they would be if they *were*! This species of purse-pride is not confined to the vulgar born, it belongs to the vulgar-minded, who exist in every class of society. It attacks the weakest minds and the worst tempers, and is more usual among the female than the male sex. When carried to its height, it is sometimes so extremely absurd, so broadly and conspicuously ridiculous, that far from exciting your anger, it moves your laughter, and affords the amusement of good farce. I have a lady-acquaintance in Portman-square, upon whom I occasionally call on a dull, foggy day, when I wish to be roused and enlivened, and am willing to submit to a little contempt for the sake of a good deal of comical entertainment. She is well content to admit me, for it would be a sad curtailment of her enjoyments if no one came to see her but the rich. Sometimes I humour her by a pretended air of astonishment at the splendours I witness and the wonders I hear; sometimes I play the philosopher, and descant on the delights of contentment and the comforts of an elegant sufficiency, till her broad face flames with animation, and her unwearying tongue falters in its speed, while she tries to convince me I *ought* to be miserable, because I am not as wealthy as herself. She always takes care, in the course of conversation, to mention some one with an income about double my own, and to call him miserably poor, pity him sincerely for his narrow circumstances, and hope none of her acquaintance will be so silly as to marry him. Her own daughters will be single for life, since her absurdity is reflected upon them; and she would go into hysterics, if they should hint at the possibility of being happy with a man of less than 10,000*l.* a year. She is very fond of travelling, as an inn is an admirable theatre for wealth to strut upon, and landlords and waiters are keenly sensible of its merits; and, on returning from her tours, she tells not of the beauties of Edinburgh, of Venice, or of Rome, but can talk for hours of what she paid her couriers, how much her journey cost her, and how often she outbid princes and potentates in the hire of hotels or the purchase of curiosities. And yet, after all, absurd and contemptible as this poor lady is—her follies redeemed by no charm of mind or manners, gilded by no brilliancy of beauty or of wit—she is visited, endured, and courted by a good many very fashionable people, who call her a remarkably agreeable woman, and never laugh at her beyond the precincts of their snug family circle. Oh! what a bore and a simpleton would she be considered if she had only a thousand a year!

“Un projet assez vain seroit de vouloir tourner un homme fort sot et fort riche en ridicule; les ricurs sont de son côté!”

W. E.



## THE LAND OF CAKES, NO. III.

*Aberdeen awa'.*

"And how did you contrive to communicate the pronunciation, when you taught the English language at Newcastle?"

"I lait it a' doon ba rool, ye see, an' re-ed it ba exampal."

"In the case of oo?"

"I taul' them, for a constant rool, twa o's soon 'it ay the vooal u: for instance, g-o-o-d, gueed."—*Jamie Aberdeen.*

"AND this is 'the *Gueed Town* of Aberdeen,'" said I to myself, as I escaped from the sodden brains of the "bodies of Angus," and the solid clay of "the men of the Mearns," and was twining down the posterior slope of Drumthwackit, in the teeth of a north-easter that would have converted the Geyser into an icicle. This instantly explained the reason why an Aberdonian is never found on the anti-Babylonian slope of Highgate-hill with his face to the north—it reminds him of Drumthwackit. But he comes south, and therefore it may be concluded, that, on the other side of the city, the wind is bleaker still.

If ever a place had the full advantage of contrast, as one approaches it, that place is Aberdeen; for the locality in which it pleased Sir Walter to nurse the hard bones of Dalgetty, may challenge Labrador itself. And no wonder that the veteran was a voracious trencher-man; for while the air of the district is a perfect atrophy, there is not a thing to eat. For miles, I saw no living creature, except one raven, which looked as if it had fasted for a month, and hopped and croaked so sullen and dismally from one lump of black peat to another, that I was in momentary expectation of being obliged to engage in single combat with the lonely lord of the wilderness.

Upon turning round a great heap of stones, I at last met with a boy, accompanying a few sheep. He was wrapped in a piece of blanket, and his hair growing fairly through the top of his bonnet, very much resembling, both in colour and texture, the scattered tufts of withered grass among which the wind was whistling. As he came to the side of the road to meet me, I expected that he would be asking halfpence, bonnet in hand, notwithstanding the way in which that was riveted to his head. But no such thing; he stood up like a man, perched on a stone, to resemble one the more in size. "It's a bra' dae."—"The deuce it is," said I; "does it always rain hereabouts then?"—"Some-time we ha'e sna'." The last remark was made with a waggery of look and manner, which made me wish to have some more conversation with the young shepherd; but his quick ferret eye caught a glimpse of the raven, hopping towards a sheep that appeared to be lame, and he was off in an instant, with great speed, cannonading with stones the enemy, which he pursued till both were out of sight; and I was left to prepare myself for an impartial survey of the "gueed town."

There are no subjects upon which it is more difficult to get at the truth than the characters of local towns and districts, more especially in Scotland. I do not pretend to know the reason, but *it is a fact*, that the people of that end of the island are very prone to seek that species of superiority, such as it is, which consists in lowering and levelling every person or thing around them. This holds of every place in the country that I have visited, and I have visited the most of



it. It holds with regard to all the persons that I have met with, settled, and seeking to rise, in their native Scotland; and I have known very many of them—far more than I have any wish to know again. It is, therefore, national and, consequently, inveterate. It is modified in the districts, just as books or language may be modified, and, probably, from the very same causes; but it is general, and in its essence it is everywhere the same. Against Aberdeen this prejudice is, perhaps, in greater force than against any other place in Scotland; though why it should be so is not very easily explained, unless upon a hypothesis, which the men of Cakes generally would look upon as a little uncharitable—that which stands highest, they are the most anxious to level. If the sophists of the Modern Athens would let other matters alone for a little, and “raise us” for themselves, by working for a week or two at their *Γυῶθι σεαυτόν*, I have no doubt that they would be able to “say something,” which is more than they do upon nine subjects out of every ten that they grapple with. As for the learned doctors of Aberdeen, they had better let the matter alone—they have never been famous for witch-finding since the memorable years 1594–6.

In proof of this, take an instance:—The Corporation of Aberdeen obtained an Act of Parliament for the opening of a new entrance into the town, which they resolved to call “*Union-street*,” because they and the people were fighting about it—just according to the same propriety of language, which has caused them to designate two tom-cats on the City-arms, ready to tear each other, *bon accord*. There was a rate raised by the power of this act, which, according to the clause, was to continue “until *Union-street became a street*!” and then it was to cease. If they had taken the other way of it, and continued the rate till the new street became *Union-street*, they might have had the tax perpetually; but the shrewdness for which Aberdeen is famed, does not belong to the Corporation. In a place where there are as many lawyers as would pave the whole streets with discord, it is easy to see that this clause would afford ground for an action. The courts could make nothing of it, so they made a visit to the doctors to decide upon the important issue—“When does a street become a street?” They deliberated, they dined, they drank, but like a washed negro, the matter turned the darker the more they scrubbed at it. Paving would not do—there were unpaved streets; lighting would not do—there were streets not lighted; and building would not do—there were unbuilt streets. The solution was something to the following effect:—“We are asked, ‘When does a street become a street?’ We answer, ‘That if a street be not a street before it is a street, it cannot become a street after;’” a decision which beat all the oracles that ever were sent forth from the steam-god of Pytho.

But this matter, though, like caloric or gravitation, it be incomprehensible itself, yet, like them, serves to explain a number of other matters; and as it is a short road to some peculiarities in the Scottish character, which have been often observed, but never very well explained, a glance at these will save both time and conjectures. It will be more perspicuous to state a few of the leading ones, as separate propositions, and then to point out how they all arise out of the national tendency which Scotchmen have to depreciate and keep down their neighbours.

1. That those who have had proper means of observing, and have



made one of them, have invariably come to the same conclusion, that an official Scotsman is, in his own country, a monstrously dull, venal, and stupid dog. There are some exceptions, but they do not visibly bend the rule from a straight line.

2. That a Scotsman, in his own country, seeking office (they all have a scent that way), and not obtaining it, is of all mortals the most disputatious and loud about something, which he calls public principle, and which vanishes the instant that he gets into any office, however mean.

3. That Scotsmen are found scattered all over the face of the earth, and that they succeed better any where than in their own country.

4. That, until he has left his native country so long as nearly to have forgotten it, you never get a direct answer from a Scotsman.

A hundred more might be added, but these are the roots—let us see how they grow.

But to the matter in hand: Aberdeen, with the large and comparatively populous district of which it is the metropolis, forms a third division of Scotland, distinct in many respects both from the Highlands and the Lowlands. Its situation; its aspect; the appearance and manners of its people; their language; the variety of their employments, and a number of circumstances, give it a character, which is not only peculiarly its own, but which is, for many reasons, worthy of being known as such, and not, as is generally done, confounded with that of Scotland generally, which is again different, according as it is looked at, in the north or the south, the east, or the west.

This portion of Scotland includes the county of Aberdeen, with the greater, at least, the better part, of those of Banff and Moray. It is almost insulated from the rest of this kingdom by natural boundaries. On the extreme west there are the loftiest summits in the United Kingdom, Cairn-Grom, Ben-mhuicdhu, and others, white with never-melting snows, and having the dells and ravines between them filled with rich forests of stately pines. The heavy Dumbiedykeses of the Mearns are kept off by Drumthwackit, of the charms of which I have already spoken; and the heath, where Macbeth met the weird sisters, repels the Rories on the north-west; while the other parts are fenced by the foaming ocean, in many parts unapproachable from surf and quicksands. Over this space, the sea-wind sweeps cold, yet healthy, and gives to the people a degree both of physical and mental energy that are not to be found in warmer climes. Indeed, it affects all nature. The very earth of Aberdeenshire is more hard and durable than that of any other place; so is the timber—where it will grow; and the flocks and herds. No doubt, it also imparts a rigour, an irregularity, in the outline, which the lovers of soft beauty do not much admire, especially in the female subject. But the adorers of form are often perfect infidels in philosophy; and such is the case with regard to the Aberdonian belles. Woman is, by general consent, *the gem* of the world; a gem, *par excellence*, is a diamond; and how could a diamond become a brilliant without being cut into *facettes*? The angularity of an Aberdeen lady makes her *reflect*—the inward light gleams out; and amid the glee and glory of her conversation, one learns to forget the milder lustre of more softly-moulded dames. The burning mind puts a spirit into all nature; and I am quite sure that there is more real



honest jubilation of the heart in Aberdeen, in one short day, than there is in the whole southern Lowlands in a month. Any one who passes through the district from Aberdeen to Elgin, would feel persuaded that the people have nothing to do but eat, drink, and be merry; and he may join them if he pleases, and heartily welcome. Amid all this happiness, hilarity, and hospitality, the people are an industrious and an independent people; well to do in their general way, and so kindly to each other when casualties occur, that they hardly know what common debasing pauperism means. They are a religious people, but they take the joyous view of the matter, so that there is none of that cant, gloom, and sacrifice of satisfaction, (and religion itself,) for show, that you find in some other places. Of the proprietors, many are resident, and they mingle in the manners of the district. They cannot do better; indeed, an Aberdeenshire laird in the Modern Athens, would be like a stray cabbage in the Desert of Sahara—one month would make dust of him. In the British Babylon, he would not do at all; and if you found him there, he would be like his countryman, when detected in escaping by the hedge through which he had broken into his neighbour's premises—“Gyan bock agen.”

Whether the same bleak wind that has thus awakened the energies of the people of Aberdeen, has pitched their customary notes higher than the rest of the Scots, I do not take upon me to say, but it is likely. The wind is so keen, that if one moves for some time against it, the pressure upon the lips and teeth becomes very considerable; and the tongue has to be pushed against them as a strut. The grand peculiarity of their pronunciation is dentalism, or an action of the tongue upon the teeth when it should act upon the palate; and there is nothing more likely to produce that during speech than a habit of pressing the tongue there at other times, which, as I have said, the people of Aberdeen must do when the wind is bleak. This action produces the sharp notes, as any one may find from the comparative ease with which a shrill and piercing tone is produced with the tongue in that position. Do not be alarmed, most gentle reader, at this inquiry into the probable causes of the peculiar tone of the district, with the human beings of which we are soon to grapple; the peculiarities of manners and speech are so remarkable, and the latter especially are so inveterate, that they must have a local cause, and that a powerful one; and if we have found it out, we have accomplished something new. Besides, we have the whole erudition of two colleges to batter; and we cannot throw up a better defence than a rampart of their own language.

But Aberdeen has not only the benefit of this keen and wit-and-word-sharpening air, it is much more metropolitan, and has been longer metropolitan, than any other city of Scotland. The Modern Athens is but a thing of yesterday, compared with it; Dumfries, which is a kind of south-west metropolis, is weakened by gossiping, and full of old maids; Kelso, which is a smaller one, is soaked in small-beer; Glasgow wants taste; and Inverness, the northern metropolis, wants every thing but pride, which it would be better without, and something else, that you and I have no wish to share. None of them have any attraction, and nobody that can go any where else makes a home of them; while Aberdeen has every thing within itself, and teaches, cures, or kills its own people, without assistance from any other quarter. I would



not advise any body to believe all that has been said about the antiquity of the city—as that Abaris, the Scythian, left the grammar-school at Aberdeen to attend the lectures of Pythagoras; that Mrs. Tacitus drank tea with the Provost's wife; that her husband, in a course of lectures delivered in the Town-hall, first taught them that shrewd philosophy for which they have ever since been so remarkable; that his work, “*De moribus Germanorum*,” is really an account of Aberdeenshire; or that his father-in-law, Agricola, got a touch of the “fiddle” by incautiously sleeping in sheets that had been once used by the Town Clerk. All these may be true, and much more, but it is not absolutely necessary to believe them, when southward of Drumthwackit; yet, from the days of Bruce, the history of Aberdeen is as clear and connected as—that of any other part of Scotland. Thus, in Aberdeen, we have the work of ages, all concentrated and deposited on the banks of its two rivers, like the *debris* which they have, all the time, been fetching from the mountains. Thus the place has a learning, and a wit of its own, which, though they sometimes run in the two channels of “causer” and “causee,” in the matter of the wit, yet generally harmonize so as to make one unique whole.

First, as to the learning, there are two places for making it in: King's College in the old town, and Mareschal College in the new. Externally they are both a little forbidding; King's is rather the more picturesque, and Mareschal the more gloomy. In their present condition, they are not very much calculated for promoting general science; but they give a sort of security that the northern parishes shall have about the same sort of parsons that they have had three hundred years, a duty which devolves chiefly upon King's. There learned persons have been joked a good deal about their degrees; and, when I was last there, they themselves showed no bad commentary on it. In King's, where they have the power of making doctors, there were only two, while in Mareschal, where there is no such power, they had seven: the makers must know the value best.

Of King's, the present history has nothing in it; the Professors are a set of very quiet and diligent schoolmasters, and their motions are, like those of the index on the dial, the same every day. At one time there was more life; and the public has to thank King's College for the type of “Pangloss” in the “Heir at Law,” which is no caricature. The Doctor used to teach mathematics, or rather Euclid's elements, with Simpson's translation in one hand, and a long stick in the other, with which he alternately belaboured the refractory and pointed to the diagram, though a wicked student sometimes contrived to get behind unseen and obliterate that.

At a period still earlier, when the students were of more advanced age than they are now, there were scenes of more daring character, and one of them, which gave rise to a proverb that is still used, is so singular that, as I have not met with it in print, I shall give the outline:—

“ART AND PART AS IN DOWNIE'S SLAUGHTER.”

Downie, the porter at King's College, who had the troublesome office of keeping silence in the court, was a brawny Highlander, very prompt in the administration of club-law, and as such very much hated by the students: but, as the professors found his cudgel a good auxi-



liary to their authority, they took part with Downie, even when his conduct amounted to wanton cruelty. For several years they bore the tyranny; but the desire of revenge accumulated from year to year, though the complaints and signs of conspiracy diminished.

At last, while the whole of the professors were absent at dinner with the Judges of the Assize, when it was known from experience that they would not be in any haste to depart, Downie was seized in the court by a dozen of the most powerful of the students, pinioned so that he could not move a finger, and carried into an apartment where all the state of a court of justice was imitated in no contemptible manner. There were judges, counsel, officers, and all the requisite train. An indictment was read, charging Downie with high-treason against the laws of reason and learning, in consequence of certain acts of cruelty. To that indictment he was called to plead; and being in their power, and thinking best to make a joke of it, he pleaded "not guilty," and the trial proceeded.

The case was stated and witnesses called to the facts; the counsel for the prisoner cross-examined them with great show of ingenuity, and they also raised legal objections; but the former did not shake this evidence, and the latter were overruled by the bench; so that after the defence and summing up, the sentence was passed that Downie should be removed to the place of execution, and there, after one prayer for the benefit of his soul, in which he was to have the assistance of the chaplain, he was to be beheaded by the common executioner. He was immediately removed from the court along a dark passage, and ushered into a room, the sight of which made him begin to think matters a little serious; but the strong bolt of the door creaked behind him; he was pinioned, and in the hands of his enemies. The room was hung with black, and carpeted with the same; at the most distant end was a block, with saw-dust around, as if to drink up blood; and two masked figures stood by, one with a torch, and the other with a large and bright axe, the edge of which he was trying with his finger. Downie was admonished to kneel down and pray; at first he refused, but, upon being told that the minutes of his life were to be very few, he consented to be placed on his knees, and the chaplains prayed aloud, using the language that they thought would most awaken the fears of Downie. He began to quiver in every limb; they raised him, put a cap over his eyes—bared his neck—laid him on the block—and told him, that when one of their numbers had counted as many as the cases which had been found against him, he would be launched into eternity. The number was seventy, and, amid a dead silence, it was moaned out in quarter minute time; and, just as the last sound died away, one who stood behind the headsman, dipping a cloth in cold water, drew it smartly across Downie's neck; there was one slight gurgle in the throat, and Downie was lifeless as a stone!

It was now their turn to be afraid. The whole of the paraphernalia vanished—the door was locked—the key thrown in at a window—there was not a mark of the slightest violence on the body—many were suspected, but evidence there was none—and thence arose the proverb when confederates will not inform; "Art and part, as in Downie's slaughter."

At Mareschal's there are still, or were very lately, some learned



persons that offer more scope in dissertation. These learned persons, and they are all very learned, formed, perhaps, as singular a cabinet of natural curiosities as ever were brought together at one place. (I am referring to some time back.) They were all geniuses in their way; and each had something about him which rendered it quite impossible to contemplate his genius without smiling, at the same time that he had genius enough for preventing the mixture of any thing sarcastic in the smile. These, when they do occur, are very valuable characters, especially in a place which, like Aberdeen, depends a great deal on its own resources; and I have no doubt that Aberdeen actually derived more from those three doctors than if they had been Solons on all points of the compass.

The first, in point of office, was Dr. W. L. Browne, the Principal, an eloquent person enough, and a great holder forth in the General Assembly of the Scottish kirk. But the Reverend Doctor would needs be a poet, and do the arcana of metaphysics into verse; and the people would not read it, and the doctor pleaded the *irritabile* in support of his bardhood. Still the people would not read. A subject a little more german came next in the Principal's way—A Demonstration of the being of a God, a fact which, though no reasonable man doubted, a pious Aberdonean merchant left 1600*l.* to have cleared up to general satisfaction. Fifty demonstrators entered the lists, and the first prize, 1200*l.* fell to the lot of the Reverend Principal. I say “fell to the lot,” because, though I read his essay, I was not able to understand it, and I never heard of any body that did; and, if a decision on the merits of incomprehensibles be not a lottery, I know not what is.

Probably the success of this essay brought from another of the Doctors, the most singular book that ever was printed, a book which, had folks been wise enough to understand it, would have superseded the Bible itself: as the object was to demonstrate the whole mysteries of religion, from the nature of duration and space: in which, however, the learned Doctor, like the former one, proved only the existence of his own book, and proved that to very few.

The other instance is a yet more singular one. It is a case of one of the most profound and clear-headed philosophical thinkers, and one of the most amiable of men, becoming so completely absorbed in his own reflections as to lose the perception of external things, and almost that of his own identity and existence. There are few that have paid any attention to the finance of this country, but must have heard of Dr. Robert Hamilton's essay on the National Debt, which fell upon the Houses of Parliament like a bomb-shell, or rather which rose and illuminated their darkness like an orient sun. There are other writings of his, in which one knows not which most to admire, the profound and accurate science, the beautiful arrangement, or the clear expression. Yet in public, the man was a shadow, pulled off his hat to his own wife in the streets, and apologized for not having the pleasure of her acquaintance; went to his classes in the college on the dark mornings with one of her white stockings on the one leg, and one of his own black ones on the other; often spent the whole time of the meeting in moving from the table the hats of the students, which they as constantly returned; sometimes invited them to call on him, and then fined them for coming to insult him. He would run against a cow in the



road, turn round, beg her pardon, “madam,” and hope she was not hurt; at other times he would run against posts, and chide them for not getting out of his way; and yet his conversation, at the same time, if any body happened to be with him, was perfect logic and perfect music. Were it not that there may be a little poetic licence in Aberdeen story-telling, a volume might be filled with anecdotes of this amiable and excellent man, all tending to prove how wide the distinction is between first-rate thought and that merely animal use of the organs of sense which prevents ungifted mortals from walking into wells. The fish market at Aberdeen, if still where it used to be, is near the Dee, and has a stream passing through it that falls into that river; the fish-women expose their wares in large baskets. The Doctor one day marched into that place, where his attention was attracted by a curiously figured stone in a stack of chimneys. He advanced toward it till he was interrupted by one of the benches, from which, however, he tumbled one of the baskets into the stream which was bearing the fish to their native element. The visage of the lady was instantly in lightning, and her voice in thunder, but the object of her wrath was deaf to the loudest sounds, and blind to the most alarming colours. She stamped, gesticulated, scolded, brought a crowd that filled the place; but the philosopher turned not from his eager gaze, and his inward meditations on the stone. While the woman’s breath held good, she did not seem to heed, but when that began to fail, and the violence of the act moved not one muscle of the object, her rage felt no bounds; she seized him by the breast, and yelling in an effort of despair, “Spagh ta ma, or I’ll burst,” sank down among the remnant of her fish in a state of complete exhaustion; and, before she had recovered, the Doctor’s reverie was over, and he had taken his departure.

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SONNET—PETRARCA.

GLORIOUS Colonna, on whose mighty soul  
 Rome’s destinies and all our hopes are based,  
 Thou, whom the storms of fate could ne’er control,  
 Nor turn from the bright path which honour traced,  
 No gilded palace or gay show is mine,  
 Nor terrace, swept by Beauty’s robe, is here,  
 But in their stead a fir, a beech, a pine,  
 Betwixt the greensward and the fair hill near,  
 Upon whose breezy side I rhyming stray  
 And feel my thoughts soar nigher the pure sky.  
 And there the nightingale all night her lay  
 Softly sobs forth beneath their canopy,  
 Her heart still heavy with a load of love;  
 —But when thou dost thy gracious self remove,  
 My glorious lord, with thee my comfort dies,  
 And thou canst make imperfect Paradise!

C. H. W.

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## COMMON-PLACES.

“ Difficile est proprie communia dicere.”

“ Precious distillers of talk, sentinels of society, with certain set phrases as watch-words, which they never exceed ; sages who follow Face’s advice to Dapper,  
 ‘ Hum thrice, and buz as often.’ ”

DEVEREUX.

THE philosophy of common-places forms a chapter in the history of the human mind, which is yet to be written. I do not, however, pretend that I am equal to the task of writing it ; and, if I were, the New Monthly Magazine is not an arena of sufficient amplitude to admit of justice being done in its pages to so complex a subject. A few points, nevertheless, I will set down for the consideration of the reader, such as may show the importance of the theme, and throw some light on many particulars, which, being of daily occurrence, have therefore been overlooked and neglected by an inquiring public. From the very mechanism and play of the intellectual organs, it follows, that the largest part of their operations must concern common-places ; since the mind is, by instinct, turned habitually towards objects of the most frequent utility, and nothing is so common-place as that which is useful. Common-place may be regarded as the daily food of the mind ; and originality and depth as occasional condiments merely, to season thought, whose inordinate use, like that of vinous stimulants, is at once inebriating and deleterious. This truth, however recondite it may appear to those who are not habituated to the language of philosophical abstraction, will come home to men’s bosoms as an acknowledged verity, when clothed in a phraseology more familiar. It is, in fact, but another expression for that uniformly received dictum of the Church, which should be added as a fortieth article of its faith, fairly worth the other thirty-nine : namely, that science is injurious to human happiness, that diffused knowledge is dangerous to the state, and that thought itself is an untameable principle of anarchy and confusion. Pope, who, though a professed Catholic, and a suspected unbeliever, is yet accepted as orthodox on this point, has said, that a little learning is a dangerous thing ; and Mr. Southey, who is the quintessential spirit of orthodoxy, holds that a great deal is “ stark naught,” while the two benches of Bishops and Judges, the short-robed clergy of the House of Lords, the sages of Capel Court, (in short all who, in the language of Bow Street, are *respectable*,) agree *una voce* with a celebrated parodist, that “ thinking’s but a waste of thought ;” and they aver that it is never introduced into the serious business of life without a sinister intention. To what, then, shall we attribute the vituperation which is so liberally bestowed upon common-places, by all ranks of society ? Is it an instance of that self-abuse which is perpetually urging man to pride himself on his most mischievous qualities, and to overlook what is really estimable in his nature ? Is it ignorance, or self-will ? or a part and parcel of the illuminatism of the free masonic conspiracy against thrones and altars ? Perhaps it is something of all this ; but, whatever be the cause, the mischief is much aggravated by the want of skill with which the ordinary propounders of common-place serve up the dish, *bore’s* head fashion, to the public, and, by their bad cookery, (to keep up the metaphor,) disgust the community with that wholesome nourishment which it is naturally disposed to swallow with unabated relish and satisfaction.



With respect to the general importance of common-place, I need not inform logicians that all the antecedents of their propositions are necessarily common-places; and are the raw materials, without which the manufacture of original truth must come to a stand-still. It is, therefore, by the due management of common-places that science is advanced; and (what is infinitely of more importance) that the people are prevented from making discoveries in those departments of knowledge which it is the interest of the sacred few to leave uncultivated and unfruitful. Common-place is the great lever for moving society, and no minister who is not master of its powers and uses can hope to remain long at the head of affairs. Mr. Brougham himself, though the captain-general of mechanics' institutions, useful-knowledge societies, and all other combinations of the like innovating tendency, must admit, in his capacity of lawyer, the importance of common-place; whether it be to pass a few grains of original thinking into the understandings of the gentlemen of the jury, or the gentlemen of the ministerial benches, or to mystify and mislead them, he must have again and again experienced the utility of tinging the cup of his discourse with an adequate portion of the "*dulcis liquor*," with which the old boys are at once recreated and humbugged\* into, or out of, common sense and common honesty. Why is it that Jeremy Bentham, and his disciples of the Westminster Review, have so egregiously failed in making their way with the public, but because they have not taken the precaution of wrapping up their offensive originalities in the necessary quantum of common-place? The rhetoricians, whose art is founded on a profound knowledge of human nature, have been wiser in their generation; and have ordinarily expended their whole skill and industry in telling their hearers all that they already know in the most ingenious and pleasing manner. It is principally in the exordium that common-place is so effective; and much of the success of an oration depends upon the skill with which this portion of it is elaborated. The auditory are thus thrown off their guard, and habituated to receive, without examination, whatever may follow. Not unfrequently we find our Parliamentary speakers, by dint of working their exordium, emancipate themselves from the necessity of any thing like an approach to an intelligible meaning: which is the *ne plus ultra* of senatorial ability; and never fails in carrying conviction into the *impenetrabilia* of the country gentleman's occiput.

There are, however, departments in which common-place is especially the "be-all and the end-all" of discourse. Of these, I need only mention preaching and judicial charges. If the number of parishes in a single county only be multiplied into the number of weeks in one year, the resulting product will demonstrate the utter impossibility of avoiding common-place in sermon writing. Originality in doctrine, moreover, would be heterodoxy; while in morals, one cannot be original without straying beyond the pale of the decalogue. With respect to judicial sermons, the case is so strictly the same, that should a judge abate one single item of his customary compliments to the grand-jury, of his horror at the increase of

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\* " Ut puerorum ætas improvida ludificetur  
 Labrorum tenuis, interea perpotet amarum  
 Absinthii laticem, *deceptaque* non capiatur,  
 Sed potius tali, facto *recreata* valescat."

*Lucretius.*



crime, or his transport (as the case may be) at the lightness of the calendar—of his admiration of our glorious constitution, and his absolute adoration for the liberty of the press, (all which are, as the French say, *de rigueur* in such addresses,) he would find it impossible to make out the twenty minutes which it is decent and customary to expend in astonishing the country puts. Of the danger of deviating from the beaten track in these instances, we have the example of the Rev. Sydney Smith, wit and philosopher, who, by dint of aiming at too much meaning, has preached himself into the reputation of being too good to make a Bishop of —. Then, as for judicial friskiness, let all Christian judges take warning by the recent Orange *discursus* of Judge Jebb, which will be memorable to the end of time, as a signal instance of unhappiness and bad taste.

Of the utility of common-place in literature, it were a common-place to enlarge. In didactic composition, it is an established rule to fill the body of the work with a recapitulation of all that the reader already knows, and to reserve for the last fifty pages the original facts and reasonings (if any there be) which form the pretence of the publication. The question between the Romantists and the Classicists turns altogether upon common-place, and resolves itself into the number of times which one idea may be repeated without producing nausea and disgust. Tragedy is nine-tenths common-place, with its *pères nobles* and its *premiers amoureux*. I put it to the frequenters of the theatre, whether the finest composition which could come from the brain of man would go down without a sufficient admixture of “’sdeaths,” “saidst thou,” “d—nations,” “this to thy hearts,” and other similar received formulæ of tragic interjection. By far the greatest part of the most original compositions (not to speak of dedications and prefaces) must be common-place, inasmuch as they are addressed to the many. “How can we reason but from what we know?” and what the many know must be common-place. Those writers who think themselves absolved from all necessity of being trivial, will either not be read, or if, like Lord Byron, they force the barrier of public reluctance, they will get little for their pains, save misrepresentation and abuse.

The great difference between writers lies far less in their degree of originality, than in the art with which they dress their common-places for the public taste; for it is not to be imagined that common-place can be safely carried to the extent of drivelling and *niaiserie*. If triviality be wholesome, it is not therefore necessarily palatable. There is in human nature an innate longing for forbidden fruit; and the more dangerous originality may be, the more it is *piquant*. As it is necessary in falsehood to lie like truth, so it is incumbent in writing to give your common-place as great an air of novelty as possible, or your goods will stand a chance of being returned on your hands. No matter for the *fonde*, if the form be not absolutely threadbare. The whole sum and substance of an epic poem is common-place; its invocations, its battles, its storms, its enumeration of forces and chiefs, its machinery, its episodes, are alike in Homer and in Virgil; insomuch that the latter should be considered as a flat imitator of the former, (as the former was, doubtless, of some forgotten predecessor,) if he had not redeemed all this common-place by the brilliancy and originality of his style and diction. There is in most things very little that has not been



said again and again; and the most original writers are, after all, but those who have most successfully disguised their plagiarism, and passed off their tinsel for gold. From the beginning of time, mankind have been occupied with two ideas—love and war; the art of multiplying their fellow-creatures, and that of preventing an excess of population; thereby reversing the order of Penelope, and destroying by day the work of the night. Half a dozen miserable passions, and as many paltry physical wants, are very little to supply originality to the host of persons who have, or affect, a vocation for writing books. With all our boasting, the human intellect is as circumscribed as a citizen's park; and all that the most skilful of its cultivators can effect, is, by an adroit arrangement of its ornaments, to conceal from the world the mortifying fact that it is moving in the narrowest of circles. What, for instance, is more common-place than the doctrine of grace and predestination, or of the utter damnability of the whole human race? Yet how felicitously for his own fame, and for the amusement of his hearers, has Orator Irving cooked up his *réchauffés* of the old Covenanters, by a small increase in the noise and flourish of his style! How wonderfully, also, has the last apostle of intolerance, Sadler, improved even on the greatest master of our times, John Earl of Eldon, without one original idea, and merely by throwing a dash of insanity into his common-places! What was Napoleon, but a *replico* of Cromwell? What Don Miguel, but a bad edition of Nero?—and what the Lords Winchilsea and Newcastle, but abortive renovations of Wat Tyler and Jack Cade?

The counterpart of that species of skill which disguises the poverty of ideas under the magnificence of the embroidery, is the art of rendering really original notions palatable, by clothing them in the semblance of common-place. In this art, Canning was a decided adept. Had his life been spared, it is not impossible that he would have worked the most important reforms, simply by persuading the country gentlemen that his measures were part and parcel of the wisdom of their ancestors. Macintosh and Sir Samuel Romilly were not sufficiently aware of this necessity, or they were too high-minded to submit to it. They failed, therefore, in their splendid efforts; while Peel, by his decent exterior of common-place, gave the first blow to the giant abuse of law, and won the honours of the field: *Sic vos non vobis*. In this particular, Peel is incomparable. He can throw a plausible air of intelligence over the direst common-place; and he can dress up an innovation in so set and formal a shape, that it might pass for an extract from the Domesday-book. Then, with that invincible gravity and prudery of demeanour, that look “as if butter would not melt in his mouth,” who would suspect him of a thought, or a desire, that might not be owned by the Vice Chancellor of Oxford? I verily believe he does not himself always know what he is about, but is betrayed into genius, to his own surprise and astonishment.

In no department of life are these arts of more value than in that of conversation. Familiar discourse lends itself so sparingly and difficultly to the imposing in style, that common-place has been thought wholly incompatible with agreeability: this, however, is far from being strictly true. The largest part of all conversation is mere common-place. The weather makes up three-fourths of the talk of an Englishman; and the rest usually consists of a short thing of cut-and-dried



Whiggisms and Tory maxims, which are shuffled, and cut, and dealt in endless rotation, mixed with some dozen of received vituperative epithets, by way of trumps, to give variety to the game. To discuss literature, is blue-stocking; to broach philosophy, is atheistical. The newspapers, it is true, supply their daily contingent of hair-breadth escapes, and dreadful accidents, to eke out discourse; but in the discussion of these matters, no one would venture to go beyond the newspaper formula of "we have great pleasure in stating," or "we are unfeignedly sorry to relate." To succeed in conversation, as in life, every thing depends on the use of these common-places. To banish them wholly from the mind, and to set up in society as an exclusively original thinker, would procure for the person so disposed the unenviable character of a venter of paradoxes. From being contradicted at every step, he would run, likewise, a fatal risk of degenerating into a brawler and an *ergotist*,—the acknowledged pest of good society. Excessive originality, even when it is merely in form and expression, is not less destructive of polite conversation: and the pretender in this line verges insensibly into the humorist and the buffoon. Never, on the other hand, to rise above mere common-place, either in matter or manner, constitutes the worst of all conversational nuisances,—the bore. The forty-parson-power talker, who aspires to the honours and emoluments of a diner-out, and succeeds in his ambition, ever steers a middle course between these extremes, and by a proper admixture of the new and the common-place, according to times, circumstances, and understandings, keeps his auditors in a moderate and pleasurable state of excitement, neither making too great a call upon their intellect, nor forcing them to take snuff in order to avoid falling asleep. He who will never condescend to remark "how *very* hard it rained last night;" that "the dust was very troublesome in the Park;" or that the "thermometer stood this morning, in the shade, at 72°;"—will justly be considered a morose fellow, and will be as much avoided by good company as the man who never ventures into a more questionable proposition. He who cries "Pish!" when he hears that frugality is a virtue, or that Joseph Hume sometimes talks without book, must be content to pass for a free-thinker; and he who will not stoop to vent an occasional Joe Miller, must make up his mind to sit often mumchance, and to find no favour for his most brilliant *bon mot*. A judicious talker should ever bear in mind, that what is original in one company may be very common-place in another. It is the neglect of this simple fact that gives so much truth to the axiom, "Tel brille au seconde qui s'éclipse au premier," and which renders it so dangerous for the hero of a particular coterie to try his strength on strange ground. No matter on which side the error lies, it is equally fatal. Whether it be the college-fellow venting his combination-room jests in a circle of men of wit and pleasure about town, or Mr. Huskisson talking jacobinical free-trade, and astonishing the weak minds of a set of Tory lords by a quotation from Ricardo, the failure is equally certain.

Much, also, depends upon the time of day, and upon the circumstances in which a society is placed. In the interval which precedes the announcement of dinner, it is lawful to be as common-place as you please, more especially if the company be strangers to each other. Any thing that will break the icy silence of such a situation, if it be but



the assertion that twice two make four, will be welcomely received. Most conversations, indeed, require to begin with a common-place; for to rush at once upon a startling proposition is excessively awkward, and has the air of proposing a thesis for discussion. Before dinner, most especially, it is dangerous to be either too witty or too knowing. The mind, at that time, participates in the general languor of the body; and to call too largely upon it, is to enact the part of a dun, and to suffer accordingly. This, then, is the especial moment for talking with the mere intent of making yourself heard—for discussing the state of the crops—the Duke's health—the merits of the Malibran on the preceding Saturday—for telling your next neighbour how well he looks, or for informing him that his friend, Miss Fanny Such-a-one, is a pretty girl. After soup, fish, and a glass of good old sherry, it is time to leave the shallows, if your company be worth talking to; but it must only be to sparkle and shine. Do not set about discovering the longitude before the ladies; and if you think you can set the Thames on fire, do not mention the circumstance, unless you are quite sure the company are fire-proof. In general, it is safest to be rather below than above the level of your society; first, because it does not offend their *amour propre*; and next, because if you are rather common-place, your listeners may repose themselves in inattention; whereas by forcing people to apply to what they do not understand, you inevitably fatigue them. Of all the modes of common-place, the personal, as it is the most fatiguing, so is it the most common. The cleverest persons are by no means the most free from the error, because self-love has more to do with it than genius. Lawyers and invalids are especially given to professional and personal common-places; the former from their habit of associating with each other, the latter from their preoccupation with their own infirmities. Generally speaking, it is permitted to a female to be more common-place than a man, or rather it is absolutely required of her to be so; for so jealous is the lord of the creation of his own sovereignty, that he would rather be bored from morning till night than run the risk of being detected in a *niaiserie* by his better half. Alas! he little suspects the danger of common-place women, and little imagines that no wives rule so absolutely and so imperiously as the downright fool. Next to the women, licence is most liberally granted for common-place to those in authority. For this fact a thousand reasons might be cited; the most cogent is, that greatness never can fatigue those who have any thing to expect from it, which includes pretty nearly all the world. On the other hand, a judge or a bishop has always more to lose than to gain by originality. It is no part of their business to discover to the world the actual boundaries of their intellect, nor does it compete with their dignity to enter into intellectual competition with others. Their wigs and their silk aprons are sufficient guarantees of their fitness for their stations, and nothing in the shape of equality is admissible in their intercourse with their inferiors. This is a point that may be safely trusted to the instincts of the great. In all the upper house, Lord King alone is above or below this prejudice. Even the Hollands and the Lansdownes pay their tribute to the *genius loci*, and are, by fits and starts, "gentlemanlike and melancholy" to suit their auditors. It is probably, therefore, *propter dignitatem* that a king's speech is so often common-place, even to *niaiserie*, and



not, as Jacobins declare, for the purpose of disguise and mystification. How low this privilege of common-place descends in society, it is not very easy to determine; for though all those who have power of any sort may lawfully bore their dependents to death, yet to be dull with dignity and prosy with politeness belongs only to the china-ware of creation. Graceless children will laugh at a common-place father; and there are wags in every parish to smoke an unideaed vicar and to banter a stupid justice of peace. If, therefore, a person is not sure of his position, and has discovered that Nature has intended him for nothing but a common-place personage, let him resolutely ensconce himself in silence. The silent man is utterly incommensurable, and what he loses in agreeability he gains in importance. Unfortunately, however, talking is too much an affair of temperament, and it is not given to every man to be silent at pleasure. In this case, the common-place man has still one resource; let him plunge to the neck into scandal, and his society will be in request with half the circles of the metropolis, and with nine-tenths of those of the rest of the kingdom. M.

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A DREAM.

'Twas as the evening time of earth,  
 When there is holiness in light,  
 Which lends to brows of mortal birth  
 A hue for mortal things too bright:  
 Methought that in the deep blue air  
 I stood the starry thrones among,  
 And heard the angel of each sphere  
 Hymning the universal song.  
 And thou wert there; and in thy glance  
 My spirit seem'd to die away  
 Into a sweet but deathlike trance  
 Of thoughts which had not night nor day.  
 Yet still a twilight dream of thee!  
 Till the cold fragrant wind of Heaven,  
 Like life came streaming over me,  
 And thou again with life wert given.  
 Methought thee dead—uprisen from death,  
 Oh! never never more to die;  
 And from thy lips the ambrosial breath  
 Came fresh with immortality.  
 And oh! I wept sweet tears, to think  
 That time should never part us more;  
 I, who had trembled on the brink  
 Of life and fear'd the gulf before,  
 Lest it should part our souls,—but now  
 My love became eternity:  
 Pain, absence, suffering were below,  
 Thou wert in Heaven—and I with thee!

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## SPECIMENS OF GERMAN GENIUS, NO. III.

*The Church-yard.*

THEY went out. The heavens were unclouded. All the streets of the city of God, lighted with suns, stretched upwards from the narrow crossways of the town to that broad amphitheatre of night in which we breathe the blue æther and drink the night wind. Every social festival ought to be closed and consecrated by a visit to that wide, cool temple, on whose vaulted roof the star-mosaic forms the mighty and sacred image of the Most Holy.

They sauntered along, refreshed and elevated by the swift-winged, spring-like breezes which sweep the snow from the mountains. All nature gave the promise of a mild winter;—such a winter as leads the poor gently over the darkest quarter of the year without fuel; such a winter as the wealthy regret, because it furnishes no snow for their gay sledge-parties.

The two men fell into a discourse suited to the sublime aspect of the night. Lenette said nothing. “How near and how small,” exclaimed Firmian, “do those pitiful oyster-beds, the villages, lie together! yet when we travel from one to the other, the way appears to us as long as to a mite which creeps from one name to another on a map; perhaps to higher spirits our globe is but as a ball for children, which their tutor turns about and explains.”

“There may, however,” said Stiefel, “be still smaller worlds than ours; and, indeed, ours must be of some importance, since Christ died for it.”

This remark flowed like warm life-blood into Lenette’s heart. Firmian only replied, “For the earth and for them that dwell upon it, more than one Redeemer has died; and I am persuaded that Christ takes many a pious man by the hand, and says, ‘Thou too hast suffered under Pilate!’ Nay, many a seeming Pilate is, in truth, a Messias.”

Lenette secretly feared that her husband was an atheist, or, at least, a philosopher. He led them both through winding ways to the church-yard; but, all at once, his eyes were moistened, as if he had passed through a heavy dew. He sought to give vent to his melancholy in philosophical musings, and in this vein he said, “Men and clocks stop, if they are wound up too forcibly. It seems to me that the dim intervals by which sleep and death distribute and sever our existence, prevent the too strongly increasing brightness of one idea, the burning of never-cooled wishes, and the vehement conflux of thoughts; as the planetary systems are divided by wide tracts of dim space, and the solar systems by yet wider. The human mind cannot catch the endless stream of knowledge, which sweeps on through all perpetuity, except it drink in the pauses and breaks of the current. Those midsummer-nights, which we sometimes call sleep, sometimes death, divide that eternal day which would blind our mental eye, into portions of day, and enclose its noontide between morning and evening.”

He opened the small, creaking, rattling wicket-gate, inscribed with the pious verse and the memento of the brief span of life. They reached the more considerable graves which lay around the church—the dyke around this fortress. Here stood many an upright stone above the still, motionless body beneath; farther off, lay only the trap-



doors which had closed over prostrate men. He brought a naked skull into their company, and raised up this last case of a many-housed spirit in both his hands, and looked in at the empty casements of the ruined palace, and said, "At midnight, one ought to ascend the pulpit, there, within, and lay this scalped mask of conscious identity on the desk, instead of the Bible and hour-glass, and preach from it to the other heads which are as yet cased in their skins. If they have a mind, they may cut off mine when I am dead, and hang it in the church to the capital of a pillar, like the angels' heads round a font; so that foolish mortals may look, some from above, and some from beneath, and see how we float between Heaven and the grave. In our heads, my friends, the worm is still at work, but out of this he has taken his flight, winged and transformed; for look! here are the two holes, and the kernel crumbled to dust!" \*

Lenette was frightened at this irreverend jesting in the neighbourhood and domain of ghosts:—it was, in reality, only a disguised exaltation of spirit. Suddenly, she whispered, "See, something is looking at us over the roof of the charnel-house, and raising itself up!" It was only a cloud, which the evening wind had driven upwards, and which had rested on the roof in the form of a bier; and out of it a hand stretched forth, and close above it a star stood in its brightness over the likeness of a body lying on the bier—just at the heart;—like a white flower stuck in the breast of a bride.

Jean Paul.

A certain degree of solitude seems necessary to the full growth and spread of the highest mind; and therefore, must a very extensive intercourse with men stifle many a holy germ, and scare away the Gods, who shun the restless tumult of noisy companies and the discussion of petty interests.

Novalis.

Notes to a poem, are like anatomical lectures on a savoury joint.

A. W. v. Schlegel.

As it is in himself alone that man can find true and enduring happiness, so in himself alone can he find true and efficient consolation in misfortune.

Babo.

If common-place men, hurried by vulgar perplexities into a display of passionate fear, extort from us a pitying smile; on the other hand, we regard with awe a spirit in which the seed of a great destiny is sown;—which can accelerate neither the good nor the evil, neither the happiness nor the unhappiness, that will spring up from it.

Goethe.

Could not a language, fettered by *convénances* like the French, be republicanized by an authoritative decree of the universal will? The dominion of language over mind is manifest, but it does not follow from thence that it is sacred and inviolable. The assertion of such a claim is entitled to no more respect than is now paid to the doctrine of the divine origin of governments, which was formerly maintained to be part of the law of nature.

A. W. v. Schlegel.

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\* Two holes in a hazel nut are said to show that the fly, which in its worm state had eaten away the kernel, has assumed its new form, and taken flight.



The noble merchant character—the genuine spirit of commerce—existed only in the middle ages, especially in the German Hanse towns. The Medici, the Fugger, were merchants; our merchants, the greatest not excepted, are shop-keepers. *Novalis.*

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*Extract of a letter from Jacobi to Heinse.*

“But what I most wish to tell you of, my kind-hearted Heinse, and can least find words to describe, is the infinite felicity I felt at being once again in my own Pempelfort. When I drove into the court-yard, it was as if the gates of Paradise opened to me. In a moment I saw Betty, and behind her Frank, Max, and Clara, flying towards me. The two eldest, whom I brought home with me, threw open the carriage-doors on each side, and sprang out to meet their mother. There was such a rush and confusion of kisses and embraces, as if we were all blind. In the midst of it, however, I could hear my children exclaiming to each other, between their kisses, Do you know me? Do you? and you? Yes, you are such-an-one, and you such-an-one. My name is Clara,—I am Max. Meanwhile my brother and sister had joined us; and now the whole troop proceeded to greet the old grandfather, who was deeply moved, and knew not how to support the joy.

My delight increased every hour; for eleven weeks I had had neither peace nor rest. I had been,—pardon my impudent comparison,—like Orpheus, torn in pieces by the Bacchanals. I had longed for freedom and quiet with the most intense, passionate longing. Here I find both—find them, surrounded with every charm. My distracted, exhausted mind is already, as if by a miracle, collected, refreshed, strengthened. Yes, my dearest friend, it was just as if I stood on the spot whither all the departed powers of my life had fled, and they thronged around me in a celestial dance. My cheerful dwelling, which admits every ray of sunshine—my favourite garden, crowded by the care of the sturdy Louis, with all the late-blooming plants of the four quarters of the globe—all, all, enchants me, and the longer I am here, the more I am delighted. I have been incessantly reviewing my possessions, and I could not measure them. The whole world was mine. Even the sun and moon in the high heavens shine with so peculiar a lustre on my own dear home, that it always seems to me as if they belonged to it—as if they were mine, like the ground—like the trees I planted,—and as if the rest of mankind borrowed light of me. Dear friend, and thus has it been with me every day since my return; and thus is it again to-day. Even when my flowers are withered, and my trees stripped of their leaves,—when a gloomy mist clouds air and earth, and robs me of half the already shortened day,—even then I am joyous and cheerful; I see in all these only the quick-revolving year, and the approaching spring, which returns to me every time in increased beauty—yes, in increased beauty, dear Heinse:—you shall see it, if you will but come, and you shall find my heart warmer, more frank, more open, stronger, better. Oh, what a shout of joy, if I could but once more press you to it—once more have you and hold you.” *Jacobi.*

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It is alleged that English and German tragedies contain so many shocks to good taste. French tragedies are one single and entire



shock. For what can be more repugnant to good taste than to write and to delineate what is completely out of nature?

A. W. v. Schlegel.

One sweet evening of August, he was in a mood of gentler melancholy than usual; over his countenance floated that bright serenity of resignation, that tearless emotion, that smiling gentleness which we sometimes see when sorrow is rather exhausted than elevated,—as the soft reflection of the rainbow falls back upon the blue heaven. He determined to take a lonely farewell of his beloved scenes.

Over the light landscape hung (to his mind, not to his eye,) a thin undulating mist, like the fine ærial veil thrown over the pictures of Berghem and Wouvermans. He visited—he touched—he gazed upon, as if to bid farewell, every bushy shrub, under whose shadow he had been wont to read; every small dark whirlpool which foamed and gurgled amid the gnarled and bare-washed roots; every fragrant mossy rock; every step in the ascent of hill above hill, on which he had artificially multiplied the rising or the setting of the sun; every spot where the great creation had drawn tears of enthusiasm from his too happy heart. But, amidst the high and full-eared harvest—amidst the manifold stores of creation,—in the life-teeming nest of brooding nature—in the seed-ground of the rich boundless garden, a hollow long-drawn voice was heard through the trumpet tones of this festival of Nature, asking, “What dead thing wanders amid my universal life, and defiles my fair flowers?” But the gloomy vision vanished; and he thought,—It is not the green bark which sustains the Dryad,—the *spiritus rector*,—but, on the contrary, receives from it life and vigour. The life of the body is as dependant on the spirit as that is subject to corporeal influences. Life and power throng around; the grave—the decaying body, is a world, full of active power: we change our part, but we never quit the stage.

Jean Paul.

After all, the noblest and most beautiful monument to the memory of a man, must ever be a likeness of him. This gives a more perfect idea of what he was than any thing else can; it is the best text to few notes, or to many; only it ought to be taken in his best years,—and this is commonly neglected. Nobody thinks of seizing the living forms; and even when this is done, it is done imperfectly and inadequately. As soon as a man dies, there is the greatest eagerness to take a cast of him: this mask is set upon a block, and the work is called a bust. How rarely is it in the power of the artist to reanimate it!

The likeness of a man is wholly independent; wherever it may be placed, it speaks for itself. We do not require that it should indicate the place where his body rests. But shall I confess to you a strange feeling of mine? Even to portraits, I have a sort of aversion; they always appear to me to breathe silent reproaches; they betoken something distant,—departed,—and remind me how difficult it is to estimate the present as it deserves. Let us but reflect how many men we have seen and known, and acknowledge how little they have been to us, how little we to them,—and what must be our feelings? We meet the man of talent without conversing with him; the scholar, without learning from him; the traveller, without seeking to gain in-



formation from him; the kind-hearted man, without making one effort to please him. And, alas! this is not the case in transient intercourse alone. Thus it is that societies and families treat their most valuable members—towns their worthiest citizens—subjects their best princes—nations their most excellent men. I have heard it asked why we speak of the dead with unqualified praise; of the living, always with certain reservations. It may be answered, because we have nothing to fear from the former, while the latter may stand in our way: so impure is our boasted solicitude for the memory of the dead. If it were the sacred and earnest feeling we pretend, it would strengthen and animate our intercourse with the living.

*Göthe.*

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What a conception of Art must those theorists have who exclude portraits from the proper province of the Fine Arts! It is exactly as if we denied that to be poetry in which the poet celebrates the woman he really loves. Portraiture is the basis and the touchstone of historic painting.

*A. W. v. Schlegel.*

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The party passed through the large folding-doors into the dining-room, which looked immediately on the garden. Before them lay the opposite hills, with their thickets of varied green, and beautiful clumps of wood; in the foreground was the lawn, belted and perfumed round with beds of the loveliest flowers, and, like the crystal coronet of the green plain, a fountain sparkled and gushed in the middle, and invited equally to silence or to conversation by its sweet and silvery tones.

All seated themselves at table. Flowers of all hues, arranged in beautiful vases, and fresh, ruddy cherries, in pretty baskets, sparkled over the snowy linen. "Why is it," said Emilia, after a pause of some minutes, "that every dinner party begins in silence? People are thoughtful, and look down; nobody even expects an animated conversation; for it seems that the soup brings with it a certain serious and tranquil tone of feeling, which usually contrasts strongly with the conclusion of the dinner and the dessert."

"The hunger, which is generally excited by the proximity of eatables, will explain a good deal," said Wilibald, "especially when dinner is served at a later hour than was fixed."

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"To return to the soup, which we have now dispatched," said Lothar; "I do not think the taciturnity which accompanies it depends so much on our material wants. It seems to me that every meal or feast is a drama;—when at its best, a Shaksperian comedy,—and has its rules and necessities, by which it is, in most cases, unconsciously governed."

"How can any reasonable man think otherwise?" said Wilibald, laughing. "How often is the comic poet unconsciously the richest subject for comedy!"

"Let him speak," said Manfred; "*you* may afterwards compare a dinner to a battle, or to the history of the world, if you will. At table, there ought to be the most unqualified freedom of thought and eating."

"That the changing courses and dishes may most aptly be compared to acts and scenes," continued Lothar, "must strike every body; nor is it less obvious to the reflecting and refined eater, (I ignore those lower natures who doubt of every thing they cannot understand, and



in their gross and material stupidity, adhere to the belief that eating is nothing more than an expedient for allaying hunger,) that a certain pervading sentiment should be expressed, with which nothing in the whole composition of the table should be incongruous or discordant—whether it be the dishes, the wines, or the conversation. For out of all these parts should arise a romantic composition, which should at once amuse, satisfy, and delight; free from all vehement excitement of the curiosity or the sympathy; from all illusion, and from all bitter recollections. Epigrammatic dishes, for instance, which have frequently been employed to cheat and delude, are to be condemned as repugnant to all good taste.”

“In the north of Germany,” said Ernest, “I once saw a sweetmeat representing a heap of turf, which appeared to give extreme delight to the guests.”

“I have read in Vasari of most romantic feasts,” said Clara, “given by the Florentine painters to one another. They would have only terrified me; for they pushed these strange distortions of fancy to the very utmost. Not only did they construct and demolish palaces and temples of various meats, but even hell, with all its awful shades, was pressed into the service of their poetical extravagance. Toads and serpents enclosed the choicest dainties, and the dessert consisted of ghosts and skeletons in confectionary.”

“I should have liked much to be present at these wild, fantastic entertainments,” said Manfred. “I never could read the description of them without the greatest pleasure. Why should not fear, horror, surprise, be brought into action in our most immediate and every-day life? All, even the strangest and the wildest, has its time.”

“But, dear Lothar,” said Theodore, “go on with your comparison of a dinner with a drama.”

“To satisfy your curiosity,” replied Lothar, “I must begin by pointing out how weighty a part of a play is the introduction. This may be conceived in three different and principal ways. Either, that the situation of affairs be made known in the simplest and most natural manner, by means of a calm narration, as in ‘The Comedy of Errors;’ or that the poet plunge us into tumult and confusion, out of which light and distinctness are gradually evolved, as in ‘Romeo and Juliet,’ which begins with broils; or, thirdly, that he lead us at once into the midst of the action, but with calmness and consideration, as in ‘Twelfth Night.’ It is unquestionable, that the last method is to be preferred for a dinner; and that, therefore, all civilized nations, and people who do not strive to live and to eat after a strange and fantastic manner, open their repast with a strong, but mild, calmly-digested soup. As all men have an innate propensity to the drama, and the perception that all is drama sleeps darkly within them, they take care, with reason, not to be too witty, too clever, or too talkative, as long as the soup is before them.”

Emilia laughed and nodded assent, and Lothar continued. “As, in the last-mentioned comedy, after the almost elegiac introduction, those pleasant personages Sir Toby, Maria and Sir Andrew Aguecheek enter as a gay and stimulating episode; so, the solid viands are preceded by anchovies, caviar, or something highly flavoured, which does not immediately allay hunger. And thus, not to be too diffuse, satisfaction and excitement succeed each other in agreeable alternations, up to the time of the dessert, which must be entirely humorous, poetical, and unrestrained;



as the comedy in question closes with that most delightfully childish, but significant song of the most delightful of all fools ;—or, as “*Much ado about Nothing*,” and “*As you Like it*,” end with a dance, or “*The Winter’s Tale*” with the living statue.”

“I see clearly,” said Clara, “that we ought to learn eating at school, just as much as any other science.”

“Certainly,” said Lothar ; “nothing is so unbecoming an accomplished man as to eat in an injudicious, unscientific, and tasteless manner ; for as food is a want of our nature, either the utmost simplicity should reign at our meals, or elegance and mirth should enter into them, and diffuse ease and cheerfulness.”

“In truth,” said Ernest, “nothing troubles one’s enjoyment so much as a vacillating mixture of frugality and unpleasurable profusion ;—as sometimes one is inundated with excellent wine to wash down meagre and ill-cooked viands,—or condemned to gulp down wretched wine with excessively dainty, high-flavoured dishes, served on splendid china. These are the true tragi-comedies, which every well-regulated and accurate mind, which aims at harmony and consistency, will utterly condemn and eschew.”

“Under the same class,” said Antony, “may be ranged immoderate drinking from ambition ; or when some host, with all the animation of semi-drunkenness, forcibly obliges you to drink, assuring you with ever-increasing loudness and vehemence, that the wine deserves to be drunk—that this cost so much a bottle, and this so much, but that he does not grudge it to good friends, and that he can stand it, if they should drink twice as much. Such a man, in his pride of purse, does not only reckon the cost of the feast, and the consumption of each guest, but he has no rest till you know the price of every table and chair in his house. If he happen to possess any works of art, or curiosities, he is wholly intolerable. His highest enjoyment is, in all friendliness, to make his guests feel that, compared to him, they are poor and bankrupt.”

“It must also be observed,” continued Lothar, “that as there ought to be a certain keeping and harmony between the viands and the vessels in which they are served, so the former must not be neglected or injured by an over-proportion of conversation. The introductory soup should, as has already been said, be accompanied by quiet union and attention : after this, a little gentle politics, or short anecdotes, or light philosophical remarks, are allowable ; if a company is not very sure of its wit and facetiousness, let it not expend them too early ; for at the entrance of the sweets and fruits, and fine wines, all seriousness must utterly vanish : that which a quarter of an hour sooner was unseemly and irregular, is now perfectly admissible ; even ladies take courage to laugh out ; love reveals itself more undisguisedly ; jealousy betrays itself by more open sallies—every body throws himself off his guard, and does not shrink from exposing himself to the hitting jokes of his friend ; even some pungent and rather severe stories may now circulate. Great lords formerly had their fools and jesters enter with the sweetmeats, that at the close of their meal they might feel themselves men,—gay, merry, and unconstrained.”

“Now,” said Theodor, “that is the time selected for bringing in all the little children ; if, indeed, they have not been seated, rank and file, at table.”



“Yes,” said Manfred, “and the conversation rises to the affecting, on the high ideal virtues of the sweet little creatures, and their unutterable love for their parents, and that of the parents in return for them.”

“And when it takes a very lofty flight,” said Theodore, “tears are shed, as the last and most precious liquor which is to be produced; and thus the dinner closes amidst the deepest commotion of heart.”

“It is not enough,” resumed Lothar, “that we avoid such absurdity and ill-breeding; every dinner-conversation should be a work of art, a suitable accompaniment to the meal, adapted to it according to the rules of thorough bass. I do not make any mention of those frightfully large parties which are now, alas! become almost an universal fashion in our country; where acquaintances and strangers, friends and foes, men of talent and fools, young girls and old dowagers, are seated at random at a long table: those dinners, for which the hostess has thought and bustled, and of which she has dreamt, for a week; where she has arranged every thing with great splendour, and still greater bad taste, only that she may at length be quit of an entertainment long expected from her, in return for the dozen or more similar feasts which she has undergone. In addition to these legal claimants, she invites every body to whom she thinks she owes any civility, and eagerly catches about a dozen travellers in her net, that she may remain discharged of all after-claims to hospitality from them. No! I do not allude to those tables at which no one speaks, or all talk at once; at which Chaos reigns, and only in few and rare moments some solitary, private pleasantries can struggle into being; where every conversation comes into the world still-born, or must expire in a moment, like a fish on dry land; those feasts at which the host must set himself on the rack in order to play the host well, to watch every part of the table, to drink wine with every body, and to whisper frosty jests into the ears of silly, simpering ladies—let us pass over in silence these barbarisms of our times, this death of all social pleasure, and of all hospitality; which, like so many other barbarous customs, has been imported and found a place amongst us.”

“The sickly caricature of these great entertainments,” added Wilibald, “are the still larger tea-parties and cold suppers, in which the pleasure is heightened by the universal bustle and uproar;—where, in the general confusion of tongues, servants, called and uncalled, balancing trays of all possible refreshments, dance in between the talkers; each sweeps, with his load, through every room, to seek he knows not what; and a lover of order is fain to take up a position by the stove or the window, to escape being run down in the universal flight, or seized and carried along in the stream of some migratory horde.”

“This,” said Manfred, “is the true high style of our social life; Michael Angelo’s Last Judgment, to the miniature picture of old hospitality and intimate friendship;—the final decree of art, the end of the imagination, the fulfilment of time, of which all the prophets have spoken.”—*Tieck. Phantasus.*

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## CHAMOIS-HUNTING; BY AN ALPEN-JÄGER.

It is impossible to describe the fascination which the Chasse aux Chamois seems to possess for the inhabitants of Switzerland and the Tyrol. It is well known that the braver spirits amongst them sacrifice to it their time, their money, and very many their lives; particularly where the mountains are dangerous, as, for instance, the Glärnisch, it is a fact that few chasseurs die in their beds. I own I cannot feel much surprised at this infatuation, if such it be; for Lowlander as I am, I have felt, deeply felt, a portion at least of the same enthusiasm.

One of the earliest books that I can remember to have made an impression upon my youthful imagination, contained a description of this very sport. I have entirely forgotten the title of the work, but can only remember that it told of hair-breadth escapes and adventures wonderful; "of antres vast and deserts idle; rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven;" of the coolness and intrepidity with which the hunter sprang across the yawning chasm, and of the unerring certainty of his rifle.

My mind was even then fired by the account, but I little thought I should ever myself become an actor in such scenes. I have now been out nearly fifty times chamois-hunting, and can bear my personal testimony to its being the most spirit-stirring sport with which I am acquainted. If I could but convey to the reader even a small part of the enjoyment I have derived from it, I should not despair of powerfully exciting his interest; but so much of the pleasure depends, above all, upon the wildness and magnificence of the scenery in which alone this sport can be pursued, that a much more experienced pen than mine would find it difficult to convey a just idea of its fascination and delights. At any rate, however, the attempt to retrace adventures that are past, cannot fail of gladdening my own memory with some faint reflection of the enjoyment they once gave me; and may possibly be of use to those who shall hereafter be smitten with the love of that most perilous but most alluring of all diversions.

I had passed the summer of 1821 in making the common tour of Switzerland without having seen a chamois, except on the table; and, two years after, wishing to see something of the more hidden beauties of that delightful country, I agreed with a friend to explore the Grisons. None of the Zurich guides who were at home, liked to accompany us; in fact, none of them knew any thing at all about that interesting district of their native land. We therefore determined upon making Coire our head-quarters, and providing ourselves with the best guide to be procured upon the spot. We had made an excursion to the extraordinary and very romantic Baths of Pfeffers; had accomplished the dangerous but highly-interesting passage to the source; and, after partaking of the wretched accommodation of the hospitable monks, had, on the following day, returned to Coire over the summit of the Calanda Berg, which is about 9000 feet high, and commands one of the grandest panoramic views of mountains to be seen in Switzerland.

It had been a stiff day's walk; and, after dinner, we were leisurely strolling outside the town to enjoy a fragrant cigar and a most lovely sunset, when a man overtook us, whose quick, springy step told he was a mountaineer, and was making for a distant home. He had his pipe



in his mouth, his rifle slung at his back, and a pouch of undressed chamois-skin at his side. Having entered into conversation with him, we soon found that he was a chamois hunter, that he had been out that very morning and had seen a chamois, but from an injury to the lock of his gun, had not been able to get a shot. To repair this he had come down into Coire, and was then on his return home. Being much pleased with the man, as well as warmed with his description of the sport, we eventually engaged him to accompany us on our tour. His name was Franz Joseph Hoderas, of Domleschg; and although, perhaps, Switzerland may boast better chasseurs, I will here say that she cannot produce one more honest, more obliging, or better-tempered—and withal, no contemptible Gäms-Jäger. We took him up the next day at Domleschg, on our way through the Via Mala to Splügen.

It is not my intention to attempt a description of Switzerland, or I could not pass the splendid scenery of this day's journey without offering a tribute to its "beautiful horrors." There is a tolerably good inn at Splügen; but after examining the celebrated road over this pass of the Alps, we went on to Nufenen, where the hostess did not seem so much accustomed to receive strangers. The next morning we proceeded with Hoderas to the village of Hinterrhein, situated about one hour and a half above Nufenen. Here we found three chasseurs; and having arranged a *partie de chasse* for the next day with the best of them, named Christian Loritz, we returned by a considerable *détour* through the mountains that enclose the valley of the Rhine, with some faint hopes of finding a chamois. We were most agreeably surprised by meeting with one; but he perceived us before we saw him, of which he gave us notice by a peculiar shrill whistle. It being the heat of the day, he was lying on the shady side of a very lofty and precipitous rock. As he did not appear disposed to quit his stony couch, unless alarmed by the nearer approach of danger, Hoderas and I made a circuit under a range of cliffs, so as to arrive unperceived within shot. Leaving my friend in full sight to occupy his attention, I reached a rock within 120 yards of him; but although I knew exactly where he was, I could not distinguish him until he jumped up, on becoming aware of his danger. As he mounted rapidly from crag to crag, he stopped for an instant on the point of a rock to look down at us, when I attempted to shoot; but the gun missed fire. My mortification is not to be described. I must here observe, that this summer, having no rifles of our own, we were necessarily dependent on the artillery of our attendant chasseurs, which was generally in such very bad order that we thereby lost many good opportunities.

Unsuccessful, however, as had been this day's attempt, the very sight of a chamois had greatly increased our keenness for the sport. Accordingly, the next morning, before five o'clock, we drove over to Hinterrhein, where we found Loritz ready for us. He first conducted us, for three or four hours, up the stream of the Hinter Rhein, through a wild, narrow valley, that bears the appropriate name of "Hell," until at length we reached the foot of the magnificent glacier which gives birth to the southern branch of that celebrated stream. It is a source worthy of so noble a river. The glacier descends from a semicircular range of grandly-formed mountains, among which the Vogel-berg and the Möschel-horn are the loftiest and finest. At their feet, it swells into



a vast basin of dazzling snow, from which a large branch extends deep into the valley we had traversed, and terminates in an immense wall of ice, 600 or 700 feet high, from beneath which, by a crystal arch, issues the infant Rhine. Along this glacier we walked for about an hour and a half, and at its upper end, discovered a herd of about fifty chamois feeding. They were so placed as to render it impossible to reach them without being seen. We therefore watched them for a considerable time, in the hope that they might move to a more favourable position. Finding them, however, stationary, we posted ourselves in the spots where the chasseurs thought they were most likely to pass, and then dispatched our Coire guide to approach them from the opposite side. Directly as they perceived him, they made up the mountain towards my friend, who fired, and killed one. They then came towards me, when I got two shots, but, from anxiety and inexperience, I believe I missed them both. On the other side, my friend's chasseur (intentionally as we suspected,) had rammed down the ball without any powder, or else he might have had several more shots. In fact they were so placed, that we kept driving them from one to the other; and often as our chasseurs had been out, they agreed they had never seen such a favourable opportunity for two or three experienced hunters to kill a great number.

Having gutted our chamois, which proved to be a doe, of about thirty or forty pounds weight, we hurried back as fast as we could, but were soon overtaken by the shades of night in the most horrible and dangerous paths; and did not reach Nufenen till eleven o'clock, having been out eighteen hours. I have been thus minute not only because it was our first expedition, but also because I consider Hinterrhein as a very eligible situation for the sport. There are plenty of chamois, and Loritz is a man that may be depended on for honesty, courage, and knowledge of the chasse, but then he unfortunately speaks only a bad German patois. We made another unsuccessful attempt in the same neighbourhood, and then proceeded into the almost unknown valley of Avers, where I believe we should have had capital sport if we had not been anticipated by a strange chasseur. I there killed a chamois that he had previously wounded.

After passing a few days in the Engadine, we next determined on paying a visit to the most celebrated chamois-hunter of that neighbourhood, concerning whom we had heard the most extraordinary reports. His name is Jean Marchietti Colani. He keeps a miserable little inn, on the Bernina Mountain, which is an unfrequented passage from the Engadine into the Valtelline.

The accommodations were wretched; but we were induced to remain there three days, from knowing that we were in a spot abounding in chamois, and with a person the most capable of showing us good sport, if he chose. He evidently at first received us with the suspicions of a bad conscience; and it was not almost until our departure, that these suspicions seemed to be entirely removed.

Marchietti is certainly no common man. His bad, no less than his good qualities, distinguish him from the herd by whom he is surrounded. As a chasseur he is unrivalled. His father was a celebrated Gäms-jäger, and early initiated him into the mysteries of the chasse. Marchietti assured me he had killed a chamois before he was twelve



years old ; and believed he had altogether shot above fifteen hundred during his life. He once killed seven in one day, having surprised them in a sort of cul-de-sac, from which they could not escape, except by forcing their way close by him ; which at last despair emboldened three or four of them to effect.

Having thus been brought up, as it were, amongst chamois, and being passionately fond of the chasse, he has acquired a perfect knowledge of their haunts and habits, together with the best modes of approaching them. It is from him that I obtained a very great portion of the little lore I possess upon the subject. In person, Marchietti is somewhat under the middle-size, but remarkably strong-built, muscular, and active. He is so good a shot, that he is never allowed to shoot for any prizes in his neighbourhood. There is, indeed, a general belief that he uses enchanted balls ; and he is universally styled the "Hexenmeister," or Master of Witches. No one doubts that he has sold himself to the devil, who will claim him in due time. In addition to this assistance from the Evil One, he has a most excellent double-barreled rifle, and a very good English telescope. Nor does his genius alone display itself in chamois-hunting. Being far from any town, he is obliged to unite all trades and professions in his own person ; and is acknowledged to make every thing to which he turns his hand, almost without tools, much better than any smith or carpenter with all implements and appliances to boot. He has a smattering on almost every subject ; but having had no benefit from education, exhibits the melancholy picture of a strong mind struggling in vain with fetters of ignorance, through which he is anxious, but unable to break. He is also, unfortunately, a man of very strong passions, which, as may be supposed from his want of education, are under no control of principle. Long and black is the catalogue of crimes laid to his charge, comprising every offence in the decalogue. It is certain that he has two wives, and large families by each. Not long ago he tried the experiment of living with both under the same roof ; but Colani soon found this too much even for him, and he was obliged to coax, or frighten away one of them. It seems equally certain that he has shot at least one Tyrolian before witnesses : and his neighbours add from twelve to twenty more murders, for which he has to answer. There is a room in his house ornamented with Tyrolese guns, knives, &c. which certainly favours the accusation, as he was never known to *purchase* any thing of the sort, and I do not think they would be given him for love. That he is an unprincipled character I have no doubt ; but at the same time the devil may be painted blacker than he really is. Residing, as Marchietti does, upon the confines of Italy, the Tyrol, and the Grisons, the surrounding mountains, which he considers his own, would doubtless be much poached, unless he had found the means of impressing his neighbors with a salutary terror.

He is well aware of the character he bears ; and being a clever fellow, and finding it useful for his purposes, manages to keep it up very well. He assured me that he should never think of spilling human blood to preserve a chamois, (for which, by the way, I did not give him implicit credit ;) but that, at the same time, if ever he learns that any stranger has been shooting upon the ground, which by common consent is called his, he quietly drops a hint that, if the intruder be found there



again, he will be heard of no more. Such is the idea entertained of this very remarkable personage, that a poacher is as rare in the wild district which he inhabits, as in the best preserved manor of Norfolk. Upon these mountains he calculates he has about two hundred chamois, which annually produce him sixty kids : notwithstanding all Marchietti's protestations, woe be to the interloper who touches one of them ! To show the man's character, I will only farther mention that he had actually formed the project of seeking an interview with Napoleon, from an idea that they were kindred geniuses ! All his preparations for leaving his retired nook were indeed made, when the Russian reverses overthrew this, as well as still mightier schemes. With Marchietti's ambition and natural abilities, I have little doubt that, if he had lived within the sphere of the French Revolution, he would have fought his way to a Marshal's bâton, unless he had been killed in the attempt.

But enough of one of the most extraordinary characters that have fallen under my notice.

We accompanied him twice to the chasse. The first day he took us to the southward, to a place which he called, not without reason, "*Le Monde perdu*." It is an elevated mass of rocks, surrounded on all sides by glaciers. From it there is a magnificent view of the real Bernina, and its adjoining mountains, together with the vast glacier which descends from them. This view formed a worthy pendant to that of the Möschel-horn, and the Rhein-Gletscher, above Hinterrhein. The height of these mountains has never been properly ascertained ; but if Colani's inn be, as it is said, 7000 feet above the sea, they cannot be less than 13,000 feet high. They are covered, for several thousand feet, with a thick mantle of perpetual snow, and their summits are in general finely formed. To arrive at this "*Monde perdu*," we had to cross a considerable glacier. Its inclination not being great, the clefts were not wide, and were completely concealed by lately-fallen snow. Into one of these my friend unfortunately fell. I shall never forget my sensations, when, upon hearing Hoderas exclaim, "*Der Herr ish hineingefallen !*" I turned hastily round, and where I had but an instant before seen my friend, saw nothing but an even surface of dazzling snow, with only his mountain-pole standing by the spot where he had disappeared. It would be vain for me to attempt to describe either the acuteness of my agony, or even the very nature of the feelings I experienced in that moment. It was not like a common death, where the means of destruction, or the inanimate corse, are visible, and the mind is, to a certain degree, satisfied, by tracing the connection between cause and effect ; but here it seemed as if he had been at once mysteriously swept from the face of creation !

I instantly ran up, though without the slightest hopes of his safety, as these *crévasses* are usually several hundred feet deep. To my unspeakable delight, however, I found that he had stuck fast about six or eight feet below the surface. All glaciers, from being on an inclined plane, are crossed by clefts, or crevices, of various length, wide in the middle, and of course narrow towards each end. My friend had providentially fallen in just at the termination of one of these fissures ; had he crossed it but a few feet on one side, he must have sunk to an unknown depth, and, if not mercifully killed by the fall, must have perished by a most miserable and lingering death between cold and



hunger. There, however, he was sticking fast between two walls of thick-ribbed ice, without the power of moving hand or foot. I do not think it would have been an easy job for me and Hoderas to have extricated him from his cool lodging, but fortunately we had in Marchietti the very man for such emergencies. He was at some distance when we let him know what had happened. "Can you *hear* him," was the characteristic rejoinder of one not unaccustomed to such adventures?" "Yes." "Can you *see* him?"—"Oh! yes, he is only a few feet beneath the surface." "Oh! very well; wait then till I come." And accordingly he came up at his usual pace, and having made steps on each side of the *crévasse*, descended within it, fastened a knotted handkerchief round my friend's hands, and then raised him up as easily as I would an infant. I must own I was not yet so thorough a Gäms-Jäger as to feel unmoved at his providential escape—the recollections of that scene are stamped indelibly on my memory, as long as memory holds her seat.—It may well be supposed that this accident rather chilled our enjoyment for that day. We however continued our sport, and soon after found three chamois; but Marchietti so placed us that they never came near us, whilst he went and got a shot, which he of course killed. His excuse was, that the place where they were was impracticable for us; and in truth it was a most uninviting precipice. To prove to him, however, that he need not on that account have monopolized the shooting, I descended the crag with him to get the animal, and had ample opportunity for admiring his extraordinary activity. In one place he took off his shoes to clamber gratuitously up the face of a rock, solely, as I believe, for the purpose of astonishing me; and certainly nothing but a chamois could have followed him. The next day we went to the mountains to the northward of his house. These are his especial preserve. The chamois, like most animals, are very fond of salt, which Marchietti is in the habit of putting every month in the clefts of a certain rock, that is absolutely licked quite smooth with their tongues, and the ground covered with their ordure. In this neighbourhood there are always sure to be some chamois; but he never shoots them here: he watches them off to their feeding-ground, and there kills them at his pleasure. We this day saw above forty in several herds, but could not get a single shot, partly from their being so placed that we could not approach one without exposing ourselves to some others who would have alarmed the rest, and partly from a sudden change in the weather. We lay watching them for three hours through our telescopes, and I was highly interested by this insight into their habits, and Marchietti's observations thereon. On a sudden the different herds manifested great restlessness; and, after a short period of agitation, all moved off, but not so rapidly as when alarmed by man. Although the day was most beautiful, Marchietti was convinced from their manner that the weather was going to change, and urged our instant return. He took us back at double quick time, but long before we reached home we were deluged by a violent thunder-storm.—I must not here forget to mention, as a favourable trait of human nature, that our Coire guide, Pfister, whose good-humour and ever-ready joke we had often had occasion to admire, displayed to-day a degree of courage for which we had not given him equal credit. Though by no means approving in his heart either the fatigues or the



dangers of chamois-hunting, and above all things dreading Marchietti Colani, he insisted upon accompanying us to the chasse, solely, as we afterwards found, from a conviction that four of us were by no means more than a match for the "Hexenmeister."

Poor Pfister! wonderful, I doubt not, are the records of thy adventures with us, which thou hast since dealt out to gaping boors at many a Wirthshaus, wherein thy spirit so much delighted! and greatly could I wish to be an unseen auditor of thy marvels.

And here I must take my leave of Jean Marchietti Colani. If any one desires to become acquainted with, perhaps, the very best chasseur, and one of the best shots in Switzerland; if he wishes to be initiated in the habits and history of the chamois, and to learn the best modes of approaching and shooting them; I advise him to make friends with mine host of the Bernina Berg, but, at the same time, I warn him most strongly to beware of putting himself entirely in his power.

Having thus recorded one or two chasses in which I was unsuccessful, I perhaps may be permitted to mention briefly some where my exertions were better rewarded. The autumn of 1825 I again passed in Switzerland, having spent the intermediate summer amongst the Pyrenees, where I had much improved my acquaintance with chamois hunting.

I this time directed my principal attention to the great southern chain which divides Switzerland from Italy, and to the different valleys which intersect its northern and southern sides. This is the highest ground in Europe, comprising the Mont Blanc, Grand St. Bernard, Matterhorn, and Monte Rosa. It also contains some most magnificent scenery, as well as primitive and very interesting inhabitants; but I do not think the district has been by any means so much explored as it deserves. After a short excursion amongst the mountains near the Gemmi, where I should have had capital sport if the weather had been favourable, I made my way to Chamouni, and there trained myself for more arduous enterprises by a few *petites courses* in the neighbourhood. I one day went to the "Jardin," an elevated plateau so named, which is covered with a little herbage during three or four months of the summer, and is on all sides surrounded by bare rocks, or eternal ice. It takes about four hours and a half of fair steady walking to reach it from Chamouni, and as there is nothing that can be called danger in the excursion, it is well worth while to make it, both for the splendid views it affords of Mont Blanc and the neighbouring Aiguilles, and also for the excellent opportunity it presents of tracing the origin, progress, and termination of glaciers.

The next day I mounted the Brevent, from which is the best view of the chain of Mont Blanc to the North, as that from the Cramont is the best to the South. An additional interest was given to it that day from its having been chosen by two English gentlemen (Dr. E. Clarke and Captain M. Sherwill) to attempt the ascent of the mountain monarch. I had seen them start from Chamouni at seven o'clock; and from the summit of the Brevent watched them for hours through my telescope, until they reached the Grand Mulet, where they were to pass the night. The next morning I followed them with my glass till they arrived at the top, except for about an hour and a half that they were invisible to us in the plain, while traversing the Grand Plateau. So



nearly is the real summit seen from Chamouni, that when they were walking backwards and forwards on it, we could just distinguish their hats. After watching their descent, I set out in the afternoon on my tour of Mont Blanc; and this time, alas! was condemned to be companionless.

I passed by the Col de la Forclaz to a clean little inn kept by a Frenchwoman, outside the town of St. Gervais, and about a quarter of an hour from the Baths. Next morning I called upon two chasseurs, that lived in a hamlet about an hour from the inn. Their names were Jacquet; one, dit le Gris—the other, Massime. Being much pleased with their manner, I immediately arranged a chasse with them. The younger was despatched to Contamines to purchase the necessary provisions, while the elder accompanied me in a long circuit through the mountains, where we were disappointed in our expectation of meeting with chamois, and towards nightfall arrived at a very elevated collection of chalets, called, I believe, Armansatt. There I supped and slept. My humble couch was nothing but a sheet thrown over some clean hay, in the only room of the cottage, which served for eating-room and sleeping-room to the guides and the family, as well as to myself; but seldom have I slept more soundly, or been more unaffectedly pleased with the manners of my companions, and their good-humoured alacrity to do every thing in their power for my accommodation.

The next morning, long before the sun had given the slightest hint of his waking, we were *en marche*. Le Gris was sent round by a distant and very difficult pass, while Massime and I scrambled through some very likely ground, but only saw one chamois, at which we could not get a shot. Le Gris saw six, and wounded one, which however escaped. After joining forces, we traversed a long line of most chamois-looking country, without success; till at last, when we were almost beginning to despair, we, to our great joy, discovered a herd of about twenty, feeding near the head of a glacier. They were awkwardly placed, and in the wildest spot imaginable. However, after a good deal of manœuvring, being favoured by a drizzling rain that partly concealed us, I succeeded in getting a shot at about eighty yards. The instant the smoke cleared away, to my most unspeakable delight, I saw the animal floundering on its back, with its *quatre pattes en air*. It is quite impossible not only for me to describe, but for any one even to imagine, my unutterable ecstasy at that moment. I much fear I may have been guilty of some fooleries on the occasion. The two Jacquets, meanwhile, got shots at the frightened chamois, that were jumping all round us, but missed. My prize turned out to be a doe, and weighed 35 lbs. after being gutted. We washed it at the glacier, which we followed into the valley. They called it Trelolegrand, and it is one of the finest I have seen, both for depth of snow, variety of fracture, height and colour of its icy pyramids. The evening was bad, and the accommodations at Nant Bourant wretched; but my success made me despise any such trifling considerations. The next morning I walked over the mountains to the chalets of Motet, and got one very long shot at a chamois, which I missed by less than an inch. I will not detail any of my other adventures in that neighbourhood; but before I take leave of my guides, would beg to recommend most warmly the two Jacquets to any one who wishes to partake in this



sport. I feel confident that they may be depended on for honesty, civility, alacrity, and *bonne foi*: they are excellent chasseurs, and most good-humoured and intelligent companions. Moreover, they speak good French, which very few of the Jägers do; and their hunting country being so near Chamouni, may be reached without difficulty.

The next spot to which I shall conduct my reader, is the vale of Macugnaga, on the Italian side of Monte Rosa, celebrated for its mines, and the beauty of its women, but esteemed by me for the splendour of its scenery, and the number of chamois in its mountains. I lodged for four or five days in the vile cabaret kept by a hunch-backed, dirty little fellow, named Gaspar Verra. I engaged one Martinal, the best chasseur of the country, who, for an Italian, turned out a better sportsman than I had expected. He was, however, too much given to boasting, and wanted to persuade me he had killed 3160 chamois, and 2000 marmots, besides I know not how many eagles. This is a palpable exaggeration, although, I believe, there are few places that abound more in chamois than this. The first day was unfavourable, and the next morning was so doubtful that we could not start early; but whilst we were deliberating in the inn-yard, we with our telescopes discovered a herd feeding in a favourite spot, about an hour's walk above us. This was, of course, enough to determine us, and about twelve o'clock we set out after them. They were so placed, that we found it impossible to get a good shot. I fired twice, but at great distances. Martinal would not shoot. We then separated, to return home by different routes. I had not left the place half an hour, when, upon looking back, to my great astonishment, I saw four chamois come upon identically the same spot, which, as I have said, was a favourite feeding ground. I immediately got back to my old post, but found the same difficulty in approaching them. I got a long shot, which I have every reason to believe I hit, as the chamois (a young one) left its mother and the rest, and came limping towards me. I got a second long shot, which, I think, killed it; but there were so many bushes and crevices amongst the rocks, that I could not find it. Therefore, hearing the Ave-Maria, and knowing I had a long way to go through a pathless wood, I was reluctantly obliged to give up the search. The next morning we were off, long before sunrise, to some mountains adjoining the chain of Monte Rosa. We saw several chamois, but got no shots at them, owing, in my opinion, to the unskilfulness of my companion. At last we discovered three reposing upon a ledge on the northern face of a very lofty and most inaccessible rock. Martinal and I posted ourselves in almost the only pass, and then directed my guide to show himself on the opposite side.

As we expected, they came running towards us. I had promised Martinal to let him shoot first: he did so, and missed. The chamois then sprang up the face of the crag with astonishing agility. I was seated on the ground, resting my elbow upon my raised knee, when observing that the two first stopped for a moment on a rock that lay in their path, I kept my aim upon the spot, assured that the third would do the same. The instant he appeared, and looked round, I fired, and hit him very near the heart. He made an effort to follow the others, but feeling himself unable, stopped, and began to crawl slowly along a ledge of the rock. As he was going into a very dangerous place, where



we should have had great difficulty in getting him, I mounted, out of his sight, to within fifty yards of him, and brought him down by a second shot. I then went to fetch him, and think I never was in such danger. The place where he lay was a broken and very precipitous crag, covered with icicles formed by the dripping from the snow above, which melted in the sun, and became congealed in the shade below; but what caused my chief danger was, that, from excessive delight, every nerve and fibre of my frame trembled to such a degree, that I scarcely could keep my footing. I kept gaily rolling my prize before me, down a water-course, until at last he rolled farther than I intended, and went over a precipice two or three hundred feet high, which by no means improved his appearance. Independent of my sport, I enjoyed some splendid views of Monte Rosa, &c.; but must confess that, after all, I am somewhat disappointed with this queen of mountains, when viewed close. Her fame, and perhaps the name, together with the royal show she makes from the Duomo at Milan, or the chain of the Gemmi, had raised expectations, which, now that I have seen her quite close on all sides, a nearer approach has not altogether realized.

*(To be continued.)*

#### THE EXILE'S RETURN.

##### *A Song.*

THE moonlight slumbers on the wold,  
 And sighs the wandering gale  
 Like music from the days of old  
 O'er Time's sepulchral vale;  
 And ceaseless on the lonely shore  
 The rushing waters mourn,  
 And welcome with their saddest roar  
 My desolate return!

How long I've look'd from distant climes  
 At evening on the west,  
 And dreamt in silence of the times  
 That saw my soul at rest;  
 While from the margin of the tide  
 I watch'd day's fading smile,  
 And loved its glories, for they died  
 Upon my own dear isle.

And I am in that isle at last,  
 Though friendless and alone—  
 Yet welcome—welcome midnight blast—  
 There's friendship in thy moan!  
 And welcome too, thou ruin'd hall,  
 Though liker now a tomb;  
 For they have left thee here to fall  
 In loneliness and gloom!

Thine empty casement shows not now  
 The taper's light afar—  
 The ivy-leaf upon thy brow  
 Reflects the glimmering star!  
 There's not a voice within thy wall  
 Nor footstep on thy floor—  
 'Tis lonely, sad, and silent all—  
 A living home no more!



Then, home, farewell! the hopes that led  
Thine exile o'er the wave,  
To hail thee ere his spirit fled,  
Have shown him to thy grave!  
Thou ruin'd pile, farewell to thee,  
That lowly thus art strewn!  
Left by thy spoilers but to be  
Thine own sepulchral stone!

My days of youth have glided by  
In regions far away,  
While time and storm blew wild and high  
Around my hall's decay.  
I knew not how 'twas mouldering fast  
Before the ocean wind;  
But ever still, as years flew past,  
With hope deceived my mind.

That hope is gone—I mourn it not—  
So false a meteor spark;  
It vanish'd on this lonely spot,  
And all around is dark!  
Yet, oh! hath Memory left no gleam  
Within my soul enshrined?  
The light of no departed dream  
To cheer my darkening mind?

Yes; it hath left one lurid light,  
Than yonder moon more pale,  
And colder than yon spark of night  
That looks upon the gale!  
'Tis that the dearest heart I e'er  
In fate or fortune found,  
In Death's dark home lies slumbering there  
Beneath yon mournful mound!

She would have walk'd my lonely path  
To exile far away,  
Or o'er the dark-green billow's wrath  
Have sail'd my foamy way;  
But Murder fired!—and there she fell!—  
Few words were on her breath;  
She had but time to sigh farewell,  
And sunk in silent death!

I care not now—'tis o'er!—'tis gone!—  
Like all we meet with here;  
And I am left to linger on  
Perhaps through many a year.  
But there's a land where summers shine—  
Where spirits never weep;  
And where with her whose heart was mine  
My own at length shall sleep!

ÆR.



## ANECDOTES OF RUSSIA.

The *relais* between Petersburg and Moscow are generally at thirty or thirty-five wersts from each other; the price for each horse on this road is seven, and on the Riga road, nine copper kopecs. If this is reasonable, the money given to the drivers is still more so, a paper ruble being considered handsome for thirty wersts. The horses are placed one abreast of the other, and are driven in that manner four-in-hand, the reins held separate in both hands; the whip is a mere ornament, as the voice is so well obeyed as to render it quite useless. Ancelot mentions that the drivers make set speeches to their respective horses in the following manner, sagely declaring that the horses understand the purport, which is more than Ancelot could have done himself:—"Il s'adresse à l'expérience du plus vieux, et lui démontre la nécessité de donner un bon exemple à ses compagnons; il gourmande la paresse de celui qui, resté plusieurs jours à l'écurie, doit expier cette honteuse inaction par une ardeur nouvelle; le plus grand a sans doute trop de cœur pour se laisser vaincre par des chevaux moins vigoureux que lui, et le plus jeune, heureux d'être associé à des coursiers recommandables par leurs bons services, doit, à force de zèle, se montrer digne de cette honorable association." To this pretty remonstrance, each horse, when addressed, wags his tail and nods his head, understanding the subject of course. The horses at the different post-houses are supplied by the peasants. The men in this employ are called Jamshies, and are always obliged to have cattle ready. It would be quite impossible to continue this avocation, and to gain by the small price paid for the distance; but the Jamshies have one or two great advantages: they are, in the first place, free from the capitation-tax; they are exempt from the military service; and they have one or two more doubtful privileges—such as being well bastinadoed by a soldier, if a traveller makes a serious complaint that he cannot procure horses. Almost every English traveller has misunderstood the bustle and confusion occasioned by the arrival of a traveller at a post-house. Chancellor, Clarke, Jones, Rae Wilson, and about a score more, have declared that the Jamshies are all anxious to have the honour of supplying horses; that not having any regular rules, they cast lots, toss up, or some way or other leave the decision to fortune; that the man who is thus destined by the fickle goddess is warmly congratulated by the surrounding envious mob; and that the traveller in one instant is again *en route*, starting amidst the cheers of the bearded mob. This is no trifling mistake. They do toss up who is to drive, and the poor unlucky fellow on whom the lot falls is ridiculed and abused, to his no small annoyance. A man may generally calculate on a delay of twenty minutes; I have been kept nearly an hour. In vain you inquire for the unlucky wight who is to get one whole tenpence for driving you thirty or forty wersts; he is no where to be found: you then produce your passport, and desire the attendance of one of the military; directly this course is taken, you will see the driver make his appearance, horses and all; the whole of the harness might be put on in two minutes, and, when once off, you will hardly ever have occasion to find fault with the pace, without you are a timid traveller. It sometimes, however, happens that the traveller and his Jamshie quarrel: the tra-



veller having been accustomed to see the peasants kicked *ad libitum*, begins, according to the national mode of the country to which he belongs, to express his dissatisfaction. A Frenchman will swear away in very indelicate terms; and an Englishman jumps out of his carriage, and takes the liberty of keeping his hands and feet warm, by employing them in softening the sheep-skin of the unfortunate driver. The instant you relinquish your victim, away he runs and conceals himself in the woods, and he will never be one worst from them, anywhere between Novogorod and Moscow. You are now fairly in the net; if you go on to the next *relai*, the Jamshie will go back to the one you have left, and having produced some blood from his nose, will bedaub his rags, and, entering the village, collect a plentiful mob, roaring out that the stranger had endeavoured to murder him, and that he is unable to move from weakness. A dispatch is sent for the traveller, who, when he arrives at the *relai*, is certainly detained until the driver can be produced—it being understood that the traveller is answerable for the driver, and the driver for the traveller. When it comes this far, the stranger is lucky if he has not a pretty fair sum to pay, and if he is not detained a day or two. If the Jamshie takes to his heels, the best plan is to turn back, and you will find your friend running after the carriage, he being rather afraid of your making the first complaint. The best of all plans is to hold the man on the box, and to keep yourself warm by the above exercise; the driver will then roar for mercy, and drive fast; but the traveller must be cautious to lodge his complaint before his Jamshie commences the conversation. The Russian peasants are peculiarly respectful to their superiors, and civil to their equals: when they speak to each other, they generally uncover their heads, and always bow when addressed by their superiors. They are in general tractable, and good-humoured, with a most blessed invention to remedy accidents. If a wheel is broken, “*nitchevau!*”—“it is nothing!”—is ejaculated, and instantly some plan will be adopted to remedy the evil. They are moderately gay when sober, and are supremely boisterous when drunk, which generally happens when an opportunity offers, or brandy can be procured. Chantreau, a most excellent traveller, mentions the dispositions of the Russians to “turn a tune.”—“*Les postillons chantent sans cesse d’une station à l’autre, les soldats chantent pendant le tems qu’ils sont en marche, les paysans chantent en travaillant, les cabarets retentissent de cantiques, et le soir on arrive au travers des chants de tous les villages voisins.*” I cannot say that I ever observed it to the extent of the above remark; but it appears that, between most blessed ignorance, drunkenness, and singing, the Russian peasant is not the most unhappy man on this earth.

After leaving Waldai, the *chaussée* commences, and continues in a direct line to Petersburg. The new road from Waldai to Moscow is in a forward state, but will not be finished for some years. We saw soldiers and peasants, by hundreds, at work in preparing this great work, which will, when completed, outrival any thing in Europe. The third morning, we arrived at Novogorod, and breakfasted in one of the worst inns on the road, and were glad to depart as quickly as possible. It looked like any thing else but a splendid city, and in many places seemed quite destitute of inhabitants; its grandeur had passed away, and a mournful silence reigns in its deserted streets; its sixty churches,



formerly filled with pious worshippers, are now without congregations; and Novogorod (as M. Ancelot remarks) seems placed between two powerful capitals as an imposing lesson of fortune.

The cathedral of St. Sophia, built in imitation of that of Constantinople, still attracts observation; it contains some very old, and some valuable paintings. The cradle of the Russian monarchs has lately been improved by some new buildings; the walls, however, of this former capital are in ruins; and future travellers may remark the wooden bridge, three hundred feet in length, the above-named cathedral, and the commencement of the Military Colonies: the rest is now devoid of interest.

We hailed our departure from Novogorod with pleasure, and progressed at a quick pace and comparative ease. Between Novogorod and Petersburg, the traveller will find most excellent inns at every other *relai*. These were built by the order of the Emperor, and all the rooms appropriated to the use of respectable travellers; but some Tom Fool who could make two bad verses, scrawled them upon the windows: they contained some ridiculous allusion to the Emperor, who has, in consequence, desired that the upper rooms may be kept only for him, or persons connected with the Court; and thus half the luxury of repose is lost, by the excessive absurdity of lampooning a Sovereign who in this respect had done a general good to all affected with a travelling mania.

On approaching Petersburg, the villages appeared to wear a better form and cleaner aspect; these are at a great distance from each other, and the ground between, with the exception of one or two acres of cultivation, a continuation of forests and dismal pines. It is impossible to imagine a more gloomy route than that between the two Russian capitals; there is scarcely one single inequality of ground in the whole distance, with the exception of the Russian Switzerland in the neighbourhood of Waldai. Woods, trees, forests, on both sides, far as the eye can reach; the same uninteresting straight road, distinctly marked in the distance by the separation of the woods. Even in the villages, there is nothing to strike the imagination, after having seen one; and the eternal delay occasioned by the change of horses, is not relieved by any sight worthy of the traveller. We once had the luck to change in a village where the riot and the merriment of a fair was in high force. The townspeople, imagining themselves free for a day, were dancing and singing. The boys and girls busily employed in endeavouring to break each other's necks by their strange see-saw, which, unlike ours, is always played standing, one, of course, at each end of the plank: one end is weighed down, and the urchin thereon, suddenly jumping up, lets his opponent, as the sailors say, "down by the run," he himself standing a fair chance of imitating a rocket; the great art consists in the one who has made the jump meeting the plank with bended knees, in such a manner as not to be thrown off. It occurred to me to be any thing else but an amusement. The sights in this village compensated us for the delay; but, on some occasions, I have walked eight wersts before the carriage overtook me.

From Ischora to the capital, the cultivation is more extended. The views of Pavlosky and Tzarso-Celo, two palaces and summer residences, contributing by their enchantment to enliven the scenery; for,



in the distance, we now saw the gilded spires and domes of St. Petersburg glittering in the morning sun, and hailed the granite pillars on which the number of wersts are marked, as a sure indication of a conclusion of our troubles. These only extend to Ischora; after which, the number of wersts to the next relay is marked on a black-white-and-red bedaubed post (the Emperor colour). We arrived at Petersburg, after a jolt of four days and three nights, and took up our quarters at Demuth's, leaving our ugly travelling companion, and disgusting conducteur, as dirty and as foul as people usually are after a cooped up voyage of the above time, unwashed, unshaven, and unchanged.

After the very able, and very excellent description of St. Petersburg by Dr. Granville, I feel, that in these anecdotes, the less I enter upon the subject the better: with the "*Guide à St. Petersburg*," par Monsieur St. George, and the same rendered into English, with embellishments and improvements, by Dr. Granville, the traveller will find all that is required for a traveller to know, previous to his seeing the Northern capital. But, although I admire the exact manner in which the buildings, the squares, churches, &c. have been described, yet I differ in many respects from the above author, and therefore feel myself obliged to give my own opinion on many of the subjects above-mentioned.

There is not the slightest deviation of ground throughout the whole of St. Petersburg on either bank of the magnificent Neva; and there is no city in which more elegant squares, streets, or churches can be found. The splendour of the buildings, the cleanliness of the streets, the order, the decorum of the people, will strike every stranger on his arrival; the regularity throughout marks the care and attention bestowed by the proper authorities, or by the Emperor himself.

The same remark respecting the inns at Moscow is applicable, in some respects, to the hotels of Petersburg; a certain portion of dirt, and a certain portion of that light-fingered disposition to employ the property of another, will be experienced, in spite of all remonstrance on one score, and almost Argus-like watching in the other. An inn derives half its comfort from the cleanly appearance of the servants, especially the females; but here long-bearded, dirty-looking men perform the duties of women elsewhere, and a delicate lady may fancy the inconvenience and annoyance of having her bed arrayed by a big, lubberly Russian: however, it is easy to be contented at St. Petersburg; luxuries may be procured, and as I am not very fastidious about what I eat or drink, I always found myself pretty comfortable, with the exception of the first night, when an attack was made upon my person by about a million of ugly-named insects, which left my skin with swelling over swelling, like the outside of an artichoke.

There is a certain magnificence in the Place d'Isaac which I consider unrivalled in any city of the world. I thought it impossible to surpass the Great Square in Mexico, when, on one very fine day, I saw about four thousand people fall upon their knees at the elevation of the Host, but I now give the preference to the square at St. Petersburg. The statue of Peter the Great—the new Church, with its tremendous porphyry columns—the Winter Palace—the long line of the English Quay, and the extent of the Hermitage, reaching to the Marble, or Taurida Palace—with the rush of the broad, clear Neva—with the mag-



nificent buildings on the other bank—of the Academy of Art, of Sciences, Corps des Mines, the Exchange, and, lastly, the principal object in the square itself, forming its centre, the Admiralty—Again, I say, I really believe this particular part unrivalled. The interior water-conveyance by means of canals, the handsome granite banks, &c. have been well described by Jones, whose account, in this particular respect, surpasses any other traveller's. There is a peculiar neatness in the construction of the numerous bridges across these canals, but the most elegant is the suspension-bridge near the Summer Gardens.

The Fortress of St. Petersburg is, as touching the name, not worth mentioning; if the Tower of London were placed on Primrose-hill, it would be about as serviceable, in the way of defence, as the above fortress; but within its walls is the church in which the bodies of the Czars are deposited. Here is the Mint, and here some most commodious retreats for disagreeable and refractory subjects. In my ramble over the Mint, I did not see any thing in particular to be remarked. On this occasion, I accompanied a naval officer in our service, whose daring courage enabled him to outlive that over-land expedition to meet Parry, and whose friendly manners and kind behaviour have justly procured him the friendship of every officer of his profession, and the admiration of his countrymen—I mean Sir John Franklin. The compliment paid by the officers of the Mint on this occasion, was done with that tact and that kindness which has often been experienced in Russia: they struck a medal upon the occasion, and delivered Sir John the first impression. Here, for the first time, I saw platina coin; for however much it may be spoken of in other parts of the world, I never saw one in circulation in Russia. The interior of the Mint did not meet my expectations. I have, in these anecdotes, frequently mentioned the order and cleanliness of all the public departments, in either schools, charities, or churches, but here I thought the whole concern badly managed, and wanting that general order, which in other public departments is so eminently conspicuous.

In the church in the Fortress, the Ridderholm\* of Russia, I saw the different coffins containing the remains of the Czars. The church is not very magnificent; neither are the coffins so splendid as I had anticipated. The party (for there were five or six of us) being desired to step behind the altar into the Holy Place, to examine some of the work of Peter the Great, a lady advanced to witness the ingenuity of that great man; she was, however, desired to remain before the altar, as no female was allowed to enter the Holy of Holies.

While on this side of the Neva, I visited the Exchange, at the hour when the most noise and the most business were in force: here were mixed all sorts and conditions of men—Jews, Turks, Christians—men of all nations, all religions—and from the long-bearded, hypocritical Russian, down to the figure of a man without his sex. These poor idiots, who are the principal money-changers, and are reputed as generally honest, notwithstanding the company they keep, are inveigled into this religious sect by the bribe of 10,000 rubles—a loan to the victim of mutilated manhood for five years, during which time no interest is

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\* The Church of the Ridderholm, in Stockholm, is the cemetery of the Swedish kings.



required; and it is estimated, that in the above five years, a sufficiency will be gained to keep the poor sufferer in a state of comparative affluence. Strange as it may appear, yet it is true, this sect gained so many proselytes, that the Emperor Alexander issued an ukase, forbidding the continuation of urging men to become victims of such inconsistent delusion. The more extraordinary part is yet to be told, and which I have not seen mentioned by any other traveller—the victims are generally taken from the married men with families! If this is not a convincing proof that the Mammon of unrighteousness is all-powerful—that for gold a man will do any thing, I know not what is: who can wonder at hired ruffians and murderers after this? I confess, until I became acquainted with these, I never could have imagined the conquering force of all-devouring gold. It is impossible to pass one of this religion without detecting him: the beard falls off, or only leaves a light, thin down; the eye becomes softened, and shows “no pulse that riots, or no blood which glows;” and a strange alteration, expressive of meekness and softness, plays over the whole countenance.

I have a mortal antipathy to describing either the outside or the inside of palaces, schools, churches, exchanges, or fortresses. Thus I shall excuse myself from wandering over the different apartments in the Hermitage; they are, as usual, all gold and gaudiness—enough to strike the eye, without giving a great idea of comfort; but it is in the Hermitage that the quiet retiring rooms of the Empress Catherine are yet, for a few rubles, to be seen; and here remain the very sofas and the amorous looking-glass. Those who visit these apartments will be satisfied that imagination cannot conceive rooms better built for intrigues than these; and if the quiet scandal of that capital surprises the ignorant in Russian history, the numerous families sprung from nothing, and raised to the rank of nobility, with palaces, lands, slaves, &c.—for *no public service*—will be quite sufficient to convince him, that Catherine had a few more favourites than are commonly spoken of, and a few more than would be prudent to mention publicly in the Russian metropolis.

In the palace in which Paul was strangled—some say by an officer's sash—models, plans of fortifications, and the education of the Corps des Cadets, usurp the once quiet retreat of that celebrated madman. It would be well for the Russian historian if he could conceal for ever the names of the perpetrators of this murder; it would be well if he could convince the world that the monarch was deprived of life by some low, or some insulted, or degraded officer. The murder of Mustapha by his brother, the present Sultan, has stigmatized the character of Mahmoud; and not even the splendid work of M'Farlane, or the beautiful colouring of “absolute necessity,” with the full sting of remorse, as he covered his face and said, “Let it be done, and quickly,” obliterates in the memory of Christians the horror of the act. How is it we know so little of the actual performers in the murder of Paul? The whole business was known to more than the actors. I am acquainted with a man who was requested, nay, urged to join in the conspiracy: his answer was—“What! murder one tyrant, to place, perhaps, a greater on the throne? No! I will associate myself with the rest, if the whole family are to be sacrificed, but otherwise I refuse.”—“Not your con-



sent?" said another. "No, no! you can do little harm by removing a madman, but I will not assist." The night the murder was committed, the servant of this officer informed his master that the Emperor had been dispatched. "What!" said the officer, "the Emperor killed? Ah! well, well! I suppose we shall have no parade to-morrow!" and turning round, fell asleep again. Amongst the discontented in Russia—and there are many thousands under that denomination—strange anecdotes are whispered as to the accomplices in the tragedy; and it was well for those more deeply implicated that the Empress-Mother, the wife of Paul, did not succeed to the throne: to the last moment of her life she retained a warm affection for her husband, and scarcely ever mentioned his name without shedding tears; but on the contrary, when Alexander ascended to power, some whose names were no doubt inaccurately mixed up in the affair, were retained in favour. If this is really true, it is rather a strange occurrence, to say the least.

In this palace are deposited models of all kinds, preserved with the greatest care, and kept in the best possible order. On one occasion, remarking a curiously-constructed machine, I asked for what purpose it was invented? "It is," said the inventor, "for undermining fortifications; it works either up or down, left or right;" and he advanced into another room. I not being quite satisfied, and having a vast deal of feminine curiosity, took the liberty to move the screw, to see how the machine acted; in one moment, off trotted two or three soldiers, who brought the inventor back, who walked me into the next room, most courteously engaging me in conversation upon other subjects. This watchful jealousy is the very height of absurdity; it was amusing enough to see the officers and men watching our eyes, and fixing theirs immediately upon the same object, as if, indeed, we had not the same articles, even for public sale, in this country.

The greatest object of attraction in St. Petersburg is the Neva, this broad clear river differs from any other in the whole world. In different capitals, through which a river runs, the waters are in general muddy and of a brownish colour; but the Neva is a clear broad blue river, its banks are ornamented with the finest buildings, and the bridges, if not elegant in appearance, have the charm of novelty as to length. But whatever I may be inclined to say of the apparent cleanliness of the water, I certainly shall not (like a late writer) recommend it to the traveller's use, except for washing or household employments; "After all, the best, the purest, the most grateful, the most healthy, the most delightful, and *really national* beverage of the inhabitants of St. Petersburg, is the water of the Neva. Oh, commend me to the water of that river for quenching thirst, pleasing the palate, and assisting digestion! Malvern must yield the palm to it, and so I take it must every other water in the world."\* Travellers see things in very different lights. I had, from personal observation, been led to believe that the lower orders of Russians were a set of most desperate drunkards, that morning, noon, and night, thousands of the lower orders were to be found staggering in all the ideal luxury of freedom, to the great employment of the police, and sometimes to the employment of the little knout; now, as I know that

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\* Granville, vol. ii. p. 425.



quass is the national beverage, and that the Neva water does not possess any particularly intoxicating qualities, I am inclined to believe that the lower order of Russians allow the Neva to flow on, without being diminished in quantity, as far as they are concerned ; and that quass is the fermented evil which occasions drunkenness, when the darling brandy is not to be procured. Travellers should only look at, and admire this clear broad stream, its effect upon the stranger renders him unfit for society, and every man who has any friends in the Russian metropolis is recommended carefully to abstain from its use. But the Neva, viewed from the quay by the Admiralty, the ships, boats, bustle, is a charming sight, and often have I remained on the bridge, by the statue of Peter the Great, for hours, admiring the beauty of the scene.

There are several magnificent streets in St. Petersburg, but the street most generally admired, and always mentioned, is the Newski Perspective ; it runs in a straight line from the Admiralty to the Convent of St. Alexander Newski, reckoned four wersts in length. This street, which is broad and handsome, is relieved by two bridges, which are built across the different canals, and which break the uniformity of the object where they are found. About the centre of the street is the church of our Lady of Casan, the great Russian cathedral, and at present the finest church in the empire ; farther on is the Gostenoi Dwor, or bazaar, near that the Emperor's private palace ; and it is in this street that five or six churches, built for the ceremonies of different religions, are to be found. There is a *trottoir* ; the centre part of the street is paved, and on each side it is Macadamized : here and there trees are planted, but they are not by any means regular. Comparatively speaking, the Newski Perspective is not to be mentioned with Regent-street, or the Linden at Berlin, although, in winter time, the Russian promenade has a vast advantage over all other capitals ; the police are more vigilant, the street is kept in the cleanest order, and the *trottoir* is sanded before seven o'clock in the morning. During the middle of the day it is crowded with loungers, the most part military men ; in the centre of the street thousands of droskas and carriages, with four horses, are to be seen, and the whole is a sight of much animation, splendour, and comfort. The two other Perspectives are seldom much frequented excepting by those who are inhabitants of the streets ; and, with the exception of the Newski Perspective, the town is excessively dull, from the apparent want of population.

There are various clubs in St. Petersburg, a very great comfort for the traveller, where he will find every thing reasonable and good, and every body kind and attentive. In the German club, on the English quay, a stranger may be admitted for a month, the gentleman recommending him becoming responsible for his behaviour and his debts. In the English club, on the Moskowa, strangers are only admitted by the day. From its name one would imagine that our countrymen predominated as to numbers, but the club has merely the name ; I do not believe they muster more than twelve Englishmen at the most, the rest being Russians. Of course, in a large capital like St. Petersburg, there is no want of plays, operas, &c. they have them of all sorts, a Russian, Italian, and German opera, French plays, rope-dancers, &c. but I was mostly surprised at seeing numbers of females walking bare-



headed during the evening, when the cold was excessive, and standing looking idly at the theatres with the thermometer at twenty degrees below zero. They seemed quite indifferent to the cold, although they were half covered with icicles.

During my previous visit to this capital, in August, I had the honour of being presented to the Empress-Mother; she then resided at Pavloski, a summer residence, about twenty-four wersts from the capital. I was desired to be in attendance at one o'clock p. m. and arrived about a quarter of an hour before the time. The Empress had just passed in her carriage, and I was desired to make myself at home in two or three rooms, the walls of which were adorned with well executed pictures: shortly after my arrival, about a dozen servants came trotting in with a repast, which the Lord Chamberlain had sent with the kindest possible intentions, concluding, of course, that, as an Englishman, if I had no newspaper, I must eat in my own defence. Unfortunately, the previous night I had been at a great carouse at the English club, and the continued application of their potent punch had rendered me much fitter for a bed than a breakfast, or the open air in preference to a close room, not one window of which could I open. In proper time I was led through about a dozen rooms, until I arrived in a large circular antichamber, and here my first presentation to the lords in waiting and gentlemen of the court took place, the folding-doors were thrown open, I was made to stand in an ideal circle drawn by the wand of the Chamberlain, and placed in such a manner that I could see the Empress, by means of the mirrors, approaching about four rooms off. She must have been a splendid woman; even then, at her advanced age, she was upright, had a keen eye, and a tolerable figure; she wore the ancient high-heeled shoes, which prevented her walking with that ease which the more commodious modern inventions allow of, but it gave, I thought, more dignity to the person. When she came to the edge of what I thought my boundary line, I advanced, and kissed her hand; she instantly began the conversation about the various parts of the world I had visited, paid handsome compliments to our nation, and finished by desiring me to attend her at dinner. This last I could have well dispensed with that day—my poor head was ready to split, from fever, head-ache, and other devilments, consequences of an overnight debauch.

I was consigned to the care of an under Chamberlain, whose rotundity of corporation convinced me that at dinner he would not molest me with his conversation, and I followed him to a long well-crowded room; here began a second annoyance, I was introduced to every princess with a hard name that could be imagined, and then faced about and brought in contact with admirals, generals, and all the great and mighty who are lucky enough to bask in the sunshine of court favour. I certainly was in very good company, as good company as could be found in Russia, unless I happened to visit Siberia, but I was in that state that I would willingly have exchanged it for privacy and retirement. Shortly after this the Empress entered, and passing from one to the other, as we formed a front, uttered some kind expression to all, took the arm of the Princess of Wirtemberg, and advanced to the feast. My little fat friend took me under his protection, and placed me opposite to a line of beautiful young maidens of honour, he himself



passing his napkin through the button-hole, and quite forgetting, in the anxiety of gluttony, that he covered those brilliant stars and medals, the just recompense for a long, arduous, glorious, and hard-earned exertion in the dining-room. As I foresaw, he left me to my own meditations, and I instantly began to meditate upon the scene before me. The women all sat on one side and the men on the other, a very barbarous, unmeaning, ungallant mode of accommodating friends: in one respect it has an advantage, which is, the having a very pretty object before your eyes; and I know no spur in life equal to having a very pleasant picture constantly in view. These maidens, as aforesaid, all wore the order of St. Catherine, which I hold to be a very useless, improper, and nonsensical ornament to be strung to a woman's breast, when it is evident it is not that which nature ever intended—these ornaments, justly bestowed for *gallant* actions, should not dangle on a woman's bosom because she happens to be a *maid of honour*. A young and very pretty maid, in answer to a question of mine, relative to the star, informed me that she was a Major-General—this was a piece of information which accounted at once for half the mistakes of the first Russian campaign, as I concluded that the commanding officers were generally old women. The repast was sumptuous, of course, every luxury of life seemed abundant, and wines of all kinds sparkled in the glass; but I should say the female part of the society were not half so well behaved as the men, I mean according to those little nice distinctions which mark the difference between well-bred and vulgar people, such, for instance, as eating, or conveying the food into one's mouth with a knife as broad as a shovel, or as sharp as a lancet; seizing a caraffe, and instead of allowing the limpid stream to run silently and elegantly into the glass, turning the mouth of the bottle suddenly over, and allowing the water to go any where but to its proper destination; cutting hunches of bread, &c.—but the most amusing part was the finale. We had drunk the health of poor Constantine, it being his birth-day, in solemn silence, being a great deal too knowing to wish him to have his own before the sledge roads were formed. When the Empress suddenly rose, I was instantly as upright as a hop-pole; but my fat friend, and some of the delicate maidens, made a regular seizure of the *bons-bons*, sweetmeats, &c. in which they were assisted by the servants, who did not exactly admire this purloining of what they considered their own. I never saw such a disgraceful scramble, female major-generals, lieutenant-colonels in petticoats, chamberlains with their useless embroidered keys, and all other ranks, actually pocketing the remnants; “eat fair but pocket none,” was unknown to these harpies, and it finished by our all jumbling out of the room, with a rush somewhat resembling that exhibited at the Lord Mayor's-feast some few months ago. I followed the stream into the audience-room, and took up a pleasant position near the window: the major-generals in silks and satins set their uniforms to rights, and endeavoured to smooth down the large bumps occasioned by the stolen goods; the Empress, in the mean time, was going her round, and speaking to every one in turn: she now put some questions to me, by no means pleasant if one was obliged to answer as one thinks. “What did I think of Russia?” There was a sweeping question; but it was modified into what I thought of the country? and which enabled me to rest my answer upon agriculture. I remarked the general flatness of



the country ; she desired I might be shown the grounds before Pavloski, and pointing to a sloop-rigged boat in the lake before the palace, mentioned how much the Grand-Duke Nicholas understood of ships, and concluded by observing, that she was convinced I should be gratified after I had visited the grounds. They certainly looked enchantingly arranged, the few hillocks in the neighbourhood have been made the most of, and I think Pavloski the best summer residence near Petersburg. The ceremony of talking being concluded, the Empress made a very dignified curtsey and retired ; and no sooner was she gone than I prepared to make my exit. The carriages were called, and some came without calling, but none for me ; the servants ran, bawled, to no possible purpose, and I began to think that some good-natured soul had mistaken his vehicle, and gone home in mine ; my suspicions fell upon the Chamberlain, but at that moment I espied my friend picking his steps through the mud, to save his silken hose, with a bundle of sweetmeats in both hands, his pockets sticking out behind, and his inflated belly equally prominent before ; away he went, gold stick and all, and thought no more of me than he did of his duty. At last I heard much laughter, and shortly up drove my carriage, with the coachman as drunk as an owl, and as independent as an Englishman ; he had been, no doubt, drinking some of Granville's national beverage, the Neva water : in I got, and away he started at full gallop, away he went in glorious unforgetfulness, away, away, nor stopped he until he ran against one of the Emperor's watch-boxes at Tzarso-celo, ejecting the quiet and slumbering guardian, upsetting the bedaubed retreat, and very nearly boxing a Charley in Russia. I was now treated with some elegancies of the Russian language, and having admired its softness and smoothness in Moscow, I now found out it was capable of expressing the feelings of the mind so well, that a stranger would not require a dictionary to make him understand the conversation : at last the guardian of the palace exhibited something very like a large stick, which I should have been gratified in the extreme had he endeavoured to break over the coachman's head ; but drunk and valiant as my man was, he was no fool, and started off, leaving the words of the enraged soldier gradually harmonizing down to pleasant sounds, until they "began and died upon the gentle wind." I fell asleep, but being suddenly roused by the carriage running over some hard substance about the size of a milestone, I found the horses going at a full gallop without the coachman. My Swedish servant had been properly regaled at Pavloski, and was as drunk as the coachman ; he had fallen asleep behind the carriage, and we might all three have been lodged in a ditch for the evening if there had been any by the side of the road. In Russia almost always the reins are made fast to the back of the dicky. I let down the front window and stopped our eager steeds ; the stoppage awoke the Swede, who found the coachman resting upon the pole, and supported by two of the horses. He and I both escaped a troublesome business, for had the coachman been killed, the police would have taken us under their protection for some weeks. I now, as the coachman was a complete adjective, not being able to stand by himself, placed the Swede by his side, kept my own eyes wide awake, and trotted with my inglorious equipage into the capital, amidst the glare of illuminations in honour of the day.



Illuminations in Russia are conducted on quite another plan to our own; it is a Government concern, and the police regulate the general unusual distribution of light, according to their own plans—they place rows of light upon the *trottoirs*, and a few miserable apologies for the same at the windows of the public apartments. Any great display at a private house would be construed into an improper motive, and for this reason, I suppose, not one single private house was illuminated on the anniversary of the birth-day of Constantine; there might have been some well-disposed Russians inclined to make a show, but the poor Poles, who reside in Petersburg, would certainly not have joined in any demonstrations of joy for such a miserable Grand-Duke.

One of the greatest annoyances to a traveller is the show he is obliged to make; if of the military profession, he is a nobleman, and it is reckoned improper for any of that proud class to be seen in a vehicle drawn only by two horses—it is absolutely necessary to have four; and I remember at Moscow being rebuked for going about “like a play-actor.” But for a single man, the most independent conveyance is a droska; and in the winter, a sledge with two horses is not only a quick, but a very elegant conveyance. The Russians are very neat in their equipages; the reins are plaited, strong, and serviceable; but the amazing length of the traces for the leaders makes an awkward appearance in the eyes of the foreigner; in point of fact, the leaders are of no possible use, except for show, and whenever the carriage is required to go any distance, the horses are placed four abreast. The dress of the coachman and the postilion is particularly neat, and the latter is generally not bigger than a large-sized monkey—my postilion was always obliged to receive some assistance in mounting. But it is wonderful how correctly these little urchins calculate the distance, and how well they drive. In a crowded street like the Newski Perspective, you can scarcely hear yourself speak for the continued shrill cry of “Paddy! Paddy!” (take care) of the postilions.

There are numerous promenades in the vicinity of Petersburg, and amongst these I shall mention the Kamini Osteoff. These gardens in summer, during the long evenings, are crowded; bands of music are stationed in different parts, and the police take care that no improper behaviour takes place. The walks are kept in the highest order, and the scenery is delightful; it is a very gay and animated sight, and undoubtedly the best lounge near the capital. The Summer Gardens, in the vicinity of the Taurida Palace, are scarcely worth mentioning; they are kept in clean and proper order, but the marble gods and goddesses would be none the worse for a good washing, or a new uniform of paint. It is in Mr. Ancelot’s work, I believe, that the allusion to the iron railings which encircle these gardens is made; he mentions the circumstance of two Englishmen who arrived at Petersburg, and landing near this place, were so struck by the magnificence of the ironwork, that they resolved to return to England without visiting the other parts of the capital, perfectly satisfied they had seen the finest thing in the whole world. This story is a story from beginning to end. In the first place, the landing-place from a sea-voyage is no where near the Summer Gardens; and, in the next place, the ironwork at Hyde Park-corner is one thousand times more magnificent; the fact is, the anecdote was invented by Ancelot, who has, upon every possible occasion,



or fancied opportunity, introduced some remarks prejudicial to the English; and, like the author of the "Hermit in Russia," endeavoured to plant false opinions in the bosoms of the Russians. Close to these gardens is the statue of Suwarof. It is not an equestrian statue, as mentioned by Rae Wilson, nor is it a very splendid performance, but the position is well chosen.

As Lord Byron, at the conclusion of "Childe Harold," returns to survey the ocean, so I return to the Neva; it has been the subject of many Russian poems, and I add the two following stanzas of Muravief, to show that there are some grateful people in Russia who record the praise of their national beverage, the Neva waters.

"Glide, majestic Neva, glide thee,  
Deck'd with bright and peaceful smiles;  
Palaces are raised beside thee,  
Midst the shadows of the isles.

"Stormy Russian seas thou bindest  
With the ocean—by the grave  
Of our glorious Tzar thou windest,  
Which thy grateful waters lave."\*

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#### LONDON LYRICS.

*The Thirtieth of April, or Mrs. S——'s Birthday.*

QUOTH April to May—

"In my Month falls the day  
That gave tuneful Sarah her birth;  
And you well know that I,  
Stealing tears from the sky,  
Bedew, ever weeping, the earth.

"From my shower-dropping throne  
I call her my own—  
Begone idle Laughter and Glee!  
Baptized in my tears,  
Her forthcoming years  
Must be sacred to Sorrow and me."

"Vain boaster," quoth May,  
"'Twas your very last day  
That you gave the fair dame to the world.  
On the verge of your land,  
She disdains your command—  
See her flag of defiance unfurl'd.

"Your Month, never vex'd,  
She abjures for the next—  
Away! your dull empire is o'er!  
In her presence we find  
April tears lag behind,  
And May, laughing May, dance before."

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\* Bowring's Russian Anthology.



## SYDENHAM.\*

A good novel is the recreation of the student, the study of the idle, the solace of the sick. Perhaps no other offspring of the human mind has yielded so large a share of pleasure as that which has been derived from either "Don Quixote," "Gil Blas," or "Tom Jones;" and we commiserate the man to whom these delightful books are not sources of enjoyment. That novels exercise a powerful influence on manners and morals, cannot be doubted, and that this influence is, for the most part, salutary, appears equally evident. There are frequently foibles in manners which, if not checked, are productive of vices; these are seldom conveniently accessible by direct modes of censure, and are most effectually reached by ridicule, administered through the medium of a well-written fiction, which is likely to find its way into every house in the kingdom. To say the least of them, novels are in general an innocent amusement, often a morally useful one.

The work before us is one of the most powerful of its class: it bears intrinsic evidence of a new writer. We cannot bestow higher praise on the book than by saying, that although utterly deficient in a main story, and unusually barren in incident, the interest of the reader is not suffered to flag at any part of the three sizeable volumes. This is attributable to the execution, the dramatic effect of the scenes, and the well-delineated portraiture of the characters. Having expressed such an opinion of "Sydenham," we think it but fair to the public, the author, and ourselves, to corroborate it by giving a specimen or two of the different merits which we have ascribed to the work. Of the plot we can give no account, for, as we have said, there is none. The book is made up of a series of adventures illustrative of human nature, and manners in fashionable, provincial, and political life. The hero, Sydenham, who tells his own story, is a young man of rank and fortune, who has formed a mean opinion of human nature, and delights in observing it under every variety of situation and circumstance. The following passage describes his state of mind upon this subject:—

"It may possibly appear inconsistent that I should have maintained constant intercourse with a world to which I was bound by no link either of interest or affection; but, indeed, the pleasure which I derived from contemplating men and their affairs, was similar to that with which the spectator regards a dramatic representation, when he is acquainted with the characters, the motives of their actions, and the tendency of the incidents. To me, indeed, the world has been,

— 'A stage,  
And all the men and women merely players.'

My perceptions unobscured by the influences, and my senses undisturbed by the excitements, which govern those who are engaged in the scene, I marked the causes of the different movements which were exhibited, and seldom failed to discover the ruling passions, and the objects of the individuals who passed under my review. To a person so well acquainted with mankind, the contemplation of it was peculiarly interesting, taking a distinction between a propensity to the study, and an attachment to the subject, which are seldom united. Applicable to this case, is the contrary of the story of the Grecian artist, who was captivated by the charms of the Campaspe, which he meant only to pourtray; for when we superficially view human nature we feel an incipient repugnance, but when we come to examine her mean and deformed features, complete disgust is the necessary consequence."

The hero's father and mother are well drawn; the conversation in the Third Chapter between Sir Matthew and his son, is a perfect developement of the former. Sydenham is called home from the Continent by the sudden death of the old gentleman. He thus describes the state in which he found the widow.

"I of course found Lady Sydenham in mourning and in tears: she informed me that I had lost the best of fathers, and that she had been deprived of the kindest

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\* Sydenham, or Memoirs of a Man of the World. 3 vols. 8vo.



of husbands. My respected surviving parent proceeded sorrowfully to congratulate me on my accession to the title and estate, and hoped that I approved of my father's will, a composition of which she expressed the highest admiration. Lady Sydenham then particularly described the funeral, and farther apprized me, that anticipating my wishes, she had ordered a monument to be prepared, which was to be adorned with an urn, a willow-tree, and herself, bending in an attitude of grief, and for which she requested that I would write an epitaph couched in elegant language.

"My excellent mother next detailed to me her future plans, of which I entirely approved, and assured her of my desire to meet her views upon every subject. She thereupon launched into a eulogy upon good sons, and afterward panegyricized herself for the resignation to Providence which she had displayed upon the trial with which it had been pleased to afflict her. She concluded by strongly recommending religion as a universal specific for all cases of mental affection, since religion alone had afforded her consolation, and enabled her to be, in some measure, collected under her present grievous calamity."

The portrait of Brummel, the "arch-dandy," is excellent; and all the scenes in which he is engaged are managed with skill and tact.

The Metcalfe family is well described. The Oliphants are likewise drawn with a masterly hand, but less fully developed. The character of Lady Oliphant is thus described:—

"At the period of my introduction to her, Lady Oliphant was in her twenty-eighth year, and one of the most fascinating women I ever knew. Time, nature, and art seemed to have united their efforts, and to have just then completed the most alluring female creature that ever caused man to stray. She was a beauty of the Sultana kind; her person was rather below the middle stature, and most voluptuously rounded. Her face was oval, and as fair as possible; her hair was of a soft brown, or, as I should rather say, were I poetical, of a twilight colour; her eyes were large, dark, and luxurious; her other features were in like manner faultless, except, perhaps, her mouth, which to a hypercritic might have seemed to extend something beyond the limits of perfect beauty. As to Lady Oliphant's mental and moral qualities, they likewise deserve particular notice. She was neither highly-gifted nor well-informed, but was artful; and with a smattering of general knowledge, was well versed in those works whose study is (if I may use the expression) an intellectual sensuality, which nourishing the passions, depraves both the taste and the heart. Rousseau and authors of his calibre she read and extolled with rapture, but coldly admired Shakspeare and Milton. She substituted sentiment for virtue; and could pardon the errors of devoted hearts, when her imagination was captivated and her interest excited by the elegant distress and circumstance of romance in which they were involved. She entertained false and impossible ideas of virtue; and failing to realize her chimeras, rejected with disdain the rational and practicable means of moral happiness. Applicable to her is a remark in the profound work of Bishop Butler:—'Going over the theory of virtue in one's thoughts, talking well, and drawing fine pictures of it; this is so far from necessarily or certainly conducing to form a habit of it in him who thus employs himself, that it may harden the mind in a contrary course, and render it gradually more insensible; *i. e.* form a habit of insensibility to all moral obligations.'

"Lady Oliphant was therefore the most ambitious of her sex; her ambition was not merely to appear interesting and engaging, but to be venerated and adored as the idol of beauty and love. She came into the world at least three centuries too late; she should have flourished in that age of generous and magnificent barbarity, when *l'hommage aux dames* was the prevailing principle. Then would she have reigned the venerated mistress of some brave and devoted knight-errant, whose business it would have been to proclaim her beauty in the cross-roads, and to compel all passengers to acknowledge her supremacy. Then would she, after the tournament celebrated in honour of her charms, have bent from her throne, and bestowed with an approving smile, which would have made him forget the agony of his wounds, the crown of victory upon her fainting knight, after he had vanquished the flower of chivalry, and left one or two of the presumptuous pretenders to her love defunct in the arena!"

In the first volume, the scene of which is laid in the fashionable world, there is a description of an exclusive *coterie*, which differs essentially from the ordinary idea of "exclusives."



“There was, at this period, in London society, an epicycle, to which the ordinary recommendations of vulgar fashion (if I may use so apparently paradoxical a phrase) were no passport. It resided in the very empyrean of *ton*, and was looked up to as the seventh heaven by those who aspired to fashionable eminence. Little was known about the interior of this circle, for, Saturn-like, it was sequestered from the other spheres, with which it had no communication; it admitted none but the elect, and when a favoured spirit sometimes (but rarely) soared up to it from the lower element, he seldom returned to his former haunts. Many contradictory descriptions of this celebrated coterie were given by the several persons who professed to have the best information upon the subject; but the most accredited, general account was, that frivolities and fopperies found no sympathy there, but were banished from it, as from a sphere where a more refined tone of manners and conversation obtained. One fact, however, was notorious, that the members of the coterie were not numerous, and many of their names were known.”

We must introduce our readers to Mr. Paulet, the Brummel of this coterie, which is designated as “Mrs. Majendie’s set.”

“I should have remarked the handsome face and figure of the gentleman who was thus ushered into the room, had not my attention been occupied by his demeanour and address, which seemed to me to be characterized by a superiority of a peculiar description. This peculiarity did not consist in any striking traits; and though calculated to impress all with respect, could be appreciated only by an observer of more than ordinary judgment. I will not attempt to delineate any points of originality which I may have observed in his manner, lest I should fail to convey to the reader the *tout ensemble* with which I was struck when contemplating Mr. Paulet, or should mar the idea of him by an inappropriate use of some of those phrases which are employed to designate the common run of persons with *distingué* miens, who are celebrated in novels. He really so far excelled all the specimens of elegance and *ton* with which I was acquainted, that for a moment I felt mortified at the vulgarity and meanness of the conceptions which I had formed of a consummate gentleman. Something of foppery had always mingled with my idea of a perfect man of fashion; but I was convinced of my error when I became acquainted with Mr. Paulet, to whom that quality was utterly foreign. The obtrusive self-confidence and vanity of the coxcomb seemed unknown to this celestial gentleman; yet I could perceive in his air a calm consciousness of propriety, and a sense of equality, at least, with all who moved in the society which he frequented. The refined humanity of manner, the easy gracefulness of movement, which, when seen in other men, are evidently achieved by elaborate study, and preserved by vigilant care, appeared in Mr. Paulet to be the actions of his nature, which would be violated by a different behaviour.

“Mr. Paulet’s age might have been esteemed from thirty to thirty-five years. His countenance was marked neither by thought nor care, nor any of the human passions, but wore an expression of composure. Its serenity, however, did not indicate indifference, but a tranquillity of mind, which partook more of the serious than the lively cast.”

The author’s object is to contrast real refinement with fashion, which he accomplishes with effect. Mrs. Majendie’s set is a little independent state, in which the authority of Beaumont is unknown. At this time the empire of fashion is torn by the feuds of two rival candidates for supreme power, the Countess of Cathullin and Lady Edward Hammond. The former a peeress in her own right, of ancient family, vindicates the authority of the old school, in opposition to the new sect of exquisites, of which Beaumont is supposed to be the founder, and of which Lady Edward, “the low-born wife of the younger son of a modern Marquis,” puts herself forward as the representative. The rival queens accordingly give battle to each other by issuing cards for the same night. The “state of parties” is described with the solemnity of history, and is a piece of most amusing irony. The king of the dandies, however, finds himself placed in a perplexing situation. Desirous of conciliating the Cathullin party, yet precluded from discountenancing the Hammond faction, which comprises his peculiar people and most devoted disciples, his policy is to balance the contending powers by Mrs. Majendie’s set. Accordingly, on the eventful day which is to decide the claims of the rivals, he attends a meeting of the exclusives at Mrs. Majendie’s house, to



which, with much difficulty, he had procured an invitation. Never dreaming that that impudence by force of which he had been raised so high, could fail of success; or, as our author expresses it, "that there existed in society an element in which he could not flourish," he confidently makes his appearance in the coterie, but his airs and *finery* make no other impression but disgust; and after enduring bitter mortification, he is obliged to retreat. The scene of his discomfiture is powerfully wrought. Next day Sydenham visits the defeated beau.

"Not Demosthenes, 'when, after his speeches had been ill received, he went home with his head covered, and in the greatest distress;'—not that monarch who was miserably worsted in the engagement, to celebrate his anticipated victory in which, he had brought, in his baggage-train, a vast quantity of bards;—not Charles the First, when he returned home from the House of Parliament, 'deserted by all the world, and' overwhelmed with grief, shame, and remorse for the fatal measure into which he had been hurried;—none of these unfortunate persons experienced a pang more acute than that which affected Beaumont upon this trying occasion. When I entered the apartment in which he was sitting, I had my face disciplined into such an expression of sympathizing sadness, as it is usual to assume upon visiting a friend who is newly suffering under a severe calamity.

"My fallen friend and *ci-devant* patron was reclining in an arm-chair, his eyes fixed with a meditative gaze upon the hearth-rug. He looked stale and seedy, as if he had neither washed nor shaved for the last twenty-four hours. I suppose he had not the heart to wash or shave. His hair was in confusion, and his whiskers were untrimmed. He still wore his evening dress, except the cravat, which was removed; the coat, which was supplied by a gown, and the pumps, which had given place to slippers. It was a lamentable sight, the unwashed, unshaved, uncombed, undressed Beaumont! It was the most striking symptom of the anarchy into which his mind was thrown, that even the toilet itself was forgotten!"

There is a *petite morale* in making foppery and affectation wither and shrink into insignificance before real refinement and high breeding; and we are inclined to think that the author of "Sydenham" is entitled to a higher praise than any merit of execution can claim; viz. to that of originality of design; inasmuch as he has opened a new chapter in the soiled and tattered book of manners, and has endeavoured to expose, deride, and discountenance the luxury, affectation, and vanity, which it is the express design of fashionable novels to magnify and applaud. This is the only writer, as far as we are aware, who has represented the highest and purest form of social intercourse—a form, independent of fashion, "which," we quote his own words, "is as variable as the wind," and founded on innate gentility, which is as eternal and immutable as

— "The sun  
In the grey vault of Heaven."

We have been so much engrossed by the first volume, that we have, comparatively, little space for the remainder of the work. The second exhibits all the humours of provincial society, and yields not to any part of the work in truth of portraiture, although highly coloured with satire. The dinner at Mr. Fanshawe Littleton's is good; we can vouch for the accuracy of the picture from personal experience; it hits off to a nicety the characters who are found at watering-places, and their ideas of fashion. For example:—

"'O, I know it's considered in town the vulgarest thing in the world to laugh,' said Miss O'Loghlin. 'Don't you remember, mamma, when Robert Bisset—(a cousin of our's, who is in the Guards,)—came to Bath last winter, and we went to the play, he made us promise that we wouldn't laugh, for if we did, he wouldn't sit in the box with us; and don't you remember how we all tortured ourselves to avoid laughing, for the play was so droll; and how he lounged there, yawning, and never once looking towards the stage; and asking us when we came home, what the play was? Now, Robert was, we all know, one of the most fashionable young men in town—quite one of Mr. Beaumont's set; I dare say you know him, Sir Matthew—Mr. Bisset, of the — Guards?'"



The toad-eaters of Lady Sydenham are drawn to the life, and nothing can be more pleasant than the tea-party of the "worshipful company of quizzes." We must extract one little bit:—

" 'Why then,' resumed the secret-bearing lady, 'a very sensible man, who has read a great deal, and has a great quantity of knowledge,—a very clever man indeed, and a particular friend of mine,—told me in confidence, that the world was grown to such a pitch of wickedness, that it could not last much longer,—AND——' she paused with a most profound and mysterious expression of countenance.

" 'And—what?' was the eager query.

" 'And—that, according to his calculation, *it could not last more than eleven years and a little more than half longer!*'

" 'Dear, how awful!' exclaimed the younger M'Shrill.

" 'I hope I shall be dead and buried in my grave, before that dreadful time!' piously ejaculated my mother.

" 'Only eleven years and a half!' cried Mrs. Badcock. 'If one could have known—it was only the other day that I bought a lease of my house for twenty-one!'"

We were much interested and pleased by our sojourn at the cottage of the poet, and were almost loth to leave that peaceable and romantic scene, and the society of Auriol, for the bustle of a county election, with which the latter part of the second volume is occupied.

The third volume is almost exclusively political, but the rapidity of the narrative, the colouring of the characters, and the vigour with which the scenes are stamped, keep the reader's mind interested and amused.

There are many delineations of character in these volumes, such as could be made only by a man of genius. For example, Lady Sydenham, upon hearing that her son has been involved in a crim. con. writes him a long, religious, silly letter of reprobation, ending with this postscript, "The damages will, I dare say, be immense; *what money thrown away!*" Again, speaking of an ambitious, envious man, who had bestowed faint praise on a young *debutant* of high promise in the House of Commons, "He would have praised you *more* had you not done *so well*;" and of the same character he says, "He would have been an amiable man, had he been much greater or much less than he was." Scattered up and down the work are numerous striking observations on human nature and manners. The following are specimens:—

" 'During my stay at Hastings, I had seen much of the other sex; nor did the experience which I had acquired induce me to pursue my inquiries into female character. To say the truth, I do not think that this branch of human nature is by any means a complicated one. As ambition may be considered the chief passion of man, though in a much larger and more general proportion, is its contemptible corruption, vanity, the governing principle of woman. Its operations are so palpable in them, as to render unnecessary those fine and difficult analyses which are frequently necessary to trace the actions of men, through various processes and modifications, up to the simple motive. That the constitution of many girls contain originally the germs of those gentle and virtuous affections which are proper to their sex, I am willing to admit; but they are early rooted out to make room for exotics, and are choked by the growth of those noxious plants. Pride is substituted for love, dissimulation for sincerity, and vanity, the only weed which is indigenous to the soil, is trained and watered until it arrives at maturity, and becomes the prolific parent of many vices. The prevailing system of education violently turns nature from its course, and has separated by an impassable barrier the original from the artificial character of the sex.'"

" 'Certainly,' observed I, 'in passing through this world, every one must look to himself and hold his own, otherwise he will soon get knocked down and trampled upon; but I do not think he should presume that every person whom he meets has an intention to insult him; nor quarrel with a man for taking the wall, when he declared that he designed no offence to him by an act which was inadvertent.'"

" 'Friends are usually very true when nothing is required of them beyond friendship; but when in urgent or adverse circumstances you rely on them, they bend and totter, and ill brook supporting you.'"



The principal fault of this work is, that it is so crowded with characters they have scarcely room to develope themselves. Lady Skeffington, in the third volume, is sketched with great spirit, but she might have been made much more of. There is, in fact, sufficient *materiel* in this book for three or four novels. The satire is sometimes too redundant, and the author too often brings his great guns to bear upon trifling subjects. We trust, also, if he should write again, that he will present us with a more amiable view of human nature than is exhibited in the memoirs of this "Man of the World."

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MUSIC IN A ROOM OF SICKNESS. BY FELICIA HEMANS.

"MUSIC ! why thy power employ  
 Only for the sons of Joy ?  
 Only for the smiling guests  
 At natal, or at nuptial feasts ?  
 Rather thy lenient numbers pour  
 On those whom secret griefs devour ;  
 And with some softly-whisper'd air  
 Smooth the brow of dumb Despair !" — WARTON.

BRING music ! stir the brooding air  
 With an ethereal breath !  
 Bring sounds my struggling soul to bear  
 Up from the couch of death !  
 A voice, a flute, a dreamy lay,  
 Such as the southern breeze  
 Might waft, at golden fall of day,  
 O'er blue transparent seas !  
 Oh no ! Not such ! that lingering spell  
 Would bind me back to life,  
 When my wean'd heart hath said farewell,  
 And pass'd the gates of strife.  
 Let not a sigh of human love  
 Blend with the song its tone !  
 Let no disturbing echo move  
 One that must die alone !  
 But pour a solemn-breathing strain  
 Fill'd with the soul of prayer ;  
 Let a life's conflict, fear, and pain,  
 And trembling hope be there !  
 Deeper, yet deeper ! in my thought  
 Lies more prevailing sound,  
 A harmony intensely fraught  
 With pleading more profound :  
 A passion unto music given,  
 A sweet, yet piercing cry :  
 A breaking heart's appeal to Heaven,  
 A bright Faith's victory !  
 Deeper ! Oh ! may no richer power  
 Be in those notes enshrined !  
 Can all which crowds on Earth's last hour  
 No fuller language find ?  
 Away ! and hush the feeble song,  
 And let the chord be still'd !  
 Far in another land ere long  
 My dream shall be fulfill'd.



In vain my soul its life would pour  
 On the faint music here ;  
 The voices of the spirit-shore  
 Even now are in mine ear.

## DE LINDSAY, A TALE.

“Man walketh in a vain shadow ; and disquieteth himself in vain !”

THERE is one feeling which is the earliest-born with us—which accompanies us throughout life, in the gradations of friendship, love, and parental attachment—and of which there is scarcely one amongst us who can say, “It has been realized according to my desire.” This feeling is the wish to be loved—loved to the amount of the height and the fervour of the sentiments we imagine that we ourselves are capable of embodying into one passion. Thus, who that hath nicely weighed his own heart will not confess that he has never been fully satisfied with the love rendered to him, whether by the friend of his boyhood, the mistress of his youth, or the children of his age. Yet even while we reproach the languor and weakness of the affection bestowed on us, we are reproached in *our* turn with the same charge ; and it would seem as if we all—all and each—possessed within us certain immortal and spiritual tendencies to love which nothing human and earth-born can wholly excite ; they are instincts which make us feel a power never to be exercised, and a loss doomed to be irremediable.

The simple, but singular story which I am about to narrate is of a man in whom this craving after a love—beyond the ordinary loves of earth, was so powerful and restless a passion, that it became in him the source of all the errors and the vices that have usually their origin in the grossness of libertinism ; led his mind through the excesses of dissipation to the hardness of depravity—and when at length it arrived at the fruition of dreams so wearying and so anxious—when with that fruition, virtue long stifled by disappointment, seemed slowly, but triumphantly to awake—betrayed him only into a punishment he had almost ceased to deserve, and hurried him into an untimely grave, at the very moment when life became dear to himself, and appeared to promise atonement and value to others.

Rupert de Lindsay was an orphan of ancient family and extensive possessions. With a person that could advance but a slight pretension to beauty, but with an eager desire to please, and a taste the most delicate and refined, he very early learnt the art to compensate by the graces of manner, for the deficiencies of form ; and before he had reached an age when other men are noted only for their horses or their follies, Rupert de Lindsay was distinguished no less for the brilliancy of his *ton* and the number of his conquests, than for his acquirements in literature, and his honours in the Senate. But while every one favoured him with envy, he was, at heart, a restless and disappointed man.

Among all the delusions of the senses, among all the triumphs of vanity, his ruling passion, to be really, purely, and deeply loved, had never been satisfied. And while this leading and master-desire pined at repeated disappointments, all other gratifications seemed rather to mock than to console him. The exquisite tale of Alcibiades, in Mar-



montel, was applicable to him. He was loved for his adventitious qualifications, not for himself. One loved his fashion, a second his fortune; a third, he discovered, had only listened to him out of pique at another; and a fourth accepted him as her lover because she wished to decoy him from her friend. These adventures, and these discoveries brought him disgust; they brought him, also, knowledge of the world; and nothing hardens the heart more than that knowledge of the world which is founded on a knowledge of its vices,—made bitter by disappointment, and misanthropical by deceit.

I saw him just before he left England, and his mind then was sore and feverish. I saw him on his return, after an absence of five years in the various Courts of Europe, and his mind was callous and even. He had then reduced the art of governing his own passions, and influencing the passions of others, to a system: and had reached the second stage of experience, when the deceived becomes the deceiver. He added to his former indignation at the vices of human nature, scorn for its weakness. Still many good, though irregular impulses, lingered about his heart. Still the appeal, which to a principle would have been useless, was triumphant when made to an affection. And though selfishness constituted the system of his life, there were yet many hours when the system was forgotten, and he would have sacrificed himself at the voice of a single emotion. Few men of ability, who neither marry nor desire to marry, live much among the frivolities of the world after the age of twenty-eight. And De Lindsay, now waxing near to his thirtieth year, avoided the society he had once courted, and lived solely to satisfy his pleasures and indulge his indolence. Women made his only pursuit, and his sole ambition: And now, at length, arrived the time when, in the prosecution of an intrigue, he was to become susceptible of a passion; and the long and unquenched wish of his heart was to be matured into completion.

In a small village not far from London, there dwelt a family of the name of Warner; the father, piously termed Ebenezer Ephraim, was a merchant, a bigot, and a saint; the brother, simply and laicallly christened James, was a rake, a boxer, and a good fellow. But *she*, the daughter, who claimed the chaste and sweet name of Mary, simple and modest, beautiful in feature and in heart, of a temper rather tender than gay, saddened by the gloom which hung for ever upon the home of her childhood, but softened by early habits of charity and benevolence, unacquainted with all sin even in thought, loving all things from the gentleness of her nature, finding pleasure in the green earth, and drinking innocence from the pure air, moved in her grace and holiness amid the rugged kindred, and the stern tribe among whom she had been reared, like Faith sanctified by redeeming love, and passing over the thorns of earth on its pilgrimage to Heaven.

In the adjustment of an ordinary amour with the wife of an officer in the ——— regiment, then absent in Ireland, but who left his *gude-woman* to wear the willow in the village of T——, Rupert saw, admired, and coveted the fair form I have so faintly described. Chance favoured his hopes. He entered one day the cottage of a poor man, whom, in the inconsistent charity natural to him, he visited and relieved. He found Miss Warner employed in the same office; he neglected not his opportunity; he addressed her; he accompanied her to the door of her



home ; he tried every art to please a young and unawakened heart, and he succeeded. Unfortunately for Mary, she had no one among her relations calculated to guide her conduct, and to win her confidence. Her father, absorbed either in the occupations of his trade or the visions of his creed, of a manner whose repellent austerity belied the real warmth of his affections, supplied but imperfectly the place of an anxious and tender mother ; nor was this loss repaired by the habits still coarser, the mind still less soft, and the soul still less susceptible of the fraternal rake, boxer, and good fellow.

And thus was thrown back upon that gentle and feminine heart all the warmth of its earliest and best affections. Her nature was love ; and though in all things she had found wherewithal to call forth the tenderness which she could not restrain, there was a vast treasure as yet undiscovered, and a depth beneath that calm and unruffled bosom, whose slumber had as yet never been broken by a breath. It will not therefore be a matter of surprise that De Lindsay, who availed himself of every opportunity—De Lindsay, fascinating in manner, and consummate in experience, soon possessed a dangerous sway over a heart too innocent for suspicion, and which, for the first time, felt the luxury of being loved. In every walk, and her walks hitherto had always been alone, Rupert was sure to join her ; and there was a supplication in his tone, and a respect in his manner, which she felt but little tempted to chill and reject. She had not much of what is termed dignity ; and even though she at first had some confused idea of the impropriety of his company, which the peculiar nature of her education prevented her wholly perceiving, yet she could think of no method to check an address so humble and diffident, and to resist the voice which only spoke to her in music. It is needless to trace the progress by which affection is seduced. She soon awakened to the full knowledge of the recesses of her own heart, and Rupert, for the first time, felt the certainty of being loved as he desired. “Never,” said he, “will I betray that affection ; she has trusted in me, and she shall not be deceived ; she is innocent and happy, I will never teach her misery and guilt !” Thus her innocence reflected even upon him, and purified his heart while it made the atmosphere of her own. So passed weeks, until Rupert was summoned by urgent business to his estate. He spoke to her of his departure, and he drank deep delight from the quivering lip and the tearful eye with which his words were received. He pressed her to his heart, and her unconsciousness of guilt was her protection from it. Amid all his sins, and there were many, let this one act of forbearance be remembered.

Day after day went on its march to eternity, and every morning came the same gentle tap at the post-office window, and the same low tone of inquiry was heard ; and every morning the same light step returned gaily homewards, and the same soft eye sparkled at the lines which the heart so faithfully recorded. I said every morning, but there was one in each week which brought no letter—and on Monday Mary’s step was listless, and her spirit dejected—on that day she felt as if there was nothing to live for.

She did not strive to struggle with her love. She read over every word of the few books he had left her, and she walked every day over the same ground which had seemed fairy-land when with him ; and



she always passed by the house where he had lodged, that she might look up to the window where he was wont to sit. Rupert found that landed property, where farmers are not left to settle their own leases, and stewards to provide for their little families, is not altogether a sine-cure. He had lived abroad like a prince, and his estate had not been the better for his absence. He inquired into the exact profits of his property; renewed old leases on new terms; discharged his bailiff; shut up the roads in his park, which had seemed to all the neighbourhood a more desirable way than the turnpike conveniences; let off ten poachers, and warned off ten gentlemen; and, as the natural and obvious consequences of these acts of economy and inspection, he became the most unpopular man in the county.

One day, Rupert had been surveying some timber intended for the *axe*; the weather was truly English, and changed suddenly from heat into rain. A change of clothes was quite out of Rupert's ordinary habits, and a fever of severe nature, which ended in delirium, was the result. For some weeks he was at the verge of the grave. The Devil and the doctor do not always agree, for the moral saith that there is no friendship among the wicked. In this case, the doctor was ultimately victorious, and his patient recovered. "Give me the fresh air," said Rupert, directly he was able to resume his power of commanding, "and bring me whatever letters came during my illness." From the pile of spoilt paper from fashionable friends, country cousins, county magistrates, and tradesmen who take the liberty to remind you of the trifle which has escaped your recollection,—from this olio of precious conceits Rupert drew a letter from the Irish officer's lady, who, it will be remembered, first allured Rupert to Mary's village, acquainting him that she had been reported by some d——d good-natured friend to her husband, immediately upon his return from Ireland. Unhappily, the man loved his wife, valued his honour, and was of that unfashionable temperament which never forgives an injury. He had sent his Achates twice during Rupert's illness to De Lindsay Castle, and was so enraged at the idea of his injurer's departing this life by any other means than his bullet, that he was supposed in consequence to be a little touched in the head. He was observed to walk by himself, sometimes bursting into tears, sometimes muttering deep oaths of vengeance; he shunned all society, and sate for hours gazing vacantly on a pistol placed before him. All these agreeable circumstances did the unhappy fair one (who picked up her information second-hand, for she was an alien from the conjugal bed and board) detail to Rupert with very considerable pathos.

"Now then for Mary's letters," said the invalid; "no red-hot Irishman there, I trust;" and Rupert took up a large heap, which he had selected from the rest as a child picks the plums out of his pudding by way of a regale at the last. At the perusal of the first three or four letters he smiled with pleasure; presently his lips grew more compressed, and a dark cloud settled on his brow. He took up another—he read a few lines—started from his sofa. "What ho, there!—my carriage-and-four directly!—lose not a moment!—Do you hear me?—Too ill, do you say!—never so well in my life!—Not another word, or——My carriage, I say, instantly!—Put in my swiftest horses! I must be at T——to-night before five o'clock!" and the order was obeyed.

To return to Mary. The letters which had blest her through the



livelong days suddenly ceased. What could be the reason?—was he faithless—forgetful—ill? Alas! whatever might be the cause, it was almost equally ominous to her. “Are you sure there are none?” she said, every morning, when she inquired at the office, from which she once used to depart so gaily; and the tone of that voice was so mournful, that the gruff postman paused to look again, before he shut the lattice and extinguished the last hope. Her appetite and colour daily decreased; shut up in her humble and fireless chamber, she passed whole hours in tears, in reading and repeating, again and again, every syllable of the letters she already possessed, or in pouring forth in letters to him all the love and bitterness of her soul. “He *must* be ill,” she said at last; “he never else could have been so cruel!” and she could bear the idea no longer. “I will go to him—I will soothe and attend him—who can love him, who can watch over him like me!” and the kindness of her nature overcame its modesty, and she made her small bundle, and stole early one morning from the house. “If he should despise me,” she thought; and she was almost about to return, when the stern voice of her brother came upon her ear. He had for several days watched the alteration in her habits and manners, and endeavoured to guess at the cause. He went into her room, discovered a letter in her desk which she had just written to Rupert, and which spoke of her design. He watched, discovered, and saved her. There was no mercy or gentleness in the bosom of Mr. James Warner. He carried her home; reviled her in the coarsest and most taunting language; acquainted her father; and after seeing her debarred from all access to correspondence or escape, after exulting over her unupbraiding and heart-broken shame and despair, and swearing that it was vastly theatrical, Mr. James Warner mounted his yellow Stanhope, and went his way to the Fives Court. But these were trifling misfortunes, compared with those which awaited this unfortunate girl.

There lived in the village of T—— one Zacharias Johnson, a godly man and a rich, moreover a saint of the same chapter as Ebenezer Ephraim Warner; his voice was the most nasal, his holding forth the most unctuous, his aspect the most sinister, and his vestments the most threadbare of the whole of that sacred tribe. To the eyes of this man there was something comely in the person of Mary Warner: he liked her beauty, for he was a sensualist; her gentleness, for he was a coward; and her money, for he was a merchant. He proposed both to the father and to the son; the daughter he looked upon as a concluding blessing sure to follow the precious assent of the two relations. To the father he spoke of godliness and Scrip—of the delightfulness of living in unity, and the receipts of his flourishing country-house; to the son he spoke the language of kindness and the world—he knew that young men had expenses—he should feel too happy to furnish Mr. James with something for his innocent amusements, if he might hope for his (Mr. James’s) influence over his worthy father: the sum was specified, and the consent was sold. Among those domestic phenomena, which the inquirer seldom takes the trouble to solve, is the magical power possessed by a junior branch of the family over the main tree, in spite of the contrary and perverse direction taken by the aforesaid branch. James had acquired and exercised a most undue authority over the paternal patriarch, although in the habits and senti-



ments of each there was not one single trait in common between them. But James possessed a vigorous and unshackled, his father a weak and priest-ridden, mind. In domestic life, it is the mind which is the master. Mr. Zacharias Johnson had once or twice, even before Mary's acquaintance with Rupert, urged his suit to Ebenezer; but as the least hint of such a circumstance to Mary seemed to occasion her a pang which went to the really kind heart of the old man, and as he was fond of her society and had no wish to lose it, and as, above all, Mr. James had not yet held those conferences with Zacharias, which ended in the alliance of their interests,—the proposal seemed to Mr. Warner like a lawsuit to the Lord Chancellor, something rather to be talked about than to be decided. Unfortunately, about the very same time in which Mary's proposed escape had drawn upon her the paternal indignation, Zacharias had made a convert of the son; James took advantage of his opportunity, worked upon his father's anger, grief, mercantile love of lucre, and saint-like affection to sect, and obtained from Ebenezer a promise to enforce the marriage—backed up his recoiling scruples, preserved his courage through the scenes with his weeping and wretched daughter, and, in spite of every lingering sentiment of tenderness and pity, saw the very day fixed which was to leave his sister helpless for ever.

It is painful to go through that series of inhuman persecutions, so common in domestic records; that system, which, like all grounded upon injustice, is as foolish as tyrannical, and which always ends in misery, as it begins in oppression. Mary was too gentle to resist; her prayers became stilled; her tears ceased to flow; she sat alone in her "helpless, hopeless brokenness of heart," in that deep despair which, like the incubus of an evil dream, weighs upon the bosom, a burden and a torture from which there is no escape nor relief. She managed at last, within three days of that fixed for her union, to write to Rupert, and get her letter conveyed to the post.

"Save me," it said in conclusion,—“I ask not by what means, I care not for what end,—save me, I implore you, my guardian angel. I shall not trouble you long—I write to you no romantic appeal:—God knows that I have little thought for romance, but I feel that I shall soon die, only let me die unseparated from you—you, who first taught me to live, be near me, teach me to die, take away from me the bitterness of death. Of all the terrors of the fate to which they compel me, nothing appears so dreadful as the idea that I may then no longer think of you and love you. My hand is so cold that I can scarcely hold my pen, but my head is on fire. I think I could go mad, if I would—but I will not, for then you could no longer love me. I hear my father's step—oh, Rupert!—on Friday next—remember—save me, save me!”

But the day, the fatal Friday arrived, and Rupert came not. They arrayed her in the bridal garb, and her father came up-stairs to summon her to the room, in which the few guests invited were already assembled. He kissed her cheek; it was so deathly pale, that his heart smote him, and he spoke to her in the language of other days. She turned towards him, her lips moved, but she spoke not. “My child, my child!” said the old man, “have you not one word for your father!”—“Is it too late?” she said; “can you not preserve me yet?”—



there was relenting in the father's eye, but at that moment James stood before them. His keen mind saw the danger; he frowned at his father—the opportunity was past. “God forgive you!” said Mary; and cold, and trembling, and scarcely alive, she descended to the small and dark room, which was nevertheless the state chamber of the house. At a small table of black mahogany, prim and stately, starched and whaleboned within and without, withered and fossilized at heart by the bigotry, and selfishness, and ice of sixty years, sat two maiden saints: they came forward, kissed the unshrinking cheek of the bride, and then, with one word of blessing, returned to their former seats and resumed their former posture. There was so little appearance of life in the persons caressing and caressed, that you would have started as if at something ghastly and supernatural—as if you had witnessed the salute of the grave. The bridegroom sat at one corner of the dim fireplace, arrayed in a more gaudy attire than was usual with the sect, and which gave a grotesque and unnatural gaiety to his lengthy figure and solemn aspect. As the bride entered the room, there was a faint smirk on his lip, and a twinkle in his half-shut and crossing eyes, and a hasty shuffle in his unwieldy limbs, as he slowly rose, pulled down his yellow waistcoat, made a stately genuflexion, and regained his seat. Opposite to him sat a little lank-haired boy, about twelve years old, mumbling a piece of cake, and looking with a subdued and spiritless glance over the whole group, till at length his attention riveted on a large dull-coloured cat sleeping on the hearth, and whom he durst not awaken even by a murmured ejaculation of “Puss!”

On the window-seat, at the farther end of the room, there sat, with folded arms and abstracted air, a tall military-looking figure, apparently about forty. He rose, bowed low to Mary, gazed at her for some moments with a look of deep interest, sighed, muttered something to himself, and remained motionless, with eyes fixed upon the ground, and leaning against the dark wainscoat. This was Monkton, the husband of the woman who had allured Rupert to T——, and from whom he had heard so threatening an account of her liege lord. Monkton had long known Zacharias, and, always inclined to a serious turn of mind, he had lately endeavoured to derive consolation from the doctrines of that enthusiast. On hearing from Zacharias, for the saint had no false notions of delicacy, that he was going to bring into the pale of matrimony a lamb which had almost fallen a prey to the same wolf that had invaded his own fold, Monkton expressed so warm an interest and so earnest a desire to see the reclaimed one, that Zacharias had invited him to partake of the bridal cheer.

Such was the conclave—and never was a wedding-party more ominous in its appearance. “We will have,” said the father, and his voice trembled, “one drop of spiritual comfort before we repair to the House of God. James, reach me the holy book!” The Bible was brought, and all, as by mechanical impulse, sank upon their knees. The old man read with deep feeling some portions of the Scriptures calculated for the day; there was a hushed and heartfelt silence; he rose—he began an extemporaneous and fervent discourse. How earnest and breathless was the attention of his listeners, the very boy knelt with open mouth and thirsting ear. “Oh, beneficent Father,” he said, as he drew near to his conclusion, “we do indeed bow before thee with



humbled and smitten hearts. The evil spirit hath been amongst us, and one who was the pride, and the joy, and the delight of our eyes, hath forgotten thee for awhile; but shall she not return unto thee, and shall we not be happy once more? Oh, melt away the hardness of that bosom which rejects thee and thy chosen for strange idols, and let the waters of thy grace flow from the softened rock. And now, oh Father, let thy mercy and healing hand be upon this thy servant, (and the old man looked to Monkton,) upon whom the same blight hath fallen, and whose peace the same serpent hath destroyed." Here Monkton's sobs were audible. "Give unto him the comforts of thy holy spirit; wean him from the sins and the worldly affections of his earlier days, and both unto him and her who is now about to enter upon a new career of duty, vouchsafe that peace which no vanity of earth can take away. From evil let good arise; and though the voice of gladness be mute, and though the sounds of bridal rejoicing are not heard within our walls, yet grant that this day may be the beginning of a new life, devoted unto happiness, to virtue, and to thee!" There was a long pause—they rose, even the old women were affected. Monkton returned to the window, and throwing it open leant forward as for breath. Mary resumed her seat, and there she sat motionless and speechless. Alas! her very heart seemed to have stilled its beating. At length James said, (and his voice, though it was softened almost to a whisper, broke upon that deep silence as an unlooked-for and unnatural interruption,) "I think, father, it must be time to go, and the carriages must be surely coming, and here they are—no, that sounds like four horses." And at that very moment the rapid trampling of hoofs, and the hurried rattling of wheels were heard—the sounds ceased at the gate of the house. The whole party, even Mary, rose and looked at each other—a slight noise was heard in the hall—a swift step upon the stairs—the door was flung open, and, so wan and emaciated that he would scarcely have been known but by the eyes of affection, Rupert de Lindsay burst into the room. "Thank God," he cried, "I am not too late!" and, in mingled fondness and defiance, he threw his arms round the slender form which clung to it all wild and tremblingly. He looked round. "Old man," he said, "I have done you wrong, I will repay it, give me your daughter as my wife. What are the claims of her intended husband to mine? Is he rich?—my riches treble his? Does he love her?—I swear that I love her more! Does she love him? look, old man, are this cheek, whose roses you have marred, this pining and wasted form, which shrinks now at the very mention of his name, tokens of her love? Does she love me? You her father, you her brother, you her lover—ay, all, every one amongst you know that she does, and may Heaven forsake me if I do not deserve her love!—give her to me as my wife—she is mine already in the sight of God. Do not divorce us—we both implore you upon our knees." "Avaunt, blasphemer!" cried Zacharias—"Begone!" said the father—The old ladies looked at him as if they were going to treat him as Cleopatra did the pearl, and dissolve him in vinegar. "Wretch!" muttered in a deep and subdued tone, the enraged and agitated Monkton, who, the moment Rupert entered the room, had guessed who he was, and stood frowning by the sideboard, and handling, as if involuntarily, the knife which had cut the boy's cake, and been left accidentally there. And



the stern brother coming towards him, attempted to tear the clinging and almost lifeless Mary from his arms.

"Nay, is it so?" said Rupert, and with an effort almost supernatural for one who had so lately recovered from an illness so severe, he dashed the brother to the ground, caught Mary in one arm, pushed Zacharias against the old lady with the other, and fled down-stairs, with a light step and a lighter heart. "Follow him, follow him!" cried the father in his agony, "save my daughter, why will ye not save her?" and he wrung his hands but stirred not, for his grief had the stillness of despair. "I will save her," said Monkton; and still grasping the knife, of which, indeed, he had not once left hold, he darted after Rupert. He came up to the object of his pursuit just as the latter had placed Mary (who was in a deep swoon) within his carriage, and had himself set his foot on the step. Rupert was singing with a reckless daring natural to his character, "She is won, we are gone over brake, bush, and scaur," when Monkton laid his hand upon his shoulder; "Your name is De Lindsay, I think," said the former—"At your service," answered Rupert gaily, and endeavouring to free himself from the unceremonious grasp; "This, then, at your heart!" cried Monkton, and he plunged his knife twice into the bosom of the adulterer. Rupert staggered and fell. Monkton stood over him with a brightening eye, and brandishing the blade which reeked with the best blood of his betrayer, "Look at me!" he shouted, "I am Henry Monkton!—do you know me now?"—"Oh, God!" murmured the dying man, "it is just, it is just!" and he writhed for one moment on the earth, and was still for ever!

Mary recovered from her swoon to see the weltering body of her lover before her, to be dragged by her brother over the very corpse into her former prison, and to relapse with one low and inward shriek into insensibility. For two days she recovered from one fit only to fall into another—on the evening of the third, the wicked had ceased to trouble, and the weary was at rest!

It is not my object to trace the lives of the remaining actors in this drama of real life—to follow the broken-hearted father to his grave—to see the last days of the brother consume amid the wretchedness of a gaol, or to witness, upon the plea of insanity, the acquittal of Henry Monkton—these have but little to do with the thread and catastrophe of my story. There was no romance in the burial of the lovers—death did not unite those who in life had been asunder. In the small churchyard of her native place, covered by one simple stone, whose simpler inscription is still fresh, while the daily passions and events of the world have left memory but little trace of the departed, the tale of her sorrows unknown, and the beauty of her life unrecorded, sleeps Mary Warner!

And they opened for Rupert de Lindsay the mouldering vaults of his knightly fathers; and amid the banners of old triumphs and the escutcheons of heraldic vanity, they laid him in his palled and gorgeous coffin!

I attempt not to extract a moral from his life. His existence was the chase of a flying shadow, that rested not till it slept in gloom and for ever upon his grave!

A. A.

B.



## THE LOUNGER, NO. III.

*Or, Observations on the Month.*

It is an inexpressible pleasure to know a little of the world, and be of no character or significance in it.—*Spectator*.

He hath strange places, crammed with observation, the which he vents in mangled forms.—*As you Like it*.

Literary thefts.—“The King’s Own.”—“The Game of Life.”—Lord Belgrave, on the Jew Bill. “Address to the Elderly Ladies, &c.”—Sleep not necessary to a sick King.—Commotion in the Athenæum.—Decline of the Sciences.—Lord H—— and the Cats.—Almack’s.—“National Portrait Gallery.”—Life of Canning.—Extract from Canning’s speech.—Edition of Hume’s works.—Hume and Helvetius.—Epitaph on the latter—Lough’s Battle of the Standard, &c.—Increase of the Art of Sculpture.—Bad room appropriated to it in Somerset House.—Suggestion of Clubs for Families considered and explained.—Mr. Haydon.—“Unappreciated Authors.”—Beauty of the Nursery Tales.—Remark of a French Journalist.—Application of said remark to England.—Classical Literature.—Mr. H. N. Coleridge’s book.—Remark on Homer, &c.

*À Madame,*

*Madame \* \* \* \**

*Rue de la ———, Paris.*

————— Street, May 22, 1830.

THERE is one peculiar characteristic of all literary men—they are great thieves! from the highest to the lowest—the aristocrat of epics to the plebeian of compilations—they all steal! Sometimes, as in the case of Virgil, (I may add, in our time, of Lord Byron,) the friends of the purloiner intimate that though indeed he does steal, yet he gives the thought stolen so many new beauties, that the crime becomes a merit. I should like, I confess, to see what effect this argument would have upon judges of any other species of dishonesty. I should like, I confess, to see what influence it would have on Mr. Justice Parke, to hear that some knowing hand who had stolen a horse, had groomed it so remarkably well that it could scarcely be known again. Do you think, my dear friend, that the justice, or rather the jury, would honourably acquit the felon? I own I fear not. What say you?—if your grand-daughter Adele was to be stolen in your next visit to England by a deputation of gipsies; and if you were to find her two or ten years afterwards, a much healthier, or a much prettier child than she is now, would that circumstance reconcile you to the theft? To be sure not. Very well; feel then for an author who sees his offspring furtively carried away, and confess that theft is theft, whether it be in thoughts or in money, in sentences or in children! So deeply does dishonesty seem to have taken root in the literary system, that even choice morsels from the petty lucubrations of “The Lounger” have been quietly abstracted, and inserted with *sang froid*, only derivable from long habit, into half a dozen papers, without a single word of acknowledgment as to the place whence they were so iniquitously stolen. In future, my zeal for “The New Monthly Magazine” will not let me remain silent on such fraudulent transfers; and the next Journal that steals, instead of borrowing, shall be exposed—*Verbum sat*.

“Oh! such a delightful book is on my table, “The King’s Own!” Who would ever believe that a seaman could have had such homely



and actual knowledge of affairs on land! I confess to you that I thought, when I listlessly took it up, I should have to wade through some sprawling imitation of Mr. Cooper. I was by no means prepared for so bold, so free, so racy, so charming a book, as that which I am now finishing.

Next to "The King's Own," the best novel I have read is "The Game of Life;" it is vigorous and real. It is the reality—it is the *touch of the body* we want in a description of *life*. Your dreams, and visions, and mysteries, should be kept for poetry and trout-fishing.

So the Jew Bill has been thrown out for the present. Lord Belgrave made one shocking observation;—"The Jew," he said, "expected his reward in another kingdom; which he and his descendants were to inhabit for ever. This very circumstance of looking to another country incapacitated him from performing the duties expected from him, and which he ought to discharge." Good heavens! what an attack on Christianity! what a blow at a future state! So then, if a man looks forward to Heaven, "which he is to inhabit for ever," he must necessarily be a bad citizen! And to be saved in another world, he must be useless in this. O Lord Belgrave! naughty Lord Belgrave!—A little pamphlet on this Jew Bill has been lying about on the tables at the Athenæum (unpublished, I fancy), called "An Appeal from the Sons of Israel to the elderly Ladies exercising an influence on the Legislature." It is amusing and witty. It begins by observing, pithily enough, that the fears which have ever obliged the said ladies to persecute their fellow-citizens on account of religion, have been twofold—those for the State, and those for the Church; for such alarm on their account they affirm there is no ground. "With respect to the State," I now quote the pamphlet, "we are all agreed that your government of this land has been most advantageous. At the expenses in which you have involved this country we have never complained; indeed, when Christians might have refused you supplies, our assistance has ever been ready; and when they have complained of danger, we have felt our *security* great. We have no political object but the support of public credit. We believe in no prophecy to your prejudice, which we ought to fulfil. We still expect the Messiah in power, but of his foreign policy we know nothing. As farther proof of our claim to be good citizens, we submit that we never burthen your parishes, or ask your charity; but in our provision for the poor you are supplied with fruits, pencils, &c. at the cheapest rate. If, then," proceeds the pamphlet, "we are harmless as regards the State, no less is our innocence in respect of the Church. The lands of the Church are incidents to Christianity unknown to our faith, and to which we can never lay claim. Our priests are paid by voluntary contributions, nor do they even expect reward *when no duties are done!*"—a sharp hit there. What will the Bishop of London say to it? But perhaps *he* thinks that writing letters to prevent poor devils enjoying *one* day out of the seven, is doing his duty! If so, I laud his zeal, but deplore his fatuity.

Turning from this '*Jew*' *d'esprit*, to the ordinary gossip of the day, I own I am rather at a loss for topics to amuse you. The illness of the King has merged all other interests. Balls are stupid, and books unread. And now that his Majesty seems, at all events, better than he has been, I cannot help observing one singular fact, viz. that a



man nearly seventy, who, according to the bulletins, has passed disturbed nights for the greater part of a month, should get better at all. Either the bulletins were accustomed to make mistakes, or sleep is not necessary to the convalescence of a sick King—particularly if he be suffering a painful complaint, and is a little stricken in years. However—and despite this eccentricity—we shall be cordially and truly glad if we may some time longer defer the reign of his Majesty's successor.

There has been a slight commotion in the Athenæum, which has ended in the election of a popular committee, instead of a household and oligarchical one. There was a great deal of speaking, but, notwithstanding, I believe there was nothing remarkable, except the excellent chairmanship of Mr. Croker, and an observation of Mr. —, the astronomer, that a book had lately come out, (Babbage's, I imagine,) which he who ran might read, and which proved pretty clearly how fast all the sciences were going to the dogs. The expression was more strong than graceful; but the truth is a little alarming. Science in England is indeed at this moment at an ebb perfectly disgraceful to the country, and perfectly unprecedented in its annals. There is a general irritation of all the lesser faculties—a general torpor of all the grander ones—a wonderful exertion of mediocrity—a profound sleep over genius. It is the same with letters as with science. It cannot last long. We shall have opportunities soon, and opportunity will make the mediocrity genius. At present neither fame nor money reward the highest efforts, and the highest efforts therefore are not made.

You have no idea what a ridiculous mandate Lord H—— issued a little time ago. It seems that the cats in the neighbourhood of D—— House were accustomed to disturb his Lordship's slumbers with perpetual repetitions of those sweet serenades which particularly distinguish the amours of the feline species. Lord H——, therefore, ordained that all the cats in the neighbourhood should be shot with an air-gun. Imagine the general consternation! favourite pussies walking deliberately over a wall in the middle of the day, are suddenly seen to stagger, and fall dead without any apparent cause! The old maids are in despair. The cats are rapidly vanishing from Park Lane, and in a very short time, if the delegated Apollo of a lacky does not relent in the pertinacity of these noiseless shafts, we shall all share the fate of Southey's bishop, and be eat up by the rats. Those vigilant creatures already begin to bestir themselves, and of late they have made some tremendous revellings in my library. I hope my next will acquaint you with the destruction of this worse than *Cataline* conspiracy. One would think that Lord H——, himself no very strict moralist in love matters, might have been a little more gentle with respect to the roving peccadilloes of these poor little animals. However, the dying lovers will have *Valerius Maximus* as a consolation; you know that prettiest of all pretty sentiments, "*Ubi idem et maximus et honestissimus amor est, aliquando præstat morte jungi quam vita distrahi.*"

I plucked up courage for a crowd the other evening, and went to Almack's to see whether the distress of the country had affected the beauties. Good Heavens! thought I in my second hour of penance, is this the place, that some three or four years ago I used to think it charming to attend?—this aching, wearisome, tedious glare and heat, and stu-



pidity—the bliss for which persons mortgage their happiness and forfeit their independence! But my greatest wonder was not that second-rate people should suffer the penalty for the sake of the honour; but that persons of that rank which allows them to set fashions, not follow them—should be wedded to pleasures so woefully dull. When, when shall we have an aristocracy that will give the *ton* to intellectual amusements? When shall we have an Almack's to which the voucher shall be wit, and the reward entertainment?

But to speak of the beauties—I cannot tell you the sensation produced on me by one\*\*\*\*\*. I had seen her two or three years ago, but I was occupied by other matters, and she had passed from my recollection; that is a miracle, which now that I have seen her again astonishes me. How any one, who has *once* seen her, can forget her, is to me unaccountable. It is the most haunting, spiritual, divine beauty that ever broke upon me. It is Pasta made lovely—the very personification of genius, breathing out of the noblest and loftiest order of human beauty. She is, in a word, and to keep to the limit of common sense, singularly and pre-eminently handsome, and I know no words to express my admiration of her. You ask me whom I speak of? I think it impertinent to mention her name; I shall only say that she is the grand-daughter of a great orator.

I shall send you at the first opportunity the number of “The National Portrait Gallery,” (an excellent work, admirably managed, and which, by the way, ought in your present *Anglo-mania* to be very popular in France,) which contains a life of Canning. The Life is panegyrical, but exceedingly well written, and combines an uncommon skill in condensation and selection with a great and touching beauty of style. There is a singular and bold passage from one of Canning's speeches, at the time of the Addington administration, which is given in the Life, and which I now retail to you: the sentiment is sound in part, but when the orator says, (however the qualification which he gives to the expression,) that “measures are comparatively nothing,” we see that unhappy but brilliant love for strong words, which made Canning's great ornament and great error. “Away with the cant of measures, not men,” he exclaimed in the House, “the idle supposition that it is the harness and not the horses that draw the chariot along. No, Sir, if the comparison must be made, if the distinction must be taken, men are every thing, measures are comparatively nothing. I speak of times of difficulty and danger, when systems are shaken, when precedents and general rules of conduct fail. Then it is that—not to that or to this measure, however prudently devised, however blameless in execution; but to the energy and character of individuals a state must be indebted for its salvation. Then it is that kingdoms rise or fall, in proportion as they are upheld, not by well-meant endeavours, laudable though they may be, but by commanding, overawing talents—by able men.”

Now, despite the fire, the ease, the vigour of this passage, the sophism is a little obvious. For the “energy,” and “character of individuals,” *can only* be shown by measures prudently devised and blamelessly executed. “The life” does justice to the principle as well as the genius of Canning. He was eminently a patriot—hence his faults as well as his merits. I say *faults*, because, I venture to think, that benevolence makes a broader and steadier foundation than patriotism for



the laws of political science. But he had, what an eloquent writer has said of Cromwell, "a broad, manly, and vigorous *English* heart;" and something generous in his temper, and noble in his genius, seems to have belonged to a better, a purer, and a healthier era of great men than that which produces a — and a —.

Since my last letter, in which I spoke to you of professor Sedgwick's paper, he has had it separately printed. I have re-read it, and it deserves even more than I then said of it. I have also read a second time "Lawrie Todd," and think that I did not see a tithe of its beauties at the first reading.

I am now reading the edition of Hume's Works, collected in four volumes in 1826: it is defaced (an unpardonable fault in works of morals) by many errors of text. But any edition that collects the scattered works of so acute and eminent a man, ought to be hailed with every indication of welcome, at a time when Moral Science is held in so disgraceful a depreciation. We want, as a companion to Hume, a good translation of a much greater man (his contemporary), Helvetius. Helvetius is the truest and the deepest fountain of Hume's system—and a man who wishes to know Hume, should first know Helvetius. There is this difference between the two: Hume drew his doctrines from his own solitary mind; he had great learning, and exquisite taste (for every thing but the grand); but he profited little by intercourse with society, little by discussion, argument, the conflict and comparison of minds. Helvetius, on the contrary, brought to bear upon his book the collected and concentrated wisdom of the deepest thinkers and shrewdest examiners of all France: it is not a philosophical treatise, it is the essence of the philosophy of that day, intensely brooded over by a mind of wonderful power, and then slowly arranged into a system. Hence the system (a system of a thousand minds, not one) both goes deeper than Hume's, and extends to a wider scope. Did you ever, by the way, see the beautiful lines (I think, of Voltaire) upon Helvetius? I transcribe them from memory:—

"Des sages d'Athène et de Rome  
Il eut des mœurs et la candeur;  
Il peignit l'homme d'après l'homme,  
Et la vertu d'après son cœur."

Mr. Lough's exhibition of Sculpture deserves high encouragement. The *Battle of the Standard* is said to be a plagiarism in parts; if so, it deteriorates from the merit, but it by no means destroys it. The effect of the whole is still his, and that effect is wonderfully fine. In the same exhibition is a David, having just slung the fatal pebble. Viewed in one light, the attitude is singularly fine. On the whole, the exhibition is striking, and manifest of great genius. The worst, so far as truth and nature are concerned, is the Milo: the attitude belies the character, and is indicative of agony, not energy. As an art, sculpture has increased greatly in this country. It is at that height when the next comer, by a lucky hit, may make it an era in the world. A great enemy to its advancement at present, is the room devoted to it at the Somerset House Exhibition—a dark, cramped, narrow crib, not so big as a housemaid's garret, where the effect of every thing fine and great in the art is utterly destroyed. It is only fit for busts, and



groupes in miniature. It is high time that Sculpture should bear its full and due proportion of advantages with the sister art; and, perhaps, *of the two*, Sculpture certainly requires the adventitious aid of room, &c. more than painting. The Samson Agonistes, for instance, at the present exhibition at Somerset House, may be exceedingly fine (connoisseurs say so), but the effect to ordinary observers is entirely lost. One might as well put one's eye to the knee of a giant, in order to judge of the grandeur of his *tout ensemble*, as look at this huge model in a place too confined to judge of the grace of an ordinary-sized man.

A suggestion, of great interest to all persons of moderate fortune, has been lately circulated. It comes from a gentleman of considerable literary abilities, and its purport is the establishment of a *Club*; not for men only, but for families. It is proposed in the suggestion to erect a college of the size of a large square, and capable of accommodating four hundred families: each family to pay a rent of 100*l.* This rental would amount to 40,000*l.* requiring an outlay of 800,000*l.* This sum might be raised by shares, which would afford a good investment, even to those who did not wish to become occupants. Now, let us suppose that each family has only 200*l.* a year; the remaining 100*l.* being spent under such arrangements, the family would derive far greater advantages than could be possessed by a family enjoying, on the present isolated principle, 600*l.* a year; for besides procuring in a superior degree their present objects, including education for their children, they could have libraries, theatre, philosophical apparatus for lectures, music and ball-rooms, baths, &c.; in short, all the advantages now only obtainable (and that with difficulty) by the higher classes.

It must be observed, that the benefits increase in a greater ratio from the increased expenditure; and accordingly, if 200*l.* or 300*l.* a year were subscribed, instead of 100*l.* the advantages and luxuries obtained would be really beyond a sober calculation.

It is proposed to obviate all the objections which every one would start as to the probable collision of interests, or incompatibility of tempers, which in ordinary cases prevent two or more families (especially English families) living in one house, by having the establishment so comprehensive as to afford separate houses, or separate apartments (as at an English lodging-house or a French hotel) to each family, together with the power of having meals in these apartments, or in different parties, as well as at a general *table d'hôte*: all are also to have the right of quitting the Society at a quarter's notice. Such make the principal and primary heads of this suggestion, and it is one which appears to me deserving of the most serious consideration. It is not so crude and untried a theory but that we have a daily and most satisfactory experience of its good effects in the clubs for men. St. James's-street is a living argument in its favour, and Waterloo-place an unexceptionable reference.

The only plausible and good objection—the want of harmony among families, is, as we have seen, prevented by the accommodating nature of the establishment; and when we consider to what deserving, yet often necessitous classes, it peculiarly applies—what advantages it promises, not only to the present race, but to their children—when one sees, too, that it is the groundwork of a system, capable of the



most extensive improvements with every increase of experience, I cannot but think it one of the happiest suggestions of modern ingenuity, and one which cannot be too warmly patronized and too soon brought into effect.

Mr. Haydon has addressed a letter to the "Times," stating that he is again fast sinking into ruin and into a prison, where he must be moved on the day in which he writes his letter. The causes he states to be want of employment, and law expenses. Now, let us just conceive that to such a club as we have mentioned this artist had happily belonged; he would have had ample leisure for his profession, and little ground for imprudence. Household negligence, the common and obvious fault of men of genius, he could not have incurred,—for economy is the business of the Club, not the individual; and thus, while the improvidences and the poverty of artists and literary men are remedied, a greater leisure is left for their occupations. They thrive without levying subscriptions, and the public (a very rare blessing) benefits doubly without paying a shilling for it.

The "Spectator," an able and well-written paper, has an excellent article in the first number of a new series—(or rather a change of size)—upon a curious topic,—“Unappreciated Authors;” and among these wronged men it reckons, with equal originality and justice, the authors of “Blue-Beard,” “Puss in Boots,” and “Little Red Riding Hood.” Certainly, nothing can be more exquisite, more fanciful, than those immortal productions. Just compare them with the books in three volumes which come out every day for the benefit of grown people,—which are the most childish, I should like to know? Compare them with the epics, and the tales, and the “stanzas,” and the monstrosities of the last twenty years,—which are the most truly poetical, I should like to know? Nothing, indeed, can surpass the beauty of many of our children’s tales. I know not whether a collection of them would not contain all that is most charming in light literature; half-a-dozen authors, at most, excepted. But then we ought to have Peaseblossom to print them, and Robin Goodfellow for a critic. One’s reviewing powers are too ponderous for such delicate creations. One might as well caress a butterfly as handle the fairy hues of those magical stories.

One of the ablest of your French journals has a very sensible and deep remark, in an article called “Les Incapables.”—“Every man,” it says, “*qui a marqué* in the Revolution, can but ill support the interests of the actual generation, because he has no longer sufficient independence of spirit, or sufficient liberty of will, to contribute to the national prosperity. His past actions bind him to the Revolution. The public for which he lives are the men of his party: it is the desire to obtain their suffrages, and not the general utility, which influences his actions. His looks are too invariably directed to the past to perceive the real wants of the future.” It is exactly the same in England. There seems a sort of moral incapacity among all the witnesses of the great struggle at the close of the last century to serve the present race; they content themselves with deploring the genius that has perished, and voting, in silence and in indolence, for the measures that their idols so actively supported. All that is really done for the nation is done by a new race of men, who have no connexion and no sympathy with by-gone events. They start into utility not from a departed



name, but a present principle. The survivors of a great and stormy event are rarely good for any thing afterwards; they sink into men of *one idea*, and that idea is of a nature the uses of which have perished.

One of the best and most wholesome signs of the progress of sound thinking in matters of education is, that while classical literature is not so inordinately and exclusively cherished as formerly, every facility to acquire it is ten times more encouraged. Thus we have in progress translations of the Classics—not, indeed, so good as the Classics themselves, but still the next best thing. And really for those orders of men who wish to know, but can scarcely afford time to the preparatory acquisition of two difficult languages, these translations are of inestimable use. As a reservoir for great and abstract principles of action, individual and political, the ancients are but of trifling value; but every thing that should accompany, illustrate, enforce, adorn such principles, are to be found among them in so copious and golden a profusion, that he who wants to well express modern opinions should imbue himself with the nobleness and simplicity of ancient language. What an unfailing tutor for a pure style in English is the knowledge of Latin!

I intended to have made these observations introductory of a notice (and some animadversions on, as well as praises,) of a book just published by Mr. H. N. Coleridge, and called “*Introductions to the Study of the Greek Classic Poets* ;” but I find I have not at present room for my remarks, and shall defer them till another Number of the Magazine. I shall now content myself with quoting the following observations on Homer:—

“Homer always seems to write in good spirits, and he rarely fails to put his readers in good spirits also. To do this is a prerogative of genius in all times, but it is especially so of the genius of primitive and heroic poetry!” Can any thing be more true, more natural, and more an emanation from a fine and healthy intellect than this remark? “Nothing,” you say, “seems to me more true; but why praise it so?—is it not very evident?” My dear friend, it seems evident to you and me, but it is in exact contradiction to the cant opinions of the day—to the philosophers!!!—who want to prove that to have genius one should be always crying—and that to feel a hearty and prompt relish for the enjoyments of earth is a prerogative of dunces. I give this short passage as an answer to eight periodicals and four quartos.

Adieu, my dear friend,

Very faithfully yours,

B. C.

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#### JOURNAL OF A PARISIAN RESIDENT.

The last three days of Lent are distinguished in Paris by the Promenade of Longchamps, which extends from the beginning of the Champs Elysées to the end of the Bois de Boulogne. The assemblage on these days is considered as deciding the fashions for the year, in equipages, dresses, and decorations, and all Paris decks itself in its gayest attire to figure for a few hours in the brilliant scene. This is now the sole end and object of the Promenade of Longchamps, but a glance at its origin affords a singular instance of the mutability of human affairs. In the beginning of the 13th century the Princess Isabella, sister of St. Louis, founded the Abbey of Longchamps, where she died in the year 1269. Numerous miracles soon rendered the



abbey celebrated, and it became the favourite spot of expiation for the royal and noble sinners of France. In 1321, Philippe-le-long died there, but, in a short time, the austerities which at first distinguished the convent gradually disappeared, and Henry IV. having set the example of an amour with one of the fair sisterhood, the remainder of the community lost no time in following her footsteps, until, if we may credit the *naïve* testimony of Vincent St. Paul, the annual pilgrimage to confession in the convent, on the last three days of Lent, was by no means too much to expiate the visits of a more worldly description, which were made during the rest of the year. To render this pilgrimage more attractive, the Tenebres were chanted by the best voices in Paris, and heinous was the offence in the code of fashion of him who had neglected to present himself in the chapel of the abbey. At the Revolution all was changed, the convent became national property, was pulled down, and the materials sold. The fashion of the annual promenade was, however, continued under the Imperial regime, though its object had ceased to exist, and it gradually assumed its present form of a fashionable lounge, in which the pilgrims of other days are replaced by Lords Pembroke and Stair, dazzling the eyes of Parisians with their splendid specimens of English four-in-hand equipages.

The last month has produced little worthy of remark in the theatrical world; *Hernani* at the Theatre Française, and parodies on it at five of the minor theatres, have been productive of advantageous results to the treasuries. Of Stockholm and Fontainebleau I have spoken at length; all the other novelties at the Odeon have been failures. At the Académie Royale, the only novelty has been *Français I.* which, being the production of an amateur, it is hardly fair to criticise very severely: in fact it has very few faults; but being unfortunately quite as destitute of beauties, the public do not take the trouble to go and hear it. Malibran produced, for her benefit, a scene from the *Pygmalione* of Asioli, but it was ineffective; and *Fausto*, also the work of an amateur, (a young lady,) was found, at the last rehearsal, to be unfit for representation, and was therefore withdrawn. "*Zoe ou l'amant prete*," and "*Le Coucher de la Mairie*," are trifling pieces, which have met with but an equivocal success at the Theatre de Madame, and are not worth analyzing. "*Arnold ou les Reprisailles*," at the Vaudeville, is better, but the story is old, and the situations not new. At the Porte St. Martin, a piece called "*Shaylock*," altered from the Merchant of Venice, has met with considerable success. The alterations are not few, the casket plot is entirely omitted, as also the whole characters of Antonio and Portia, and the catastrophe is changed in every respect. Shylock, notwithstanding the fate which awaits him, persists in demanding the penalty of his bond, and, after stabbing his debtor to the heart, is led off to execution. The motives of the bond are also much altered; Shylock is represented as the victim in every respect to the persecutions of the Christian race; his wife, his daughter, his property, every thing dear to him has been invaded by them; and when, therefore, Bassanio, the son of Antonio, applies to him to lend him ten thousand ducats to replace that sum which the young libertine had stolen from his father, Shylock gladly complies, and dictates the fatal bond in the full hope and expectation of having his hate glutted by its forfeiture. The dramatic probability of the character is thus increased, while its poetic beauty is much diminished. The piece itself is well, though in parts turgidly written, and well acted. It is amusing, however, to read the various critiques to which it has given rise in the French papers, and the different manners in which the journalists give their opinion on Shakspeare. The National finds that "a savage extravagance" is one of his characteristics—the Courier Française talks of his "dry and imperfect chronicles in dialogue." The Corsaire remarks that the suppressions and alterations relieve the audience from the "ennui," and the drama from the "absurdity" of the original piece. The Globe alone admits that the Merchant of Venice of Shakspeare is one of his most poetic works, and only remarks that it re-



quires all his genius to render a ridiculous sophism plausible, serious and tragic. I may take this opportunity of remarking, (*par parenthèse*,) that the journal I have last mentioned, has ever since its establishment been remarkable for the excellence of its judgment, and the elegance of its style on theatrical subjects: that is, in cases where the judgment of its writers is not warped by their enthusiasm for the cause of Romanticism, which sometimes carries them out of bounds. It is difficult to account for the absurdities to which I have above alluded, on any other ground than that of the obstinate nationality which makes the French unwilling to allow any merit out of Gaul. The real merits of Shakspeare are far from being unknown to them; on the contrary, I have seen many articles in various publications which display a most intimate acquaintance with the author. I may particularize, (because it happens to be lying before me at this moment,) a small pamphlet on the genius of Shakspeare, by M. Charles Romey, a young man of distinguished rising literary talent, in which, though sketched with too rapid a pencil, and wanting a great deal of developement, are remarks displaying a depth of thought and observation which would do honour to a native critic.

*Dalinowa*.—Such was the strange-looking name which for sundry days before the 25th of April met and puzzled the *affiche*-gazing eyes of the good citizens of Paris. What can it mean?—is it the name of a man, woman, child, or beast?—were the universal questions; and as the worthy Parisians have inherited from their mother Eve no small portion of her ancient curiosity, a dense crowd was, early on the evening of the aforesaid 25th of April, assembled before the doors of the Opera Comique, at which the mysterious personage was to make his, her, or its appearance. The rising of the curtain soon cleared up the mystery. *Dalinowa* proves to be a young Russian, who had been brought up by a French lady of rank, whom she believed to be her aunt, and who died, leaving her all her fortune. *Dalinowa* becomes the favourite of the Empress of Russia, and despite the obscure mystery of her birth, is the channel through which the Imperial favours flow. Hence the haughty Princess Salomir condescends to pay her court to *Dalinowa*, hoping through her influence to attain the envied post of *dame d'honneur* to the Empress, which will also secure her the hand of her cousin, the Count Varouski, to whom she is attached, but who has no other motive to induce him to accede to the match but the ambition of allying himself to the Imperial *dame d'honneur*. Varouski, being introduced to *Dalinowa*, recognizes in her an unknown beauty whose life he had saved, and to whose beloved image he had constantly been attached, “according to the statute in such case made and provided.” She is, of course, equally enamoured; he has no compunction in jilting Salomir, and announces his intentions by making *Dalinowa* the queen of a fête which he is giving in honour of the Empress’s birthday. Her name, together with that of her supposed aunt, which she had adopted as her *nom de famille*, figures conspicuously in the decorations of the fête, and attracts the attention of Toukousof, a slave-overseer belonging to the estate of Varouski, who recollects that some years before, a female infant slave, born on the estate and registered by the name of *Dalinowa*, had been lent to Madame D’Ermonville, who had carried her off. A little investigation proves the fair favourite to be the slave in question; and the estate having been just before sold or given by Varouski to his cousin Salomir, *Dalinowa* is in consequence the slave of her enraged and haughty rival. Salomir instantly subjects her to every indignity in the presence of Varouski: in the mean time, the answer to the application which *Dalinowa* had made to the Empress, for the appointment of Salomir, is delivered to her; no one doubts that it is favourable, and Salomir is urged by every principle of gratitude to grant *Dalinowa* her liberty. She still refuses, unless *Dalinowa* consents to marry another than Varonski: all are in despair, when the packet is at last opened, and it appears that the Empress, instead of conferring the appointment on Salomir, has given it to *Dalinowa* herself.



This abrogates all servitude, and annuls the claims of Salomir, the appointment being dated before Dalinowa had been reclaimed. The lovers are united, and Salomir departs in a rage. From these slight materials, aided by a trifling under-plot, the authors have contrived to construct an interesting drama. As an opera, it is a work creditable to a young composer, but not asserting any claims to originality. M. Adam, the composer, evidently knows what he is about, and has not studied Rossini and Auber without profiting by them. He not unfrequently reminded me of the story of the boy, who, when he was reproached for appropriating some pocketfuls of apples, and reminded that he ought to abstain from "picking and stealing," replied, with great *naïveté*, "that he never picked them, but took them as they came." It must, however, be added, that M. Adam has made good use of his appropriations, and produced some pieces in this opera which will not improbably become general favourites here, and perhaps even find their way across the channel. A duett in the second act, containing a very pleasing melody, arranged in a regular series of exercises in vocalisation, would be an invaluable treasure to Madame Malibran and Miss Paton, and supersede the necessity of adding a cadence like the tail of a comet to Mozart's *sull'aria*, which they sometimes amuse themselves by doing.

Gullibility is not exclusively of English growth. A hand-bill was presented to me a few days ago in the street, printed on a fair sheet of demy foolscap, and headed, in large letters, "Avis Important." The contents of the placard purported that, at the Café Desquennse, Rue du Bac, may be learnt, every day from twelve to four, a new and certain method by which every person may employ their money (if they have any) with a certain return of cent. per cent. without trusting it out of their own possession. Judging by the number of prospectuses distributed, there appeared no lack of gudgeons for the angler.

At the last dinner of the "Revue Encyclopedique," the Chevalier Aldini exhibited his last improvements in the materials of which the fire-preserving gloves and masks are to be formed: the principle has been adopted for entire dresses by the Pompiers here. I drew on one of the gloves, and took up a bar of iron heated red-hot. At first, no heat whatever was perceptible, but on closing the fingers tight over it, the caloric made its way in a slight degree, but not sufficient to occasion injury. The invention appears entirely calculated to answer the purpose intended; the composition of the dress, though apparently metallic, is not sufficiently weighty to encumber the wearer, or prevent active exertion. The Chevalier announced, that, having only the interest of mankind generally in view, he had renounced any right of patent, and only wished the invention as extensively circulated as possible.

April 26. Of all the pompous nothings with which pedantry, in every age, has loved to enshroud itself, I think the "Séance Generale des Quatres Academies de l'Institut Royal de France" must bear the palm for absurd pretension and inveterate dulness. Strangers are usually taken in by the announcement, and knowing the multitude of eminent men who are members of the Institut, flatter themselves that the whole galaxy of science will shine upon them at this reunion. Hence tickets are eagerly asked for, and the secretaries of the Academies plume themselves in their official importance, and grant with difficulty a favour which they are not in the slightest danger of being asked for a second time. The meeting takes place in the great hall of the Institut, a *locale* admirably adapted for the purpose, being lighted by an elevated dome, and furnished with benches arranged in an amphitheatrical form, so that every one may have a view of the tribune, from which the discourses are delivered, and above which are stationed the *fauteuils* of the President and two Secretaries; the Academicians, in their purple state robes, occupy the benches to the right and left of the tribune, and the opposite benches are filled with the audience, composed, in great part, of ladies in elegant morning dresses, and generally foreigners (the natives are not to be caught). The *coup d'œil* of the assembly is, therefore, striking and im-



posing, in more senses than one; for no sooner has the stranger, satisfied with the view of the *ensemble*, begun to analyse the sources of his expected pleasure, and endeavoured to individualize the component parts of the intellectual phalanx by which he supposes himself surrounded, than the delusion vanishes, and a foretaste of his progressive disappointment supplies its place. He proceeds to question a communicative neighbour, to whom he applies to point out the lions. "Which is Chateaubriand?"—"Not here." "Indeed! then show me Lamartine?"—"Not here." "Jouy?"—"Not here." The same answer meets him at every inquiry after names of any celebrity; and he finds that, with the exception of Cuvier and Andrieux, who, as two of the Secretaries of the Academics, are present *ex-officio*, he must give up all hopes of gratifying his visual organs, and satisfy himself with the intellectual treat prepared for his subsequent consideration. The treat in question commenced, on the present occasion, with a discourse by M. Gerard, the President, the substance of which informed the audience that literature and science were excellent things, and that the Institut Royal was the *acmè* of literature and science: all very true, but very well known before. After this came the adjudgment of Count Volney's annual prize, on a given subject, which, on this occasion, was "On the verbal nouns and adjectives of the infinitive and participles considered as parts of the verbs." This prize essay was not read, but its absence was supplied by a discourse, of about an hour long, read by M. Navier,—on what, in the name of all that is scientific, think you, gentle reader!—"On the rise and progress of Savings' Banks in France, with a slight episode on the Poor Laws in England;" a subject of which (I was assured by a gentleman who happened by some accident to be awake during the whole operation) the orator knew as little as his audience. To this effusion succeeded the only redeeming point of the exhibition—some fragments of a history of the late events in Greece, read by M. Lecretelle; these exhibited strong and vivid thought, and a striking fidelity of pencil; the massacre of the Suliotes, the diastrous events of Parga, the fate of Ali Pacha, and the battle of Navarino, were all forcibly, though rapidly sketched with the hand of a master: an eloquent tribute to the memory of Byron, whom the orator represented as having, by his devotion to the cause of Greece and freedom, wiped out the stain with which the transactions of Parga had defiled the English name, elicited an enthusiastic burst of applause. This paper, excellent in itself, was (like a diamond set in pewter) rendered doubly resplendent by the dulness with which it was surrounded. M. Dureau de Lamalle followed M. Lecretelle with a paper on the domesticity of animals; but as the audience began rapidly to take their departure soon after its commencement, I suspect that the orator took the hint and cut short his story, for I was quite unable to discover what point his paper was intended to establish: what he read consisted merely of a few anecdotes of different domestic animals with which any decent school-book of natural history would have supplied him, and ended with a panegyric on Fido and Bianco, the learned dogs now exhibiting on the Boulevards. I think Yates's fair friend, the elephant, ought to reproach him with partiality in neglecting to sound her praises also. Thus ended the meeting; the procession stalked out in solemn silence, the garde royale vacated the premises, and the audience went home from a reunion in which the first four societies of the world are professedly represented, as little edified or amused as if they had been attending a county quarter-session's meeting. I had nearly forgotten to mention, for the information of those of my countrymen who may wish to earn a prize of 1500 francs, that the subject proposed for the present year is, "To establish for the various idioms of the Hindostanee, the alphabets of which are derived from the Devanagare, a system of transcription of so methodical and regular a nature, that a text written according to this system, may always be transcribed with exactness by persons using any of the idioms referred to. Original characters only are to be used."

As the eccentric but talented Romieu was a few days since indulging with



a circle of his libertine companions in the luxurious excesses of a *recherché* dinner at Very's, and, abandoning himself to the influence of the moment, sank, as is too often the case, to the level of his companions, and allowed genius to be smothered and extinguished in the morass of sensuality, I could not help remarking to my companion G——, the Luttrell of Paris, on observing the senseless extravagance which surrounded them, “*Est-il possible que ce sont des êtres qui pensent?*”—“Non,” replied he, “ils *dépendent.*”

May 8th. If it be true that “words are things,” some of the French “things” must be of a marvellously strange character, for the “words” by which they designate them are applied in a manner to puzzle a conjuror. For instance, the Theatre Français announced for this evening the first representation of “*Un An, ou le Mariage d'Amour—Comédie, en trois actes:*” this title appears plain and intelligible enough; and as three-act pieces are not much regarded at the Theatre Français, it would probably have attracted but little attention, had it not been whispered that the new piece was the production of M. Ancelot, a gentleman who has recently made himself conspicuous by his vigorous contest with M. Pouqueville for the vacant place in the Académie de France, which was carried on so obstinately, that thirteen ballots were proceeded to before the latter obtained the absolute majority necessary to place him in the *fauteuil*. M. Ancelot was not a little chagrined at this defeat, and his friends boasted that the genius of “*Un An*” would shame the electors. Accordingly, the house was tolerably crowded, and the “comédie” commenced. The plot appears to be a sequel to a very pretty little piece, called “*Le Mariage de Raison*,” which was translated for the Covent Garden stage a few seasons ago; or rather it is a continuation of what that piece would have been, had the *denouement* been different; for the present drama supposes the marriage between the noble youth and “the lady of low degree” to have actually taken place, and a year to have elapsed since that period, by which time the bridegroom has disappeared in the husband, and the real faults of the wife have forced their way to observation in annihilating the fancied perfections of the mistress. The *gaucherie* of the rustic bride is the source of constant annoyance to her husband, who is by her blunders embroiled with his family, and forced into a duel with his best friend: amidst all this, however, the young Countess tenderly loves her husband, and perceiving that he not only repents of his marriage with her, but would gladly, were it in his power, substitute as his bride the noble lady for whom his mother had originally destined his hand, generously resolves to relieve him from his embarrassment, and ends the piece by throwing herself out of a three-pair of stairs window, and dying on the spot. This is rather a strange catastrophe for a comedy, and the audience appeared half inclined to doubt whether it was all in earnest or not; but recollecting that parodies are not allowed at the Theatre Français, and observing also that the piece contained several good dramatic situations, united with an elegant and pleasing flow of dialogue, they took it all in good part, and received the announcement of the author's name with considerable applause. It must, however, be admitted, that were M. Ancelot's powers to be judged only by this specimen, it affords but slender materials for the formation of an academician *in embryo*. He may console himself with the reflection that his defeat was shared with M. Scribe, who, if he has not written a regular tragedy, like “*Elisabeth*,” in five acts, has produced five hundred melodrames and petites comedies, at least as effective as “*Un An*!”

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